



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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Solo-sex under the spotlights is spreading across the country. The result: An epidemic of hardened voyeurs!

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Cover: Steven Reiswig, Mr. Drummer 1985. Opposite Page: The Black Panther reaches for ecstasy (from the videotape Joys of Self-Abuse). Photo by Patrick Nunn.

# VOLUME 10/NUMBER 88

# BHHUG OFF

The first book we ever put together was CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE, which supported me during the two unpaid years I devoted to H.E.L.P., a gay legal aid society in Los Angeles. There were a little more than a thousand copies which, while not the publishing achievement of all time, eventually became as scarce as hen's teeth.

Later we did a new version with a four-color cover and DRUMMER printed twice as many as is customary for a book with a ten dollar cover. The other day the mail order department told me that we were down to one copy and they had a stack of orders waiting. (No one ever notices we are low on anything until we are out.) So it is time to begin CARE & TRAINING III, which we will offer to people who were too late for C&T II.

But something even more exciting came up. How about a video version of what has become a basic classic? It might even be a forerunner of a video version of DRUMMER itself!

The new book is on the drawing board and parts of the video are going before the cameras even as you read this. If there is space in one of the sections of this issue you may even find a little ad for both at prepublication/pre-release prices. We could promise it in so many weeks, but we have a tendency to revamp, overhaul and improve the concept half-way through in our quest for what passes for perfection. However, they are on their way.

Those who do order in advance will not only save money, they will help finance our most ambitious project to date.

Can the video version of DRUMMER be far behind?

Robert Payne
DRUMMER 3

Stage Sex for gay men came of age somewhere in the 1970s. Circa Drummer 21, the hottest ticket in any town large enough to have the right kind of clientele was Roger. Remember Roger? Dark, brooding good looks, mustache, bodybuilder's physique and the Dick of Death. For a lot of gay men, Roger was the 1970s. Then-editor Jack Fritscher went, saw, and was conquered:

"In San Francisco, New York, Washington, and Los Angeles, Roger's SRO appearances cause lines to rival Star Wars. At New York's Jewel Theater, the crush of fans literally caved in the plate glass of the box office. Any man who has seen Roger once will see Roger twice. Once is definitely not enough...Roger is Mom's Apple Pie baked by Tom of Finland."

Perhaps only Richard Locke could lay a claim to rival the popularity that once was Roger's—and Locke has the distinction of having seen it through. Having graduated to Daddy status, he can still occasionally be seen on stage, beating his safety stick and taking the crowd along with him. Staying power counts.

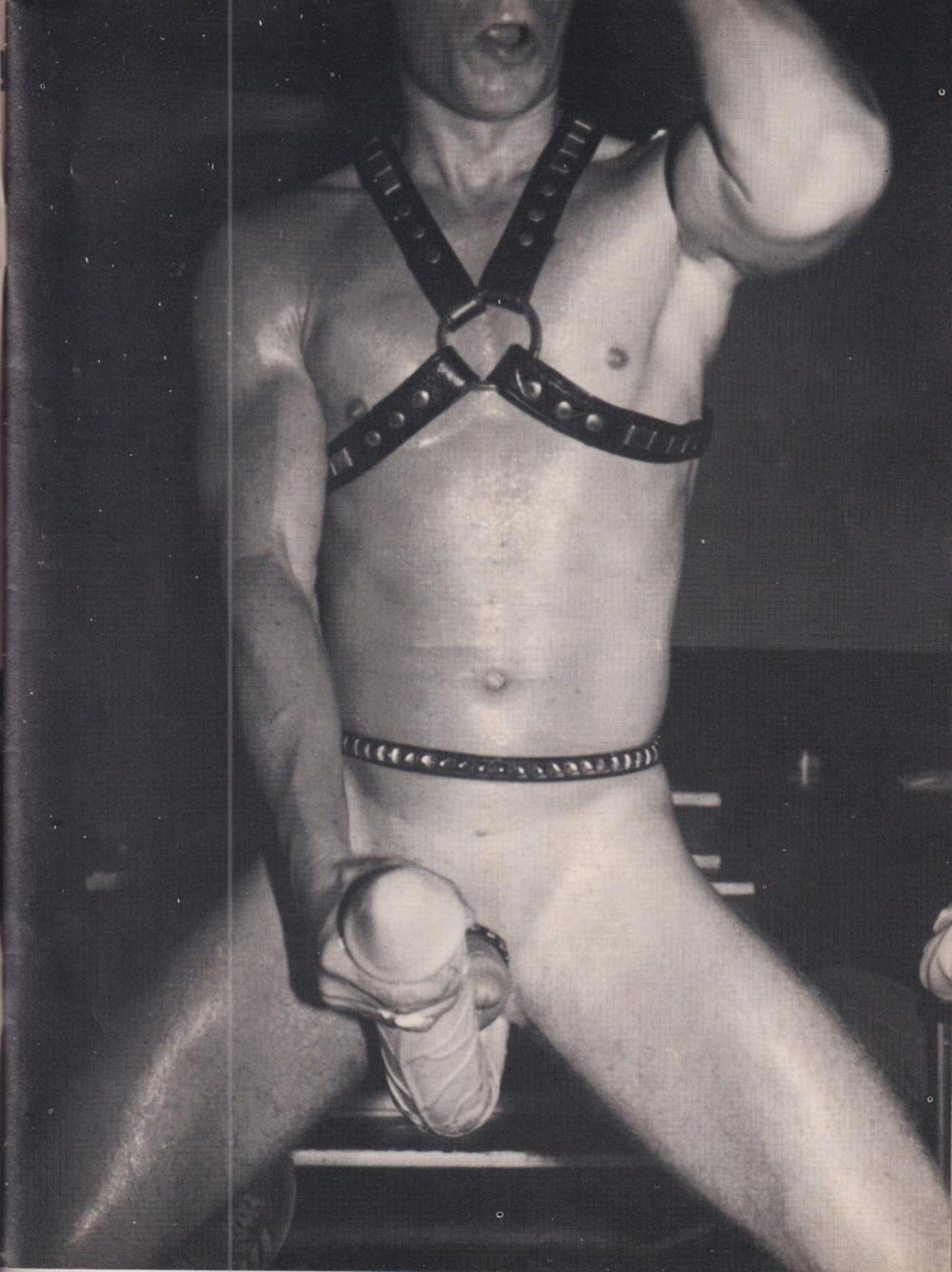
So where are the new superstars of Stage Sex-the guys who can pilot a theaterload of horny men through

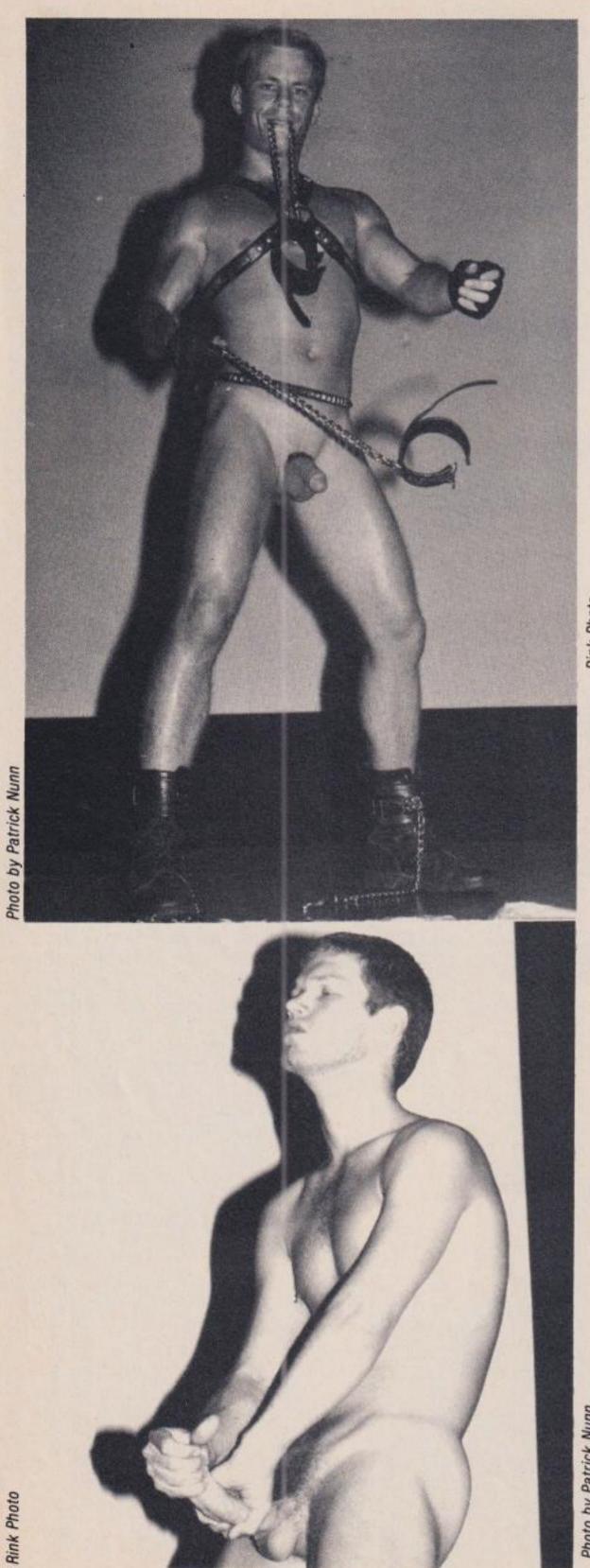




# FOR MEN VVHO LIKETO VATCH

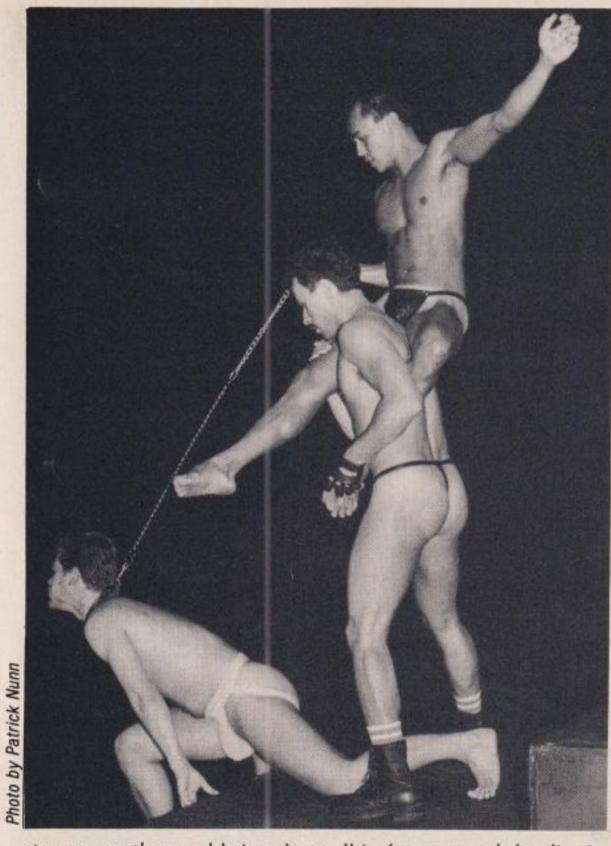
4 DRUMMER











supporter.
"Finally revealing all, Scott jerked himself rhythmically all

stormy weather and bring them all in for a smooth landing?

You can't ignore Chris Burns. You might almost think he's been overexposed, with appearances in dozens of porn flicks—but then you catch his stage act and see that there was more to see, like the nude flesh hiding under his shaved pubic bush. Now that's exposure! In front of an audience (we caught him at the Nob Hill in San Francisco), Burns stokes hot enough to melt the buckles on his leather harness. And when he brings out the giant dildo, you can feel every sphincter in the joint give a twitch in unison. Goddamn, is he gonna take the whole fuckin' thing? Yep.

But nobody rivals Scott O'Hara. You've seen him before. You'll see him again. Come as often as you like. Scott showed up for the second year running at this summer's Mr. Drummer finals, performing with the John Kass erotic dancers. The show was softcore that night—the price you pay for appearing on the legitimate stage in San Francisco—but when you've got the right moves, the hard-ons still spring up...even if the spectators have to keep them demurely tucked away inside their leather codpieces.

Scott's solo show is no-holds-barred—and it takes something like an advanced wrestling hold to keep that monster meat under control. Of course, Scott's been doing that for years; it might be dangerous for a newcomer. Didn't your momma ever warn you not to play with pythons? You could strangle yourself.

What's it like to actually be in the crowd when Scott turns the monster meat loose? San Francisco photographer Rink caught Scott's appearance (billed as "Spunk") earlier this year at Savages, and filed this copyrighted report:

"Swaggering up to the stage in full leather, Scott spun around to reveal an inhumanly bulging jockstrap, and then quickly turned to display his pneumatic butt. Exclamations rose from the guys in front. Twisting and gyrating to the increasingly frenzied New Wave hits, Scott/Spunk inched out of his leather, teasing the audience with the fabled contents of his straining

"Finally revealing all, Scott jerked himself rhythmically all over the front of the stage and up and down the aisles. Unlike other performers who are 'touched' by members of an audience, the customers were too much in awe to even consider making contact with the erotic presence before them.

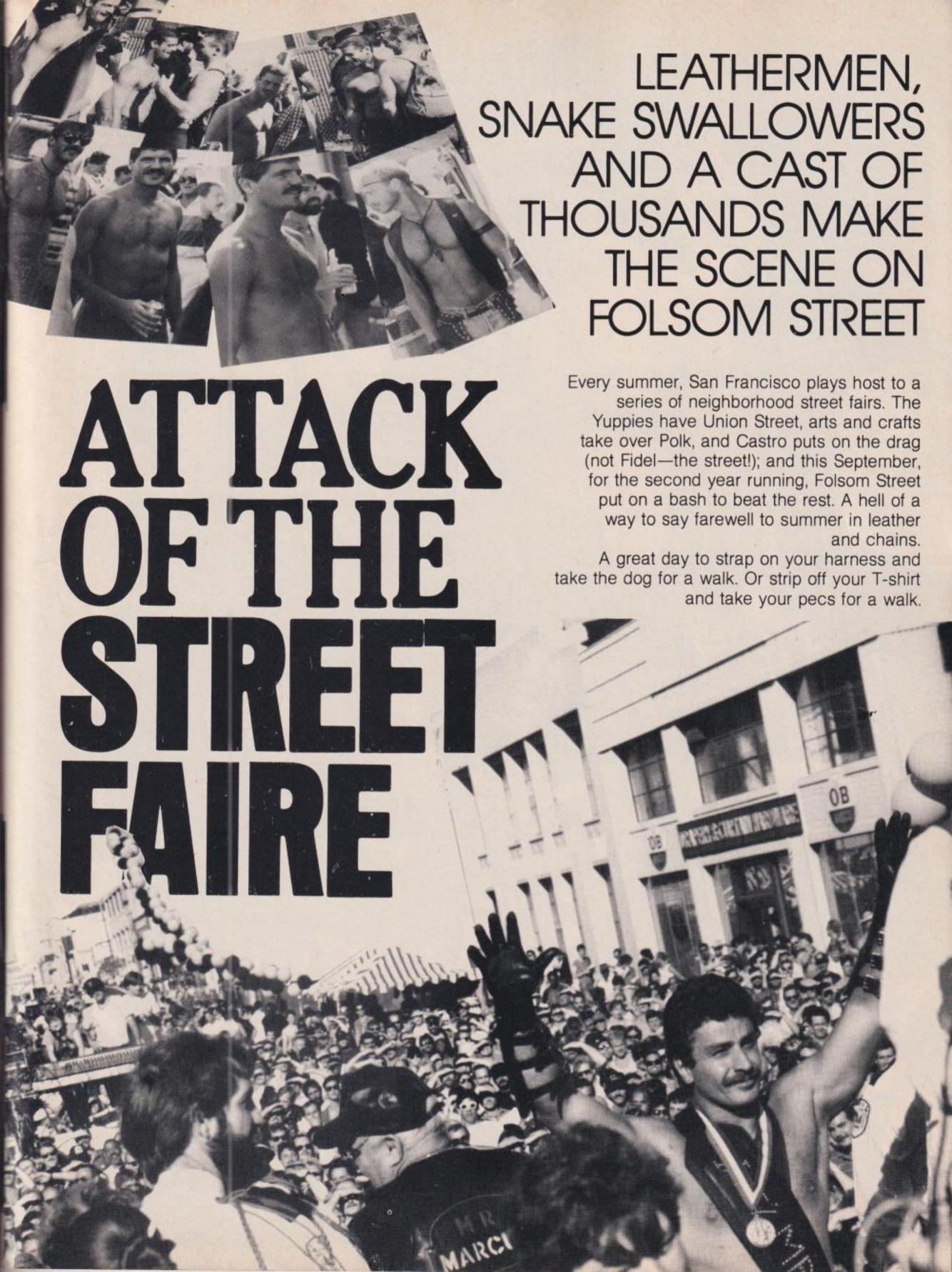
"As Scott stroked, many of the guys in the crowd stroked, as if it was some huge fifty-cylinder engine, with Scott on top as some kind of golden master-cylinder. A reddish light played across his heaving body, except when he briefly auto-fellated (!) himself—a golden light appeared, and it seemed to come from within Scott. His orgasm was met by applause, and a smile from our performer. No attitude here—he likes his audience and was genuinely friendly to those who rushed up afterwards to praise his performance.

"Something unusual happens when Scott O'Hara performs. A spell is cast. When the Eurythymics song 'Sex Crime' surged out of the speakers, Scott became the embodiment of a pagan temple dancer—the manifestation of a living god—those who performed at state occasions thousands of years ago, in return for great treasures. The people who made the film King David missed an opportunity when they failed to cast Scott for the scene in the Temple of Baal. His lightning erotic magnetism would have balanced Richard Gere's anxious histrionics and made for a more artistic and commercial effort."

Will Hollywood take the bait? Don't hold your breath. But the small screen (even if it's barely big enough to contain a giant like Scott O'Hara) will soon be filled with the Stage Sex acts of Chris Burns and Scott O'Hara, when these two find their way along with several others onto the home screen with the videotape Joys of Self-Abuse. Could be the Gone With the Wind of solo-sex...see you during intermission.

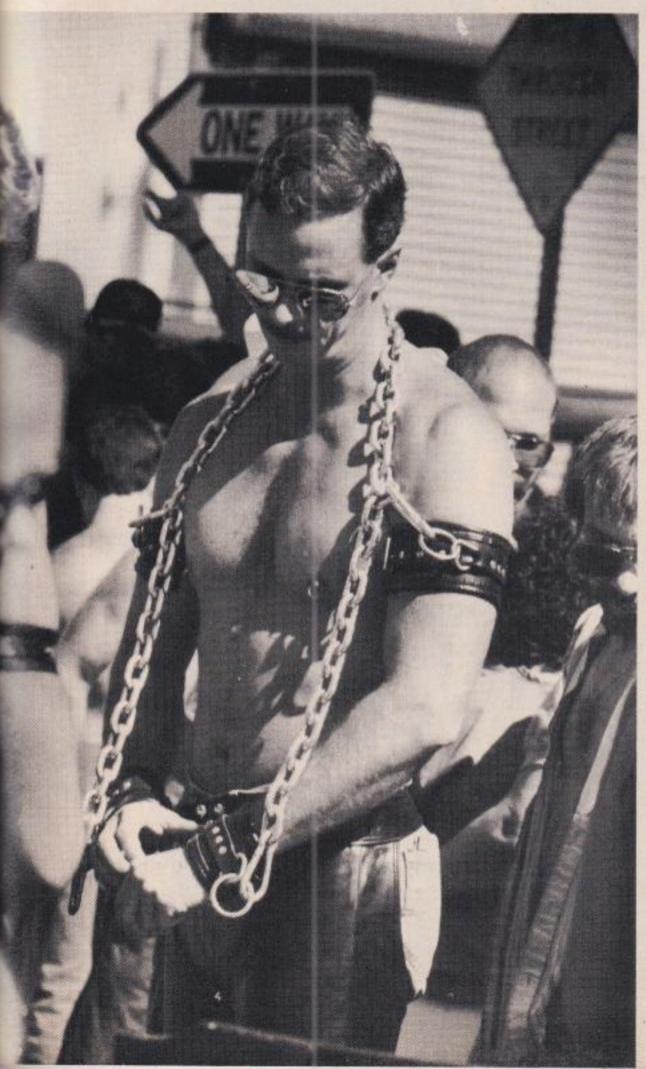
(Joys of Self-Abuse, in VHS and Beta, from The Source, 640 Natoma St., San Francisco, CA 94103; \$59.95 plus \$4 postage/handling.)

MY BODY IS OUT EOR REPAIRS



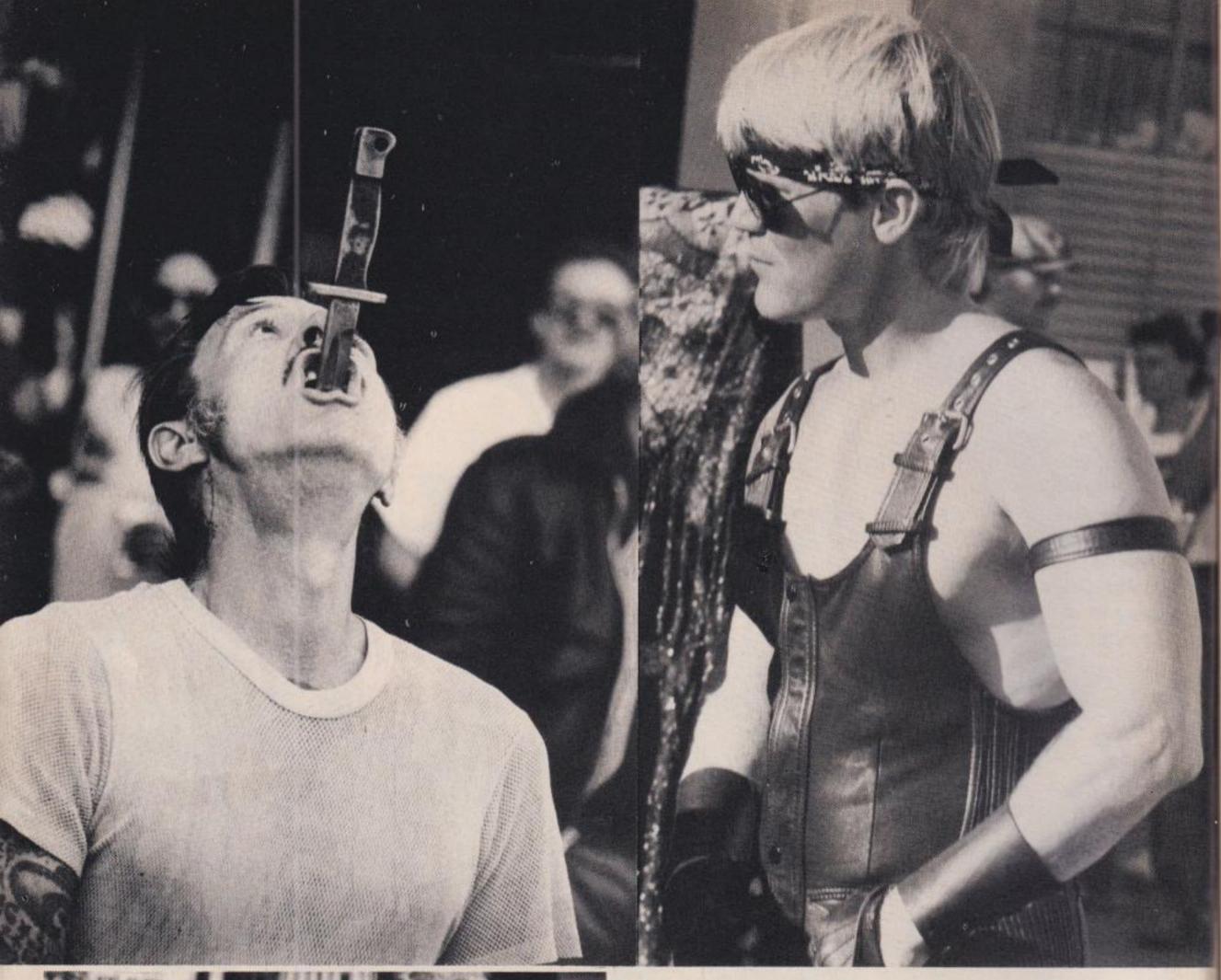


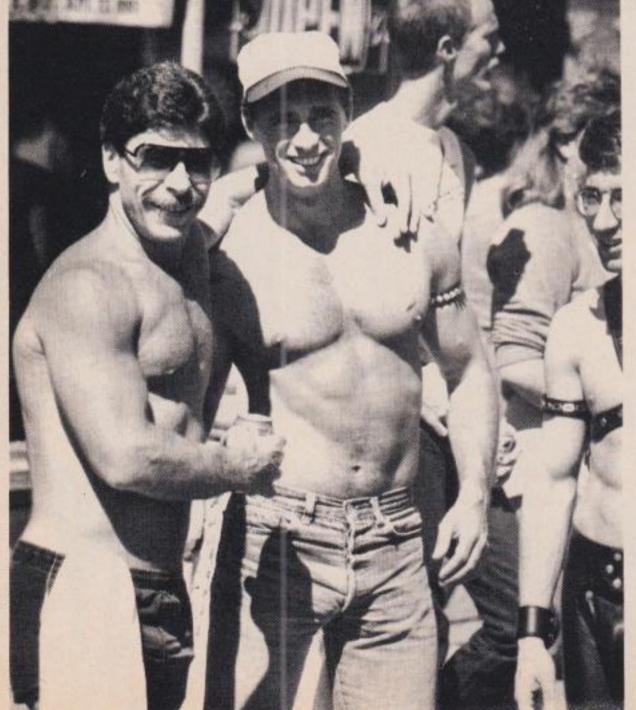
Every summer, San Francisco plays host to a series of neighborhood street fairs. The Yuppies have Union Street, arts and crafts take over Polk, and Castro puts on the drag (not Fidel—the street!); and this September, for the second year running, Folsom Street put on a bash to beat the rest. A hell of a way to say farewell to summer in leather and chains.





A great day to strap on your harness and take the dog for a walk. Or strip off your T-shirt and take your pecs for a walk. Or talk with old friends you haven't seen in a while, at least not in broad daylight, wrapped up in leather and bristling with chrome studs. And speaking of studs...catching every tourist attraction in this crowd could give you eye strain.

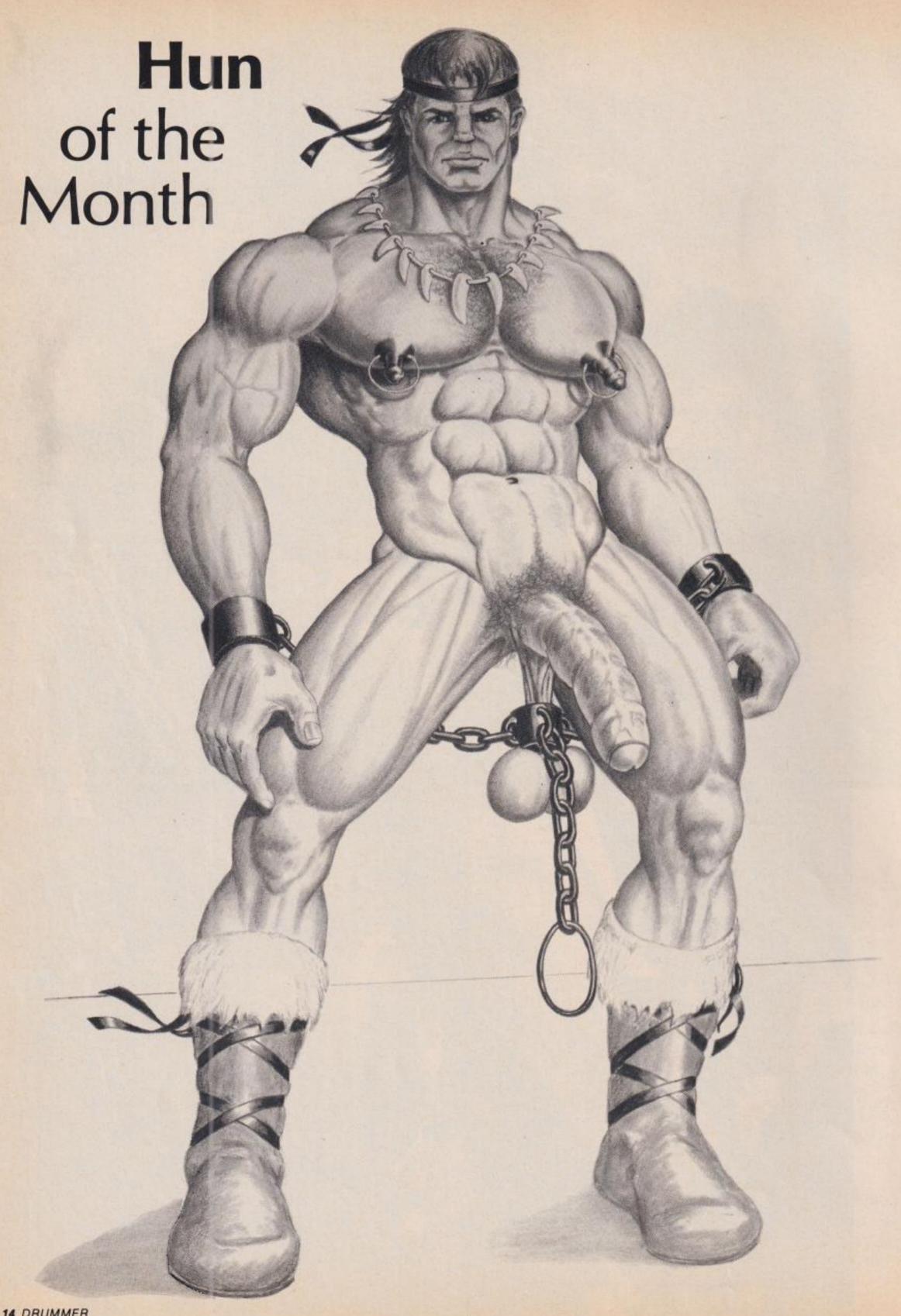




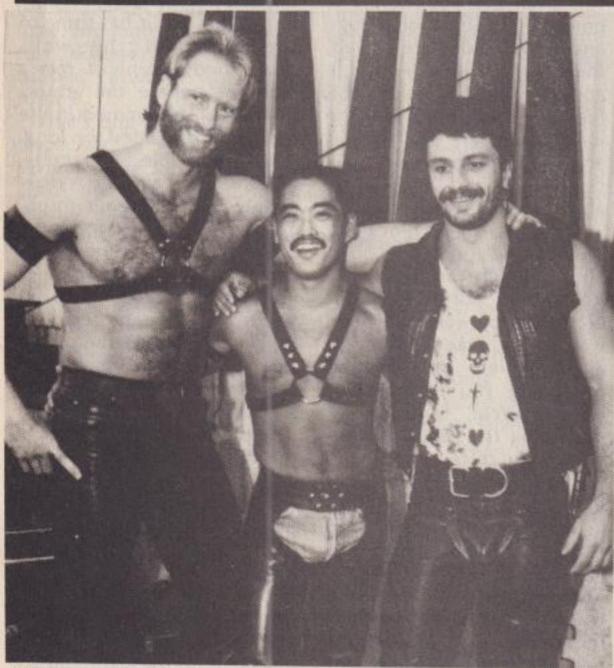
There was always something happening on the stages, from punk bands to a latest-in-leather fashion show (check out Patrick Toner, International Mr. Leather 1985, in his cape). Lots of beer and Polish sausage. Lots of funand-games booths from sponsors looking to take your contribution for a worthy cause—leathermen know how to give. And some freaky sideshows, like a tatooed master of the deepthroat swordswallow. And didn't we say something about snakeswallowing? Check out this issue's Parting Shot for a look at that—a boy and his boa are everyday fare for Folsom Street.

See you there next year?





Send your entries for this national leather update to DRUMMER Report, 640 Natoma St., San Francisco, CA 94103.



Mr. International Leather and Mr. Drummer at benefit in Seattle for AIDS victim in Mr. Leather contest in Chicago.

# FRIENDS IN NEED ARE FRIENDS INDEED!

Richard Hennigh is well- behalf of Drummer. known and well-loved on the Seattle leather scene. Currently holding the title of Washington State Mr. Leather '85, he scored high in this year's International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago, placing as Second Runner-Up. But a great year has taken a sorrowful turn: Richard Hennigh has been diagnosed with AIDS.

Richard has mounting medical expenses, no job now, no insurance or income. But he does have friends.

Leathermen from Seattle to San Francisco got together in October to hold a fundraiser for Richard at Seattle's Sparks Bar. Entertainment, raffles, door prizes and an auction all helped to raise money on his behalf. Steve Reiswig, Mr. Drummer 1985 and a Seattle leatherman himself, was on hand to donate a videotape of the Mr. Drummer Contest and a magazine subscription on

A friend of Richard's who lives in the Bay Area helped organize the event from out of state and drove up to be at Sparks for the occasion. Noting the involvement of San Francisco's Patrick Toner (International Mr. Leather 1985) and the donations from Drummer, he made this point: "If nothing else, I would like to let the leather community of Seattle and the community as a whole know that it is not important where you live, but that we all reach out and extend our hand to our brothers everywhere, and that San Francisco is not only concerned with just San Francisco, but with other cities, and other states as well."

The message is clear: We've all got to pull together, inside the leather community and out, and across all lines. The Sparks fundraiser for Richard Hennigh sets a good example for us all.

### **GMSMA UPDATE**

Last issue, Report featured a lengthy item on new membership rules regarding Gay Male SM Activists, and a calendar of GMSMA events through November, GMSMA has now announced its upcoming events through Januaryrecommended outings for all leathermen who want to know more about safe-and-sane SM...and enjoy a good time.

Regular Wednesday meetings are held at New York's Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center (208 W. 13th St.) at 8:30 p.m., and are open to both members (\$2) and nonmembers (\$4). Admission policy and fees vary for special events:

Safer SM Sex (Wed., Dec. 11): "Our speaker, a health professional who is himself involved in SM, will describe practical techniques for limiting the spread of infection, including how to clean and maintain your equipment. Videotaped segments will dramatize the points made and provide further clarification."

Holiday Brunch at The Spike (Sat., Dec. 14): For GMSMA members only, a private sitdown social.

Fifth Anniversary Dinner (Sat., Jan. 18): For members and friends: details TBA.

Men on the Block Auction (Sun., Jan. 19): Part of GMSMA's Fifth Anniversary Weekend, also featuring Chicago Hellfire Club's "Whips on Wheels." At The Spike, 7 to 11 p.m.; details TBA.

For more information about how to join GMSMA, or to be added to the group's mailing list, write to GMSMA, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011. We are indebted to the Wasatch Leathermen Motorcycle Club for their Newsleathers as well as the use of one of their drawings of HAWK by Garcia, appearing on page 26. He is an outstanding talent of whom we would like to see much more.



CMC CARNIVAL STRIKES AGAIN!

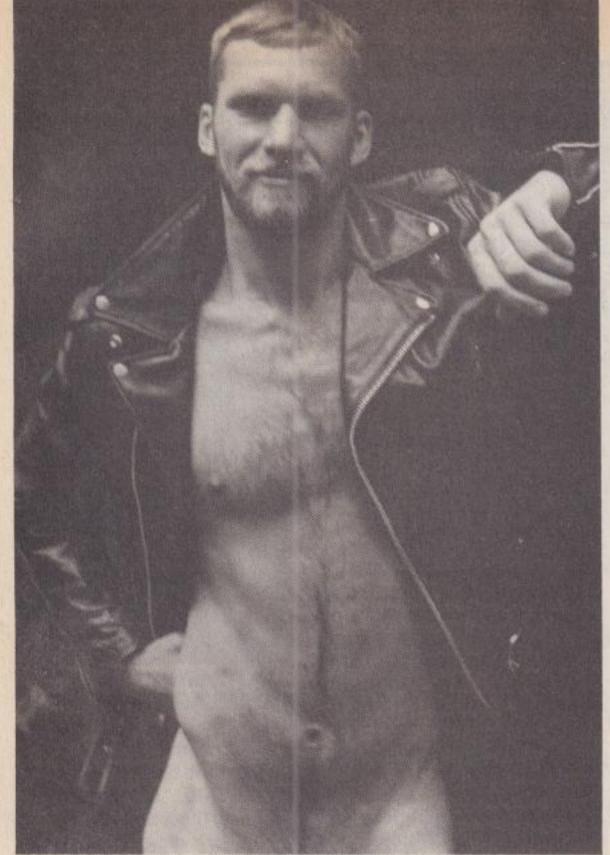
It happens every fall in San Francisco-the annual megabash of the California Motorcycle Club. It's the CMC Carnival, this year (as last) held in the sprawling Pier 45 on SF Bay, from noon to 8 p.m. on Nov. 10. The Carnival traditionally draws local leathermen and visitors by the thousands.

Organizers are expecting as many as 40 carnival booths (including the ever-popular Dunk-a-Hunk) plus, fitting nicely into the cavernous pier space, a genuine Tilt-a-Whirl-riders are advised to go easy on the beer and fast food.

As always, the big draw will be the selection of Mr. Carnival. Contestants will be making the rounds all day, soliciting charitable contributions-the guy with the biggest box at day's end will take the title. (Last year's top three winners all donated their funds to AIDS-related projects.)

Admission is ten bucks. Men interested in vying for the Mr. Carnival title can contact last year's winner, David Stoll, at the SF Eagle. (A \$25 entry fee, usually paid by a sponsoring bar or club, is required.)

For a look at last year's CMC Carnival, check out the coverage in Drummer 80.



JOHN GARGER, winner of the Mr. East Coast Drummer title in Philadelphia, then on to Mr. Drummer '83.

### LET'S HEAR IT FOR PHILLY!

I travel often-for there are always new things to experience, and I like chasing the illusion of the pretty boy with the wild mind to be found in some yet-to-be-named town-but I always come home to Philadelphia, and no one, anywhere but here,

seems to know why.

"I guess it has history and art," they say with the condescending tone adopted out of charity for a maiden aunt who never quite kept in step with reality. Well, Mako needs history about him, and he needs art for his soul, but I also need places to hunt for the ass I like, and streets where a slave can be led through the grittiness of a hard-ass night, and places where a man can test himself with high penalties exacted for failure.

So let me invite you to my Philadelphia, you men and slaves of the Leather Fraternity, to the acropolis of the American soul and the olympic glades of the games of Mako's passions.

It's all in the center city/historial area, all within walking distance of center city hotels. Philly is a city best experienced on foot. If you're under eighty-five, don't hide from it in a taxi; let the heat of summer drive you a bit crazy or the cold of winter harden your attitude some. Smell the scents from millions of people fighting for their desires; drink in the good smells that set your saliva flowing and the obscene smells that build your edge. Hear the jumble of noise and pick it apart for what you must hear to stay alive, and what you must hear to want to stay alive. See sights that would make the front page in Omaha and ignore them.

Feel the intensity of life in the city as you set your gut to the commitment, the power it takes to be alive in an environment that tests you. Don't just pass through; look it in the eye and stare it down, whether the challenge is a street person pressuring you for charity, a

punk sneering just to see if you'll give him an opening, or a ghost from our revolution demanding to know what you have done to justify his sacrifice.

Start at Giovanni's Room. the finest gay bookstore I've entered. The selection is huge and all variations are served, the clerks are knowledgeable and truly gifted at making you feel accepted. Copies of all the local papers are available, as are free maps to the large gay community and information about current happenings.

Then walk a block to Quince and follow this quiet alley (which predates the Revolution) north. The cobblestones you walk have been walked by giants; you are accompanied by shadows reminding you of our twohundred-year tradition of defending the rights of individuals. But relax, you're in the loving arms of one of the most established gay communities in America; be careful with hustlers, don't piss on anyone's property nor make out on their front step, and you won't be hassled in Philly for being gay. Maybe for being a punk, but not for being gay.

Suddenly the colonial architecture has been shattered by a rakish window featuring a painting of muscular men with aggressive attitudes in a wharf bar confrontation. You were drifting in contemplation of philosophy and Dionysus grabbed you by the balls with his mocking/stimulating little laugh: that's Philly, and this is the Bike Stop, my favorite

stop.

It's a small bar with the best staff in Philly and an easygoing ambience that sucks you right in. Have a seat, order one of their generous drinks served in a mug for the price of a cocktail glassful, and open up like a peg boy taking his place in line. Something's always happening, seldom shoving itself in your face even on Monday night, which is jockstrap night, but still right where you look. Let the bartender know you're from out of town. Hell, let anyone know you're from out of town, and he'll help you fit in though it's almost impossible not to fit in at the Bike Stop.

Nothing up yet? Philly's

mobile, you can wait for the crowd to change or seek it out. Be active for a change, cut out and head west five blocks to 17th and the 247, which is three bars in one: 247 (main floor), Corral (western), and the Brig (leather/SM). 247 is an institution and it has some of the faults of the wellestablished; mainly a men's club feel where the atmosphere was determined in the past and maintained too long. It's comfortable, it's pretty, and the dusty attitude is reassuring, but it doesn't throb. You can't pass it up, and some of the men who come in you can't pass over, but kind of set your mind for it-pretend you're a college professor or lawyer toying with the scene, stoke your brain up a notch and your cock down two, then see who's in.

Right around the corner is the Post which is a very nice, very clean, L&L bar run in a very professional manner. It is popular with the various clubs of the leather community, and on an average night it's a nice bar in which to have a few drinks, tell a few lies, reminisce, and hang out. It's kind of Cheers for the leather/western crowd and time passes easily, maybe too easily. I like it, but not when my blood's throbbing to my cock.

The Cell Block is a good place when your blood is churning and your cock is yearning. It's an after-hours bar best hit past midnight, and you'll have to find the floor supervisor and show him ID so he can sponsor you. There's a cover charge, which may seem like a lot of hassle in entering a place to spend more money, but the place is alive with excitement and the management knows leather.

Keep on your toes with your cock hard and your ass greased-because anything can come down here. You may get laid, you may get hurt, but you won't get bored, and that's as good a guarantee as you'll get in this life.

If you've hit all four leather bars without hitting it off, I'd first check the mirror for festering boils, then check my attitude, and then start over again, because each place will change as new people drift in (except maybe the 247 which changes by the century). Or

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head to the Backstreet Baths where a tasteful and secure entrance (reminiscent of processing at a white collar jail) gets you into the 24-hour action of private rooms, gym, baths, movie rooms, and sling room. Some pretty people here, and some pretty dangerous diseases, so use the rubbers available in every room.

That's one night in Philly. I hope you've given yourself several more for we haven't seen—the eight other, non-leather bars, the restaurants, the shops; and we have yet to cruise Spruce, Pine, and South for the street action; or go up into Kensington to look at the last remaining section of bare-chested, sneered-lip, tough white boys in the twentieth century.

Besides, what about New Hope and Atlantic City? Both are forty-five minutes by car, and both too much a gay experience, though not a leather experience, to pass up.

Get to know us: personally, figuratively, biblically. I look forward to seeing you about; shit, if you're pretty, I look forward to showing you about.

-Mako

# **Tourist Guide:**

Philadelphia Convention and Visitors Bureau, Three Penn Center Plaza, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Establishments mentioned (area code 215):

Bike Stop, 206 S. Quince, 626-9448; 247, 247 S. 17th, 545-9720; Cell Block, 204 S. Camac, 735-5772; Back Street Baths, 1220 Chancellor, 545-4098.

# OKLAHOMA LINEMEN, OKAY

A Drummer congrats to Oklahoma's first gay leather-oriented club, the Oklahoma Linemen. In the planning stages since February, the Linemen now claim 27 members, three associate members, and its first "pledge class" of ten hopefuls.

The Linemen celebrated their Renaissance I Weekend in late September. The Mainline in Oklahoma City hosted the club's hanging of the colors" on Sept. 28, with representatives of 11 clubs from across the US in attendance for the unveiling of the Linemen's new logo. Numerous other local businesses were involved in the weekend events, including the Bunkhouse and Saddletramps West bars, Backstreet Leather Shop, and the RAC baths.

The Oklahoma Linemen's home bar is the Mainline, 4315 North Western in Oklahoma City. Anyone planning to visit the OKC area is welcome to contact the group at their temporary mailing address: TOL, PR Chairman Larry, PO Box 23561, Oklahoma City, OK 73123.

# SIXTY YOUTHS SHAVE HEADS TO SHOW SUPPORT

According to Stubble, the monthly "newsletter of shaving and haircutting" when Manuel Garcia of Milwaukee began losing his hair because of chemotherapy for stomach cancer, his brother Julio and three other young male relatives decided to show their support by shaving their heads. In the Milwaukee

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Puerto Rican community some sixty other male friends also shaved their heads as a sign of support. Stubble reported that "Some shaved everything while others got Mohawks," but the accompanying shot showed only a hot group of shaved heads. Good show, anyway.



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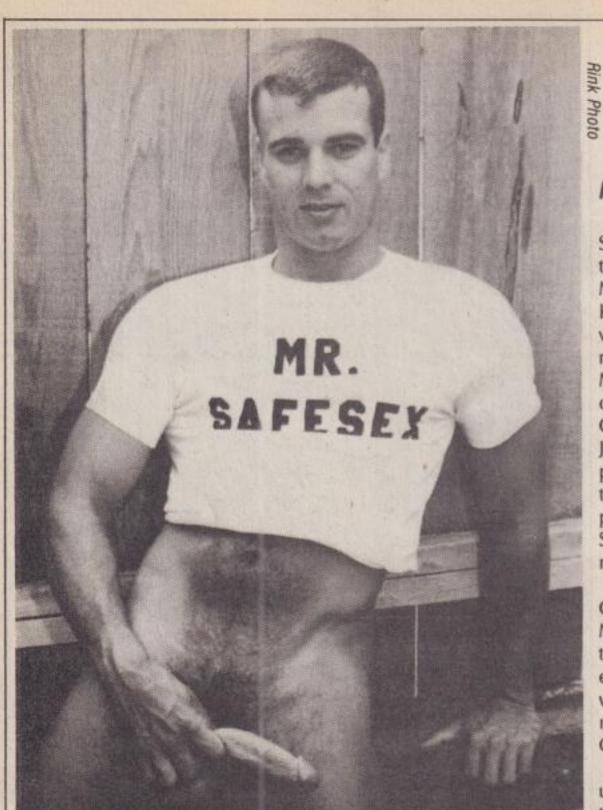
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Smoking is not allowed on any SCAT Bus

# NO BARE FEET - SHOES MUST BE WORN

"BUT MR. BUS DRIVER—THE SIGN SAID..." Have you been getting enough SCAT lately? Now it's available on a regular schedule, at last in Sarasota, Florida. Thanks to the city's progressive transportation system, SCAT freaks need walk no further than their nearest bus stop to catch all the action. The handy SCAT Bus schedule even lists a phone number "for group presentations or other information on SCAT." Everybody join in! We love the drawing of the nice lady behind the SCAT info desk, answering calls and wearing a shit-eating grin. But there are rules: "No bare feet—shoes must be worn" on the SCAT bus (makes sense to us). There are even charters available! But remember, no SCAT service on Sundays and holidays.



# MR. SAFESEX TAKES TO THE BOARDS

Porn star Glenn Swann aka Sergeant Swann, holding the titles of Mr. Nude San Diego, Mr. San Fernando Valley and King of the (San Diego) Universe, as well as being a veteran of four years in the U.S. Marine Corps has been dubbed "MR. SAFESEX" by Club Bathhouse impresario Jack Campbell and is accompanying Mr. Campbell around the country and the world promoting "Safesex," "Sgt. Swann" and Campbell's newly named "Club Body Centres."

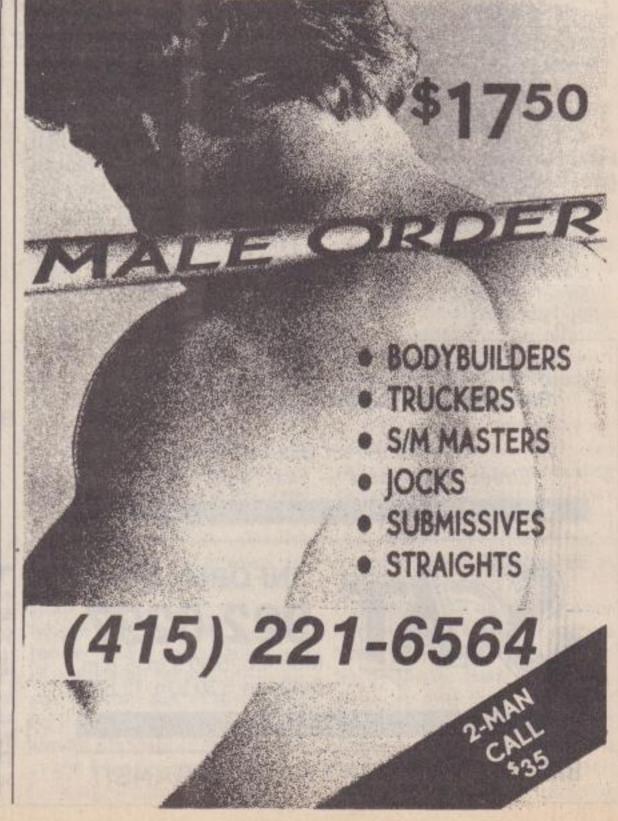
The Sgt. Glenn Swann Fan Club of Miami informs us that Mr. Swann is promoting "fantasy masturbation" in his travels around the country and will be competing in the swimming events of the GAY OLYMPICS '86.

Beginning in Miami, Swann unveiled a safe sex demonstration that will be repeated in the 10 cities where Club Body Centres are located. Seated at a table in one of the Club's hallways, Swann begins a frank, casual talk about the importance of safe sex. As his talk progresses, he encourages people to help take off his shorts and massage his body.

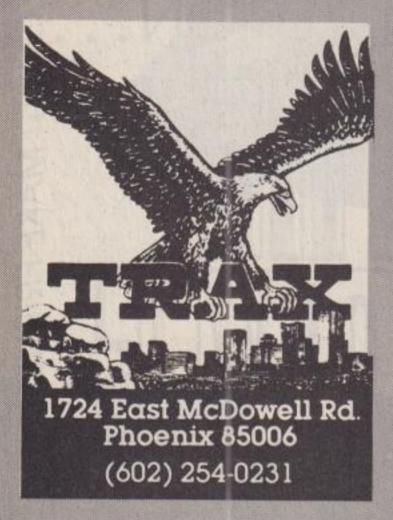
"I try to explain about massage and foreplay; it seems that most people jump right into the nitty-gritty. We're trying to get across to them that you must have a lot of foreplay and really get involved in order for safe sex to work. The body senses arouse the libido into anticipating and enjoying it," Swann said.

After performing at San Francisco's Nob Hill theatre, Sgt. Swann posed with benefactor Jack Campbell showing just how safe his form of sex can be.



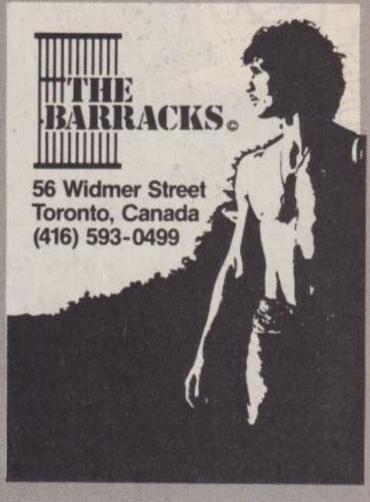


# DRUMMER'S HOT SPOTS

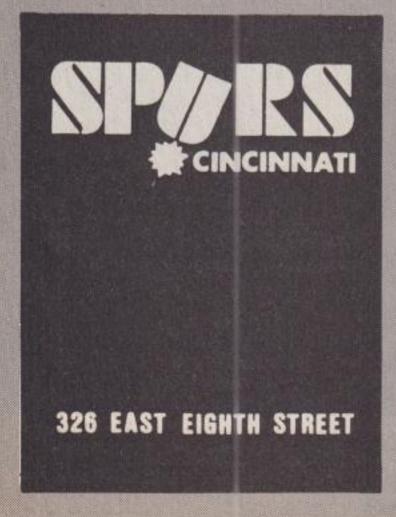
















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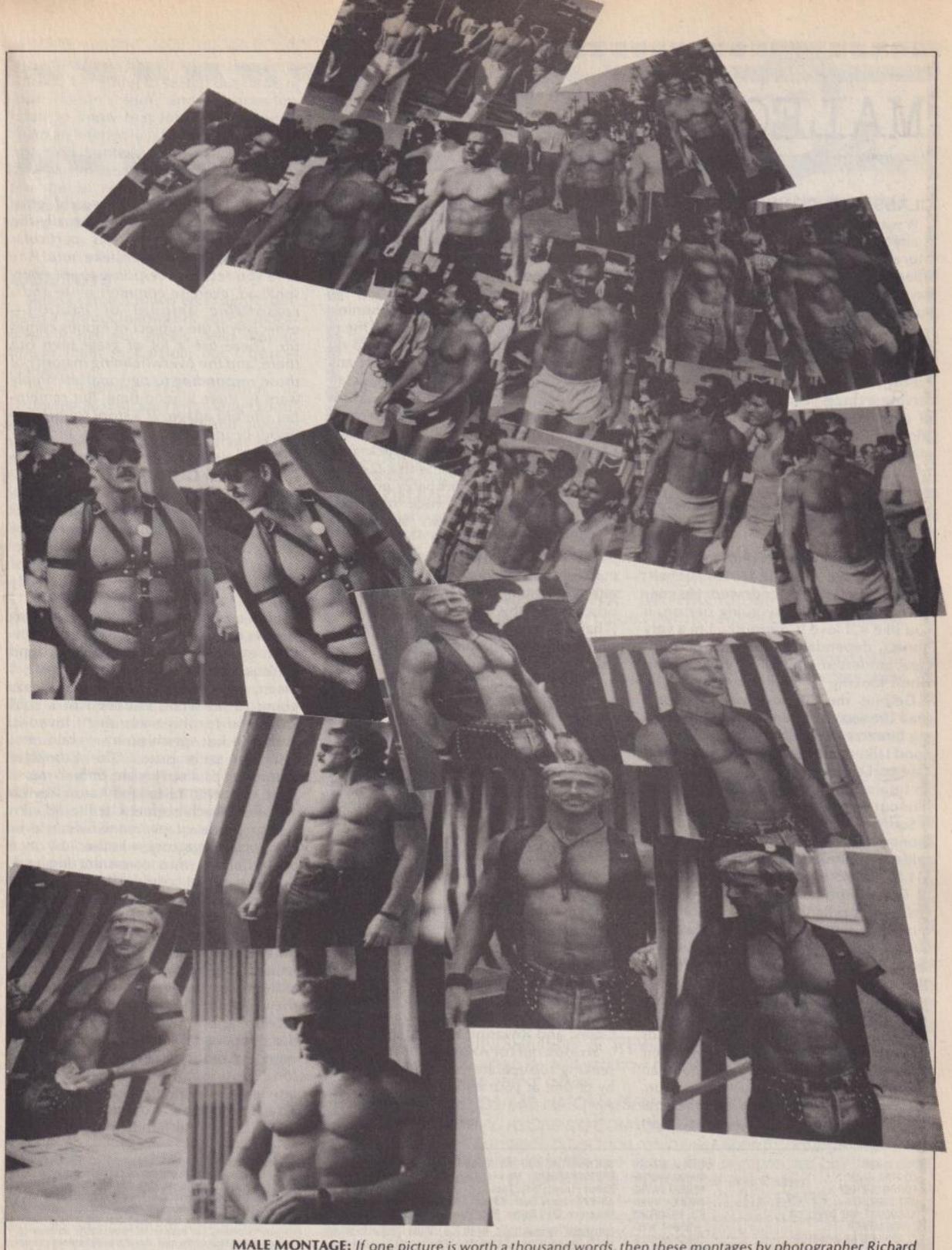
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MALE MONTAGE: If one picture is worth a thousand words, then these montages by photographer Richard Law must be worth something like a novel. Law's composite images—snapped at public events like the Castro, Ringold Alley, and Folsom Street Fairs—are on display through December at Express-Photo, 2370 Market Street in San Francisco.

# MALECALL

### **CLASSIFIED CONVICT CON**

A scam now coming out of Mississippi is aimed at readers of FQ and Drummer. More specifically, at those who run classified ads in them. Particular targets are gays over 50 who express an interest in young men.

Though I had expressed no such interest, I got a letter from one Johnnie Miller, supposedly an inmate of Parchman State Prison in Mississippi, who said he was serving a three-year term for possession of over an ounce of marijuana. He had allowed a fast-talking, good-looking man to move into his apartment, and when police appeared with a warrant on a tip there was pot there, he was taken in, since the apartment was in his name and the roommate denied everything. Uhhuh.

His first letter describes him as "GWM, 22 years of age, 6 ft. tall, 170 lbs., br hair, gr eyes," and heftily endowed. He goes on to say "a very easy-going person, if you like it, I love it. Seriously, I'm a very honest, dependable, open, caring, sincere, understanding and lonely person who's looking for about the same."

Despite the preposterous opener I read the rest, decided to write him, telling him to call me collect. We had some good talks on the phone. He said a prison caseworker, one J.D. Cooley, had taken an interest in him and was trying to get him out a little early.

Soon Mr. Cooley had Johnnie Miller's money tied up in anticipation of his release. Johnnie was supposed to have \$11,000 on account with the Department of Correction and an account with the First National Bank of Biloxi. The obvious question—where a 22-year-old had gotten hold of that kind of money—was never asked and of course never answered.

These two are pretty good actors. Cooley's dialogue could have been written by Andy Griffith, and Miller sounds remarkably like the young Elvis. Their slanders on the parole board chairman and the governor of Mississippi, if true, could land all four of them in the federal pen. The governor's campaign was to get \$5000 of Johnnie's money and the chairman \$2500. I have it all on tape, but they know as well as we do that taping phone conversations without consent is illegal in most states.

Soon there were urgent requests for advances on amounts from Johnnie's account that were to be sent to me. I repeatedly said that the best I could do was to promptly return or redirect any amounts sent to me. Johnnie was so appealing and convincing that I almost bit. When arrival time of his plane came and went and no Johnnie, the enormity of what I'd almost done struck me: offered to share my home with a 22-year-old who would have probably gone for so-called sports on TV, rock 'n' roll on radio, and comic books as reading matter.

These two semi-illiterates are almost certainly postal workers. I don't think either of them has ever been nearer a prison than the Parchman Post Office. (That may change.) They work a variant of the good cop/bad cop routine police use in grilling suspects. The switch is that each has high praise for the other. Johnnie "trusts Mr. Cooley 100 percent." Cooley finds Johnnie "not like the average inmate, a bright young man with a lot of promise."

They work, of course, on the larceny in the heart of the typical "mark." They probably know nothing of psychology, but they have the con man's instinctive ability to pick up on indications of vulnerability. What they have added to avarice, they hope, is lust for a well-endowed 22-year-old.

Phone bills and postmarks indicate Drew, Mississippi, as the probable operations center. Some of the other names in the scheme (as Western Union pickups in Jackson, Lucedale, and Walls, a suburb just over the line fron Memphis) are Bobby and Barbara Bounds, Linda Casey, and Roxanne Richards.

So look out for Andy Griffith and Elvis, seeking to separate you from your cash by phone at your expense.

Name and Address Withheld by Request (Editor's note: This is the second letter we've received containing virtually the same information on this particular scam. Dear Sir advertisers take note! Any time you receive a response to your personal ad, exercise common sense and a reasonable amount of caution—especially if the subject of money comes up. There are a lot of great men out there, and the overwhelming majority of those responding to personal ads simply want to share a good time. But remember the old adage: If a story sounds too good, or too sad, to be true, it probably is.)

# PRURIENT CURIOSITY

Phil Andros shows us why he's still the master of gay erotic fiction with "Four On Ice" in your Ten-Year Anniversary Issue (Drummer 85). It's a strong, entertaining, stimulating story on a variety of fronts—writing that's simultaneously graceful and horny. Besides that, I couldn't resist the setting and circumstances of the story (a government scientific expedition in Greenland), and Andros used it to maximum effect. I mean, what are four horny gay devils going to do while stationed in a cold wasteland for three months? I loved it, and have lost sperm on it several times.

In the same issue, "The Complete Drummer Fiction/Fetish Index" compiled by Steven Taylor and Aaron Travis is a masterful achievement. It should earn the gratitude of everyone who's ever read your magazines, whether just once in a while or as a consistent life-and-death habit! I couldn't believe how extensive, comprehensive and wide-ranging the index was—it guarantees that Drummer 85 will become a collector's item. I've already located the right issues for many stories that I enjoyed previously and wondered where the hell they were.

Still, the best part of Drummer 85 was the Drummedia section on what prominent gay erotic writers themselves read for a turn-on. I was fascinated by it. The article gave a really up-close view of writers we've all read and wanted to see and know better. I'll admit it—I do have a

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prurient curiosity about, say, what T. R. Witomski looks like, or where Don Perry is from. I'm going to search out more of John Barton's stuff, and it warms my heart to know that John Preston and I share an interest in homosex situations in historical contexts. This article goes a long way in satisfying my curiosity about the special writers who have become part and parcel of the erotic written word in the 1980s.

F. J. Texas

### SAFE TOYS

Since I came out two years ago, I have been a faithful follower of your publications. It has not always been easy to obtain them in Canada, but I usually manage.

The "Getting Off" column in Drummer 86 indicated knowledge about AIDS, its symptoms, effects and precautions, a subject of much coverage in the gay and straight press recently. But the fantasy story by Max Exander entitled "SafeSex SlaveSchool" (excerpted from Hot Living) contained several omissions and oversights. I feel it should have included care and cleaning of toys.

While the use of dildoes would apparently be safe, some of these are made of very porous materials and at present no guarantee exists that the presence of a virus would be eliminated even after a vigorous washing. Some have suggested the use of condoms over the dildo, or its use being restricted to one person. Similarly, whips and other toys used in flagellation (a scene close to my own heart, and body), particularly those which might draw blood, should be restricted to use on one person, or made of material which is "dishwasher safe."

In 1985, I feel it is the slave who should be responsible for the care of his own toys. Of course, appropriate discipline should be administered by the Top when the bottom fails in his duty.

Those who attended Hellfire Inferno XIV were not only made aware of many potential hazards, but produced some unique solutions. *Drummer*, as an influential journal in the SM/leather community, should surely be leading the way in teaching safe sex techniques.

EMA
Toronto, Canada
(Editor's note: Larry Townsend dealt with
restricting toys to individual use in his
Leather Notebook column in Drummer
81, but we agree that it's a point worth
repeating.)

# SAFE SEX

Who needs to worry about catching anything when I have the new Drummer (87). You can't claim an orgasm per page but I've had a dozen for my 4.95 and I'm only up to the Dear Sir section. Thanks guys.

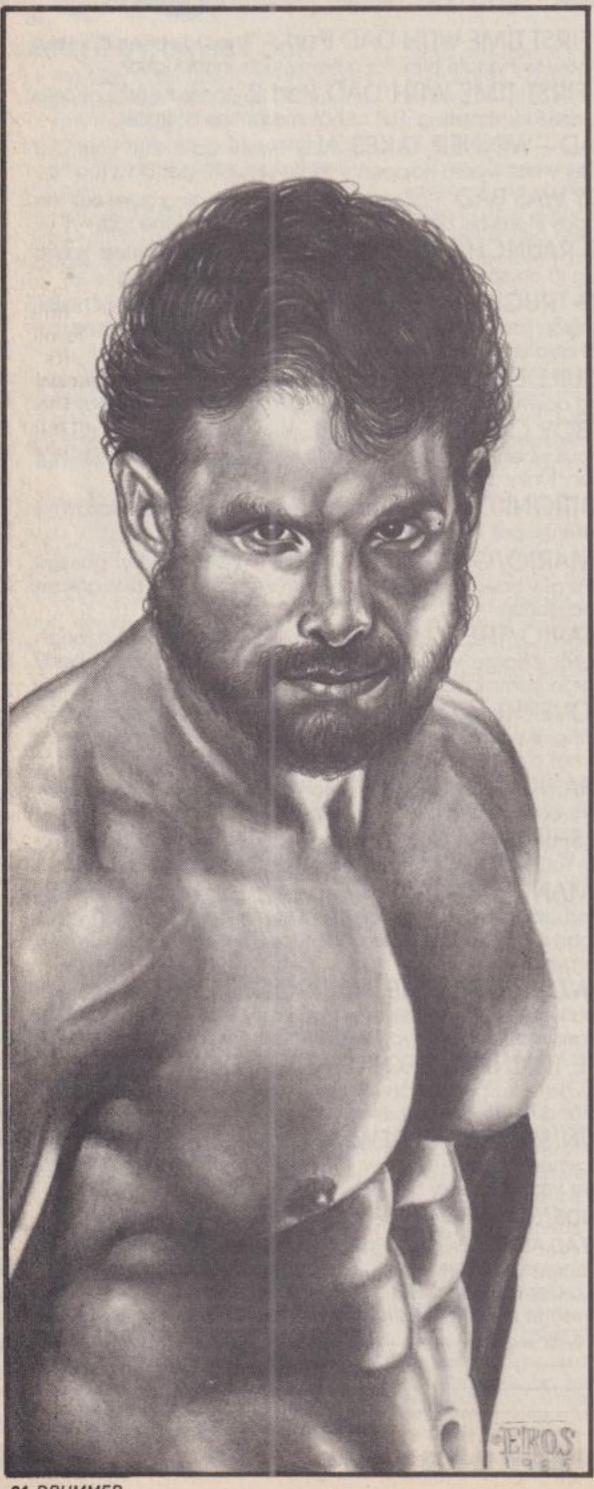
J.B. Milwaukee, WI

# THE BIGGEST AND HOTTEST AUDIO TAPE COLLECTION AVAILABLE ANYWHERE!



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1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	☐ THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD Part 1 The kid's been bad but Dad knows just how to handle him. It's a horny kid's introduction. ☐ THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD Part 2 Those hot ass cheeks and virgin cock are too tempting. Full of hot masculine attitude. ☐ KID VS DAD—WINNER TAKES ALL Ever wrestle with your Old Man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad too hot ☐ MY DADDY WAS BAD Patience and understanding goes out the window and Daddy starts his boy's training by not sparing the rod. ☐ RITES AND RAUNCH Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really wild stuff. Hot male bonding. ☐ HOT HUNG TRUCKER Teamster picks up a not-so-innocent hitch-hiker. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out how this tape got its name. It's real and you are there! ☐ MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY Five hot bodybuilders after a sweater.
	DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN Richie is the new driver on the route who is curious when he finds himself delivering beer to a gay bar. Hot and heavy session. Kinky as well.
	BIKE EXHIBITIONIST A mean, dirty muscular biker who gets talked into posing. But things get out of hand and he forces you to  MASTER MARIO/GREASE MONKEYS Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy hanging around the men's room. Lots of axle grease
	MASTER MARIO/THE D.I. Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes charge with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship. This D.I. is in command.
	MARINES OVERHEARD Two hot and very horny young Marines in the barracks latrine. If you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms while a hot marine squats on your face, this is for you.
	MASTER MARIO/THE COP A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute perverted force.  COP WORSHIP One man narrative style. Your cop fantasies come
	to life. Into cops? You will listen to this tape again and again.  THE COMMANDER SPEAKS "I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life." Just part of the verbal abuse and humiliation the Commander is going to heap on you.
	☐ COMPOUND TAPES: 1/THE INTERROGATION D.I. Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental. Mean and loud and you know who he is talking to. ☐ Tape 2/THE TRAINING BEGINS AT THE COMPOUND
	Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly, submitting to the D.I.'s heavy hand and busy belt. Breathtaking!  Tape 3/PUNISHMENT & REWARD When Brutus speaks, men listen as will you when he tells you how it is and how it is going to be. 60 minutes of intense verbal abuse.
	STALLION.SOUNDS/640 NATOMA/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103  CONSIDER THIS AD AS ONE BIG COUPON. Cut the fucker out, check the tapes you want, enclose 9.95 per tape plus a buck each for postage and handling if you order less than five tapes. Five or more, we pay the postage. If you wish to pay by credit card, fill out line below:  VISA  MASTERCARD No.
The second second	Signature

# DRUMBER DAIDURS



# DADDY'S BLACK BOYHOLE

I just finished reading the latest Drummer Daddies section again, again and again. This is my favorite section of Drummer. I can never wait until I get home to read Drummer Daddies-I usually run to my car and read it before driving home. By the time I finish, my big uncut cock has usually shot a load in my Levis. After reading so many great experiences of other boys and their Daddies, I couldn't help but write and tell you of my recently found Dad.

My Dad is white, 45, 5'8" with a massive, welldeveloped bodybuilder's physique, covered with rough curly hair. His delicious lips are enhanced by his-thick mustache, which curls up at the ends. He is balding, with salt-and-pepper hair on the sides and back, which gives him a very distinguished look. In other words, he's just what this tall black Daddy's boy has always wanted. I'm 27, 6'4", weigh a lean 192 pounds, and have 101/2 inches. I have a mustache, but Daddy says no beard.

I first met my hot Daddy while riding my bicycle in the park. I had stopped for a rest when I saw Daddy approaching on his bike, wearing only a pair of gym shorts. I couldn't believe my eyes! I could only sit there and stare. As Daddy rode by, he couldn't help but notice the look of desire in my eyes and on my lips. I could taste the salty sweat as it ran down his muscular body. I could feel his strong hairy arms locked around me, giving me the fatherly hugs I so desperately needed.

Daddy stopped and sat on a bench across from me. He had such a stern but handsome face. With his brown eyes he looked over at me and I knew he was saying: Get over here, boy! But I was too paralyzed by the sight of his manly body. He shortly got up and left.

The next time I saw Daddy, I was playing pool in one of the local leather bars. After my game, I went through the bar, looking for Daddy until I found him. Within two minutes Daddy had me outside the bar. We talked for a while, - with anticipation. I could feel

then there was silence. Daddy stood sternly in front of me and asked me what I was thinking about. "Dirty thoughts," I told him, "like you nibbling on my tender tits." Dad then reached behind me and squeezed my ass and said, "Let's go home, boy."

Naked, his body looked so damn good and his muscles were much harder than I ever imagined. Daddy locked his arms around me, giving me the manly love I needed, squeezing the breath out of me with every hug. Then he stopped and told me, "First things first!"

Daddy layed me across his lap and gave me a good "hand-to-boy" spanking. The sound of Daddy's hand slapping my ass echoed all through the house. I knew Daddy was punishing me for not being obedient by coming over to him the day we first

When Daddy's hand grew sore he got his belt. The pain was unbearable. I could no longer push back the tears or hold back the screams, because my ass ached so bad. I put my hand over my ass to give it some relief. Daddy stopped and told me, "If you don't move that goddamned hand..."

I moved it before he could finish. Daddy continued to spank me, telling me that this was his ass, not mine, and that he was going to put his seal on it. Finally he stopped and I crawled to his feet, begging him to forgive me for being disobedient.

As Daddy sat there on the edge of the bed I looked upand he was holding his thick cut cock right in my face! Daddy gave me a kiss on the forehead and said, "Here boy, take good care of Daddy's joystick." I licked Daddy's dick with my hungry tongue and pushed my mouth all the way down on his hard cock. Daddy grabbed the back of my head with his hands and pushed the big head past my throat muscles. I gasped for air but he held my head right there pumping my face with short but forceful thrusts.

While Daddy fucked my mouth, my asshole opened

24 DRUMMER

the sweat building up around it. Yes, my ass was hot! I could hardly wait to feel Daddy's white meat packed up my black ass.

At last, he told me to lay on the bed, spread-eagle, and he got right behind me. I laid there on my stomach, pushing my ass up to Daddy's grinding crotch. My ass was red hot! It was begging to be fed like a hungry ass should. I felt Daddy lubricate my boyhole. His fingers felt so damn good as he moved them in, out and around in my black hole. Then Daddy slid his cock through my firm cheeks.

"Daddy, please put it in! Fuck me, Daddy! I want it. I want it bad, Daddy!" I begged until I felt Daddy spreading my hot buns and my boyhole being filled. But instead of Daddy's manhood, it was his fingers I felt. First one, then two and three. Oh no! I thought, he's trying to fist me! Four fingers was too much. I yelled and grabbed his arm. I held onto his strong hairy arm until he withdrew his hand.

Daddy laid beside me on his stomach and told me to lick his asshole clean. I spread Daddy's round muscular cheeks and rammed my tongue as deep as I could up his hot tight hole. Hearing his moans only made me work my tongue even further and harder because I knew I was pleasing him. Before I knew what was happening, Daddy had me on my back with my long legs on his wide shoulders. I was sure he wouldn't deprive my hungry ass any longer!

I felt my muscle opening up wider and wider, but it wasn't Daddy's rock-hard cock. It was his fingers again. Torn with fright, I grabbed his hairy forearm and pleaded with him to stop. I trusted Daddy, but I knew I couldn't do it! I slid and squirmed on my back as far as I could until I landed on the floor.

I told Daddy I was sorry, but he was mad. He threw me back on the bed and made a terrible assault on my nipples, which are about the size of pencil erasers. I could feel his teeth clamping down on my tits, and boy was it painful! I grabbed his balding head with both hands but the more I pulled the harder his teeth clamped down. The more I tried to push his head away, the harder he bit into me.

I knew Daddy was only relieving himself of the frustration built up because he couldn't get his big hand up inside me. He went from tit to tit, chewing like a hungry dog on a bone.

Determined to feel his fist up my ass, he tried again. "Stop! Please, I'll do it next time," I pleaded. Daddy told me I would do it next time and this time. This is when I knew I was in trouble. When I told him I had never been fisted before, he tried even harder. "You're a big boy now. Daddy's going to get your black cherry. Daddy knows what you need," he told me. Harder and further he pushed his strong fist. I could feel him using every ounce of his strength. The muscles in his arm were standing high. I was scared as hell that he would rip and tear my hot asshole. I grabbed his strong forearm with one hand and his broad, hairy shoulder with the other in an effort to push him away. I squirmed and crawled on my back across the bed until I once again fell to the floor.

With my shoulders on the floor and my head against the wall my ass stuck up against the edge of the bed, making it an easy target for Daddy's big fist. I hollered like crazy because Daddy's hand was further in than ever now!

Suddenly I felt Daddy's hand shoot up inside me. I felt paralyzed. I was afraid to move. I was totally under Daddy's control now, whether I wanted to be or not. I was afraid but I knew Daddy wouldn't hurt me. Besides, I was thrilled by having Daddy all up inside of me. My boyhole was sore, but it hurt so damn good. Daddy slowly worked his hand around in my black hole, sending sensations all through my body. It felt so good because I knew I had pleased my Daddy.

Only then did Daddy give my ass the fucking it so desperately wanted and needed from his thick and long cock. His massive cock pumped my ass harder and harder with each thrust, lifting my ass like a car on a jack. With my long legs across Daddy's wide shoulders, my ass was all his. I

could feel his big full balls slapping against my ass.

My asshole was aching but I wanted more, more! I wanted all of Daddy's love inside me! I couldn't hold back the hot stream of cum any longer! His vibrating cock felt so good! All I could do was lay there and grip Daddy's big, strong, hairy arms until, like a volcano shooting lava, the hot juices flowed through my long black dick. Daddy kept pumping my ass, then pulled out and shot his hot load all over my stomach and ass.

A week later now, my tits have almost healed and my ass is getting used to Daddy's hand. Next Daddy said he was going to put his cock and his fist up my ass.

Lost My Cherry Brighton, MA

# **PARTY MIX**

I've been with my Dad some six months now and this has been a very great experience for me, for his is a very firm and demanding Dad and expects and gets unquestioning obedience and devotion from his two sons. He has two of us in his care at the present and trying to train us to be Daddies ourselves some day, following his example.

Dad is a 6'4" black man with a magnificent build, very muscular and big all over, with a very thick 9" cock, uncut. I am very blond, smooth skinned, 5'10" medium build and weight, with the usual 6" cut and a luscious set of buns and a very active ass, which is necessary for us. My "brother" is a very petit Thai fellow named Kim about 5'6" and 130 lbs., but a good-sized dick for his build.

Kim has been with Dad for about a year, but Dad wanted to take on another son to train so that he could expand his own activities.

Our schedule is reasonably demanding. We both must attend Dad and his needs every Tuesday night—all night, beginning with preparing and serving him dinner, cleaning up, amusing him however he wants and finally sleeping with him in his huge king-sized bed. We arrive at his place late afternoon when we get off work and prepare his cocktails, etc. All the time we are in the nude except for

studded cock rings and collars. Dad wears his beautiful leather vest, which is well ornamented, and a magnificent black jockstrap studded with brilliants to encase his glorious tool.

Kim and I take turns standing beside him while he eats to be quick to serve him, and he may command one of us to get under the table and suck his cock while he eats and watches porn videotapes. After dinner, while we are cleaning up, Dad will smoke a joint or two, which will be ours too after clean-up while he watches movies to get well in the mood for what is to come.

After we have finished clean-up we have to oil our bodies—he likes slick oily bodies—and lube our assholes for what is to come. Then we annoint his body and retire to the game room to fulfill his pleasure.

Now the fun begins to suit his pleasure or whims-it may be whipping, spanking, c/b torture. He will command the position we are to assume for his invasion, and when that comes we are in for a real thrill, for he is a very active and powerful fucker. If I am being fucked doggie-fashion, Dad will command Kim to get under me and we can 69, which he enjoys seeing as he fucks, and we all try to climax together. Then to bed, where either one of us can expect sometime during the night to have to satisfy him again; he has a great sex drive. In the morning we have been instructed to tend to his hardon and suck him off or take his

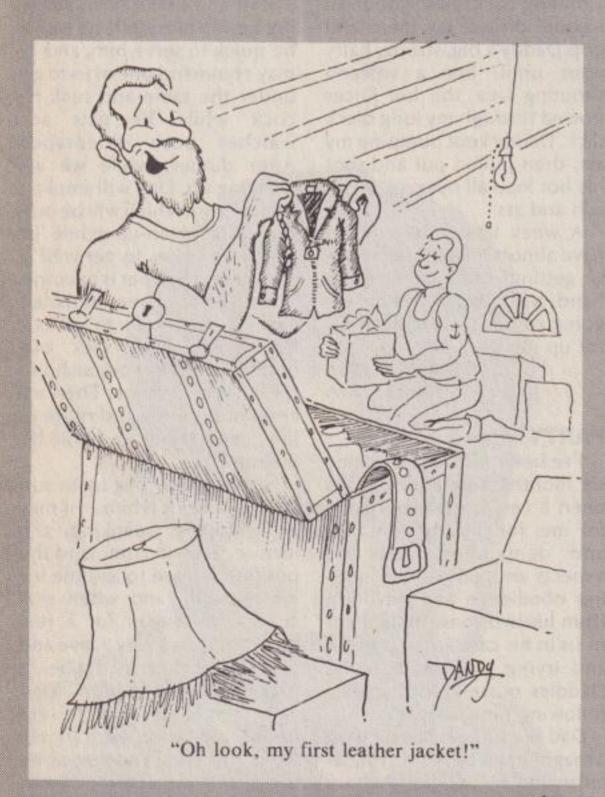
morning piss.

On weekends he will have his mates in for cards. In due course two of the guests will take us aside for their sexual pleasure or have us amuse them while they watch and maybe fuck with each other.

Completely liberated, shared sex is the order of the house. It is a wonderful atmosphere, and both Kim and I feel we have a great Dad, who treats us well but firmly. (We learned to accept any size cock by training on peg boards with various sized dildos which we had to sit on for a half-hour at a time. It works well.)

Kim & Geoff Hammond, IN DRUMMER 25

# DRUMSTICKS



Big tongues dedicated to boots
buried below balls
balancing weights of steel.
Nipples waiting patiently for pleasure
from teeth that will leave love marks
of time spent remembered.
Dog collared necks make an animal
hungry to eat armpits
of salty tasting sweat
that is a licked/spit smell

ocean of reward.

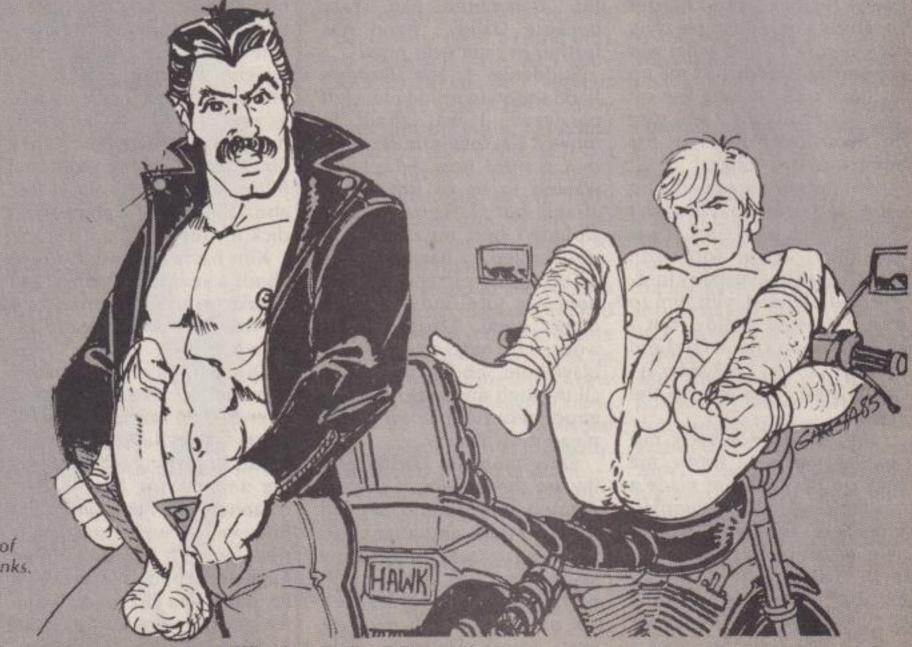
Pink tongues gone grey from bootblack polish licked until the face is covered with the respect being at Master's feet gives.

Big toes sucked like a big cock earns the whole foot in a mouth stretched to take a thumb that fucks a face.

Permission given to a crotch to hump the Soul of Master's Boot. Eyes that control the attention His pleasure demands.

Maintaining His Trust and Knowledge that two Men can be satisfied by the slave hunger of one.

-Richard P. Ammon



GARCIA drawing courtesy of WLMC Newsletter with thanks.

"What's your beef? You said you wanted to go for a ride!"

DRUMMER

FICTION

KENIRICHIE DVA GARANTON My balls felt it before I did. The hot water stopped!

I like to lie in the bathtub with a wad of paper stuffed into the verticle drain so it will fill to the brim. Then, I lie back, my head on the edge and my legs apart toward the faucets. I run the very hot water from a heater that's been turned up to full, at about the same pace that water escapes through the paper and the plug beneath. I love to feel it flow up my legs to my ass and my crotch. It's movement, it's hot, wet and playful. Oh, my Lord, how it fires the imagination! I have a lot of good ideas about nice things when I totally relax this way.

When it stopped, it meant someone had turned on the hot

water in the kitchen.

Fido was doing the dishes.

It wasn't for the sake of the dishes, however. It was his way of sending me a message. Hew knew I always got out of the tub with a hard-on.

I was sick of it. Maybe I was sick of Fido. I'd have to think about it.

It was all a ritualistic little game, and I was tired of playing. This was the fifth or sixth time he's done this in the few weeks I've had him with me, and this time, it would be the last. The routine was a simple enough little scene. I'd come out of the bathroom in a rage, towel in hand, dripping wet. He'd measure my anger and whimper his apologies with gestures of trying to calm me. Most likely he'd take the towel to dry me, an appropriate reason to fall to his knees, then grovel and whimper until he felt that I was at the perfect ready condition for what he really wanted all along.

I was supposed to be the boss, but he had it down to a science—how to put me at exactly the level of intensity he desired.

He'd turned the water on as a cue for me to storm into the kitchen to discover him standing at the kitchen sink in his scant little crotch-clutcher undies, his pale white buns showing. My entrance was to be a display of anger and cock.

Then, according to his script, it was up to him to decide if they were a match, or if one or the other needed more, or less, strength. He knew what to say or do to get more anger out of me. He also knew how to calm me to a point where the blood would rush out of my face and into the part where he wanted to see a bit more red. It had become an over-rehearsed routine!

He'd be punished for it, of course. I didn't think it would by anything too heavy, just enough to keep the scene going to its climax. I was supposed to be thinking of something right at the moment, but, in the long run, he'd decide what it would be by manipulating my anger the way he always did. Once set, he'd beg forgiveness and be told he had to earn it. He'd beg to earn it with his ass, and, for a while, he'd be told that wasn't good enough. He'd beg and plead some more, take a bit of warming up, light punishment, and finally I'd relent and throw him on the bed.

I didn't like the way it was so planned!

The first time this water thing had happened, my mind recalled, it was exciting as all hell. He didn't know I warmed myself in the tub that way, and he innocently meant to do the dishes. When I stormed into the kitchen to call him a few names, he was totally taken off-guard. He stammered and begged forgiveness for real that time, and even fell on his knees out of shame for having offended me. He pleaded then for permission to wash the soap off my cock with his mouth. The blood of anger in my face went, therefore, to where it served his face nicely. We were off and running from that moment on, with sex boiling up while my genuine annoyance lingered. It was a good one that time.

The second time, I was a bit too angry. I didn't stop to see that he was only trying to recreate the excitement of the first time. I saw it only as a stupid and thoughtless case of his having forgotten that he wasn't to run hot water while I was in the bath! I smacked him a few times then, in addition to calling him names. He needed to learn! He ended up crawling to the bed for his forgiveness, and he got it hard!

The third time, I knew it was deliberate, and that really pissed 28 DRUMMER me off. I damn near grabbed the whip, but he managed to beg his way to bed instead.

When it happened again, I knew it was becoming a ritual. He expected to be slapped. He was gaging just how much more anger there would be for his repeating it. Ritual was going to set in if I kept responding in almost the exact same way. He hadn't learned his lesson? Then some other form of discipline was needed. He drank some dishwater that time. Oh, he was permitted to bend over and take my anger from my cock, but he felt a little squishy in his guts when he did!

But this time around I had had enough! I decided immediately that I would not step out and play the whole scene as he conducted and directed it. I was sick of it. Maybe I was getting

sick of Fido.

Nah, Fido was okay. I liked keeping him. He was good for me in a lot of ways. I guess I couldn't complain too much about the rituals and the games. We'd started out that way. When you wear the garb and find a new encounter in a known hangout, it's expected that a lot of the shit's going to be traditional at first. He'd been eyeing me in the bar, and I had gestured a command for him to follow me out. He obeyed, came home with me and served, with barely a word spoken. He'd done a big adoration number on a cock ring I wore that night, and it told me that he was available for ownership if I wanted him. His ass was exceptionally tight and hot, I thought, so it seemed like a reasonable idea.

I got him a wristband with a design that most of the local guys knew I'd adopted as a trademark. That branded him as my property, and he wore it rather proudly. We got a little deeper into things that turned me on, and he responded with obedience. I got him a dog collar and dubbed him Fido when I moved him out of a cheap hotel and into my apartment.

Fido obeyed, and Fido liked to serve. Sometimes he didn't even need to be warmed up; he was there to give me whatever I wanted when I wanted it. If he wasn't feeling up to it, he'd look for just enough of a spark to light the fires. He was still learning to measure and control that. He was charting all of it somewhere in his head as to exactly the best ways to provoke me to just the level he wanted. I was the boss, but he was deciding

how rought I'd be, or how loving.

I didn't like being manipulated quite so obviously. In fact, I was rapidly growing sick and tired of his carefully planned provocations whenever he sensed that I wanted to boil up a session, or when he felt like having one. I saw through them too quickly, and a lot of them just didn't work on me. It was a lot better when I could react from a genuine emotion, when I could see a real need to teach him a lesson. Those were the times that ended up rocking the bed. Still, the bed liked to move more often then he gave me real cause, so it figured that he'd have to invent things now and then.

After the dog collar came the incident of the belt. It was the first time we had something of a genuine argument that wasn't geared to the usual conclusion. He spoke carefully and quietly,

and backed down if I started to get hot.

I had had a local leather shop make me a wide black leather belt that had studded pockets in it. They were the right size to hold a foil packaged condom so that enough of the top would show. It would let anyone who looked see what it was. I liked the idea of wearing it to the bars and other places I frequented to make a statement that I believed in safe and careful sex, and that I practiced it.

Fido found that embarrassing. He wanted the world to know he belonged to me, but not that I wore a condom when I used him. He thought it was as if I was telling everyone that I thought he had VD. He'd gone in for a check-up on his own, without my telling him to, because he wanted me to stop wearing them with him. He had trouble understanding that I wanted to make it a habit, safety as second nature, and that I'd have to be exclusive with one guy for a long time before I'd consider not wearing one.

He wanted that faithful, keep-myself-only crap, but I wasn't about to pledge that. He had a long way to go before that! Still, I

had to admit, in a few short weeks, it seemed to be heading in that direction. Not that I didn't have any number of opportunities, but it was getting convenient to come home to a beautifully clean pad and pet my own little housemaid puppy. Oh, careful—I can't say "housemaid" unless I'm ready to growl. In all, the way things had gone, I was losing interest in outside games, but I'd wear the belt when I went out, just to spread the word, and to make it clear that I might own, but I wasn't owned.

Now, with my flow of hot water off, I thought that I was losing a hell of a lot of interest for this inside game too. I wondered if it was the routine of it that now had me sitting here thinking it over without being annoyed, or if I really was getting tired of

Fido. Perhaps I was just bored in general.

The only thing that would be obvious to him at the moment was that he had sent his signal for me to get out of the bath, and I was still in it. He'd be starting to worry a little about what might be going on in my mind. What might I be cooking up at this time?

There was the whip, of course. It hung in a coil on a peg by the bedroom door. I tended to think of it more as a decoration than a tool. It was a way of reminding anyone I took into my bedroom that I was in charge of what might take place there. It was a vivid visual suggestion that discipline was always possible, and available. It usually said all it needed to say right there on the hook, but it was used on occassion.

I wondered if Fido was asking for it now. I hadn't taken the whip to him yet, and all the time he'd been here he's been eyeing it, wondering how it would taste. I supposed that he was quite sure he'd get it eventually. We'd gotten close to it a few times, but raising a few welts with a strap or a belt had always seemed like enough. The whip could break the skin. It left a mark.

The whip? A strap? I wasn't too into chains, but I had a bit of that. It was all so damned ordinary! Maybe that's why I stayed in the tub this time. Things that were planned and rehearsed and designed grew tiresome. They weren't exciting anymore! I was having a bad case of "Ho hum, here we go again."

Our circles had grown fast. From that first night of a little cock ring, we went to a wristband. From there to a dog collar, then through the belt, and now to the coiled whip? They were circles around circles of leather, like ripples in a pond. They kept reaching wider and wider, looking for some new and bigger thrill. The more he learned to serve me, the more he learned about me—and with that, the more he controlled and manipulated my every mood. Worse, the more I saw how he was doing it, the more gamelike and tiresome it threatened to be.

Fido was into pain a bit more than I liked to administer it. I wasn't in a hurry to challenge him to see how much he could take, yet he seemed to be asking me to crank it up a bit more each time. Right at the moment, I thought he was trying to get that whip off the peg. He really wanted to feel it, and I wasn't ready to use it on him. That would only happen when I felt a strong need for it, and this hot water charade wasn't good enough.

He wanted to get into more bondage games too, and I wasn't all that keen on them. Oh, there was a leash to go with the dog collar, but I wanted it as more of a joke than a reality. I had a pair of cuffs. It was Fido's suggestion that I cuff him and leash him to the bed until he learned to behave. The only reason I felt for doing it was because he wanted it. It was the old joke about feeling sadistic if I said "no!"

Too much was routine. Some of the things we did because we'd heard or read somewhere that they were a kick. I needed more gut-level reality. At least, I needed strong feelings behind or beneath a performance. When I was touched off by a real anger, it would wail. When I felt he truly needed discipline, it would soar! Ho, hum, here we go again.

I wanted something, however. My hot bath soaks got my music started. He knew it, and he was in the kitchen calling for me. What else was there to think about in hot, swirling water? Yeah, I could do with some sex. I could go for that.

Which meant, I supposed, that I'd have to go for the routine. I

closed my eyes again and leaned back. My vision was a field of red, looking at the inside of my own lids. I thought I'd try to remember to soften the light in here.

It needed to be different. I wasn't about to leave this tub until I had a damned good plan to make it somehow different. The leather circles had rippled larger and larger, but in so doing they had become too familiar. I considered having the whip come off the peg this time around. I had thought to save that for a special need, but in desperation, this was becoming just that. If I couldn't think of anything else, I'd use the whip on him.

Different!

Damn, but I wish he could appreciate what it is to try to keep dreaming up new kicks. All he has to do is respond to me. I do the inventing, I give the orders, and all he has to do is obey. Oh,

Fido was into pain a bit more than I liked to administer it. I wasn't in a hurry to challenge him to see how much he could take, yet he seemed to be asking me to crank it up a bit more each time.

sure, he does use his mind. He studies me and tries to coax my heat to where he wants it. Still, the thing he needs now is to be taught to appreciate the effort!

The idea of role reversal began to arouse me. What the hell would he do if I suddenly pulled a role reversal on him?

At the moment that thought occurred, he turned the water off in the kitchen, and it again began to burn its way up my legs. I was glad it was still hot, that he hadn't used enough to empty the tank.

The nearly scalding flow inched up my legs, cooling only slightly in the blend of the heady-smelling, sweet soapy water. Soon I felt it caressing at my things, and finally licking like a hot tongue at the crevice of my ass and over my balls. My cock started rising in pulse. Soon it would tower up out of the water before me.

How would I go about shocking the shit out of him with a sudden role reversal? If I started it on him, I might have to go all the way with it. I could manage that. It would be easy enough to come out of the bathroom and beg his forgiveness for having used the hot water when he wanted to do the dishes. If he didn't faint from the shock of it, something would happen. What if I played it stronger? What if he picked up on it and tried to play it along with me? What if he turned out to be man enough to dominate me?

My cock was nearing its fullest stretch as I began to imagine the scene. I could fall to my knees before him in the kitchen, then beg him to be physical. Not in so many words, of course. I couldn't instruct him and act out a submissive role at the same time. I'd have to manipulate him as he did me. Still, it would go nowhere unless I could get at least a slap across the face out of him. He'd probably be far too surprised and shocked to have a good, honest, quick reaction that might start a fire.

I'd instruct him by insult in some careful way. It couldn't be the sort of demeaning jibe I used constantly to remind him that he was a piece of trash I picked up in a bar three weeks ago. It would have to be something entirely different to get real anger from him.

His masculinity. That was the most important part of his being, his manliness. I'd known some puppies that took to being treated like cunts, or being referred to with words like "she" or "her." Fido was not one of these. Actually, that was one of the things I liked most about him, the way he was pure man, however bent-over at the time. He had strongly resisted me the one time I tried to put him in a missionary position. He didn't like that at all! He wanted it in the ass, not as a cunt with her legs up. Yeah, I'd have to think of some jibe that would piss him off, and it would be something along those lines. I could get a slap out of him with that.

The hot water flowing around the underside of my cock felt

like it was trying to stroke me. I let it. A role reversal thing would be wild, and I couldn't get too hot for it. It was going to be

special! I wanted to be ready.

He'd be at the sink in those crotch-clutcher underpants. They were little more than a posing strap to begin with, but I could play on that. I'd make some smart remark about how he must have gotten them from a mail order house in Hollywood—the type that caters to high-priced hookers and starlets.

I felt my ass tighten, and a thrust of blood go through my body to my cock. It seemed to go up the shaft like a good fuck thrust, then disappear into the steamy air above me. It felt

terrific. It was like humping the air.

I'd get him out of the little dingy-diapers and worship his cock the way he prayed to mine. By then, he'd have the message that I wanted to change places. He'd know that was what I

wanted, so he would obey.

I gave my own cock another two or three of those fun-feeling blood thrusts. If I concentrated on it, and set a rhythm with it, I thought I could get totally involved in an air fuck. What I liked about it, other than how good it felt, was that it was getting me hotter than hell for what was to come. The notion of a role reversal had edged out of being merely an idea. It was begin-

ning to be a plan.

It wasn't going to be hard for me to do some adorations on his cock—I wouldn't have to fake that! He had a beautiful hunk of solid meat that glistened red and ready when it came up for play. It was long, slim and full-looking as it curved upwards in a gentle arch. From the underside, the little hinge of flesh that stretched from the shaft to the head looked as strong as wire when it was full. The flaming red bulb thrust in its own design, more arrow-like than rounded. His was a glorious, beautiful, meaningful weapon that promised one hell of a powerful shot when fired.

Squeezing my butt for blood thrusts led me to trying to imagine feeling that great cock getting in there. It was a jolt just to think of it in my butt, and the turn-on of the hot water licking at me made it sensational.

I thought of myself taking it hard. I began chewing at it with my ass. It began to feel as if it were really there, coming up out of the bottom of the tub somehow to plow into my guts. It began stabbing in slow, full, determined strokes, then it got faster and faster with each thrust. It felt as if it was pounding its way through my guts and up inside my own cock, doubling its size and its strength and its need! My own blood strokes were going at a steady and mounting beat. I wasn't concentrating on them now, they were just going! Bath water sloshed about from my humping motions.

He'd buy the role reversal, and I'd drive him wild with it! Oh, yeah! Yeah! Fido turns on his master! Yeah! He'd pound into me! Sure, baby! Yeah! He could even use the whip if he wanted. I could dig on it. I'd like a few stings across my back to make it hotter! Sure! That would get my guts to churning, so that as he pumped his cock up into them, I'd give him some inside moves he'd never imagined! Yeah! Oh, baby! This wasn't going to be a case of rolling over to take care of him out of the goodness of my heart. No "go ahead and get it over with" about this.

Fido! Baby! I'd get his long, hot cock to fuck me a heavy one! Shove it! Oh, yeah! I'd show him submissive, submissive in

tears, like he didn't know I could!

Damn, but I could feel it! I was taking it in the ass just thinking about it! Shit! My cock was up out of the water and throbbing

so hot that it had gone dry!

I pushed it down into the hot water. The grasp of my fist on it sent a few new jolts through me, but they only heightened the excitement my imagination was now pounding into my ass. Het my cock spring back up, splashing water as it flew. I didn't remove my hand, but I might must as well have. It was all happening inside!

Damn, but it was happening! Oh, Fido! Fido would learn the new role, and he'd be a stallion in his performance of it! He'd have to slap me around a little, he'd have to show me what I was and where I belonged. I'd try to pretend to balk a little bit, so

he'd have to grab me so tightly that his fists broke the skin. He'd knock me about, even as he fucked, so that I could feel it in my guts, stabbing, demanding, pounding. Let it rage, baby! Go! Full blast!

He'd fuck me so hard up the butt that his cock probably would push its way up into mine. He'd grunt like a bear, and I'd hear music! He'd stab me with his full length of hot iron, pound me with no mercy. I'd love it! Yeah! A man that lets me know he's pure man! There'd be sweat pouring off his face and his chest, and its saltiness might splash into the broken skin on my back. Sting! Burn! It's gonna be that way! You can do it, Fido! Master Fido!! Fuck me, baby! Fuck it!

I no longer felt the hot water on my balls as much as I felt them churning about and burrowing up into my body. I knew what it meant—I had a flash of being sorry, but it vanished in the excitement. I should have stopped, but—it was too late now! Too late! I was yanking at my frantic pole and it had gone dry again from its own heat. Once more, I shoved it into the hot water.

That did it!

It still felt like he was fucking up through my ass into my own cock. If he was going to come, it would split mine wide open and splash blood all over the bathroom. Let it! He was going to come in my guts! All right! No...No, Fido was still in the kitchen and I was alone in the tub. He wasn't coming, but I sure as hell was!!

I did.

I watched the power of my mind and body send my stuff several feet up in the air. It was like a slow-motion movie as it arched and fell splashing back down on my heaving chest and into the bath water.

Finally, after several long, gasping moments, I had to begin to consider what I'd done. Planning alone had taken over, and blown it for any such plans to be put into action, at least at the moment. But I knew what it was I wanted, now. I knew what got me off. There would be a chance to get it, sometime in the future.

Fido was good for me. He was all I really wanted and needed. Maybe it was time now for us to stop looking for bigger and better leather circles, and just refine the ones we already had.

Oh, yeah, I dug on it with Fido, either side of it!

I got out of the tub and dried myself in the bathroom. I washed out the tub; I might have left it for my puppy to lick up, but it was embarrassing to think he'd know I had gotten myself off. I decided to put on some clean shorts and simply saunter out into the kitchen as if nothing had happened. A cup of coffee would be nice. My imagination had been burned up, and it faded from being.

"I'm glad you're out, dear. I had to do the dishes because the Hardings are coming over. Put some clothes on, dear, they'll be

here any minute."

"What do they want?"

"Something to do with that bar down the street," she answered.

I wondered where my darling wife or the uptight neighbors, the Hardings, had heard about the bar. "What about it?"

"There's a rumor going around that it's going to cater to homosexuals."

"So? What's the harm in having a gay bar in the neighborhood?"

"They say it's going to be for the biker types, that toughlooking crowd. The Hardings are circulating a petition."

"To each his own, honey," I pouted. "I don't think we should sign something like that."

"If we don't, the Hardings will tell everybody that we support that sort of thing in our nice, quiet, family area. Oh, I know. I like to be liberal about such things, but—"

"We won't sign," I said.

"You know, I've seen that type, with all their leather clothes and chains draped around. I can't imagine how they do what they do . . . whatever they do to each other."

"I've been wondering about that myself," I smiled.

# OUTLAW

by K.J. Myers

I've managed to pull off some major fuck-ups in my young life, but the latest was truly of world class proportions. It all began on a warm June afternoon as I was cruising down a country road. I had the windows rolled down, Bruce cranked up on the radio, going with the flow. Then I saw those dreaded

red lights in the rearview mirror.

Okay, I thought, no cause to sweat. The worse that can happen is a fine and a stern lecture about the evils of speeding, right? Well, no. During one of my frequent lapses of good judgment, I had agreed to deliver some pot from one buddy to another. The plastic bag of killer weed happened to be occupying the seat right beside yours truly. Unless the policeman was Ray Charles, I asked the nice officer.

"What's in that bag?" asked the nice officer.

"That's oregano," I replied innocently. "I do a lot of herbal cooking."

"Bullshit!" said the nice officer. "You have the right to remain silent..."

To make a short story shorter, I was hauled off to see a judge who pondered my fate for all of thirty seconds before deciding I was guilty as hell. His Honorable denounced me as a threat to this country's very moral fiber and sentenced me to six months in the Whitman County Jail. I could have called on my parents for help, except that I'm currently on Mommy and Daddy's shit list. I'm not sure why, but it may have something to do with getting expelled from college for giving blowjobs in the campus library.

Like any other hardened criminal, I was forced to go through the usual pre-incarceration rituals of being stripped, sprayed with bug killer and having my ass searched to make sure I wasn't concealing anything dangerous, like a cruise missile. The next step, according to every drive-in movie I've ever watched, would be to meet the fat, corrupt sheriff who would work me over with a cattle prod and then try to frame me for murder.

It turned out that Sheriff J. W. "Bubba" Hapgood was indeed every paranoid city boy's nightmare of a redneck lawman come to life, well over three hundred pounds of jiggling cellulite and Nazi attitude. The strange thing was that he actually seemed to like me. "It ain't no disgrace to make a mistake," he said in a syrupy drawl, "Fine, good-lookin' young feller like you has got his whole life ahead of him. Don't let this thing get you down, hear?"

I literally became Sheriff Bubba's fair-headed boy. While the other inmates had to wash police cruisers or mop the floors, Hapgood gave me extra TV privileges. He made sure I got extra food on my plate and even provided me with my very own private cell so I wouldn't be bothered by, in his words, "the faggits."

I realized, of course, that Hapgood's motives were more than a little suspect. All during his lectures on the dangers of queers and how all "preverts" should get the death penalty, if not something more serious, Bubba's chubby digits would casually find their way to my ass. I also noticed that his eyes had a way of wandering down to the bulge between my legs. My suspicions proved correct a few nights later.

It was past midnight when I heard the cell door unlock and then open. I opened my eyes to behold a vision that would give a maggot dry heaves. Standing in the moonlight and wearing only his Sam Browne belt was Whitman's protector of law and order, Sheriff Hapgood. "I'm gonna fuck your pretty ass, blondie," he said in a whisper that I guess was meant to be seductive.

There are any number of men on this planet that I would give my vital organs to see standing naked beside my bed but, unfortunately, Hapgood wasn't one of them. The sight of a two-and-a-half-inch flaccid cock barely visible underneath a protruding gut that suggests the birth of quintuplets is imminent has never been my idea of a turn-on.

"Fuck off," I said, turning back over and going to sleep.

The next day the shit hit the fan and the milk of human kindness suddenly turned sour. No more television, no more extra portions, and definitely no more convict condo. "Take this fuckin' fag's ass downstairs," Hapgood ordered a deputy, "And put him in with Jake. That oughta teach the cocksucker

some respect."

The jailhouse basement was obviously reserved for very bad boys. It was cold, dark, and home to several species of mutant vermin-I saw rats and cockroaches capable of carrying off household appliances. Compared to this the Black Hole of Calcutta must have seemed like the Club Med. I was shoved inside a cramped dungeon as the door locked quickly behind me. "Have a nice day," said the deputy as he walked back up the steps. I don't think he was at all sincere.

The first thing that hit me was that the place smelled like an explosion in a cum factory. The yellowish stains that were all over the walls and floor suggested that there had been enough seed spilled to fill up Montana. I then noticed that I was not alone. Stretched out on a bunk in the corner was someone, or something, that was big enough to be either a mountain gorilla or the entire offensive line of the Forty-Niners. I decided that it

was better off left alone.

What finally lumbered out of the darkness was enough to give the bravest man a severe case of brown briefs. I wasn't sure at first if the creature was even human-it looked like the bastard prodigy of a grizzly bear's illicit love affair with a prowrestler. The brute had arms the size of thighs, a chest as big around as a Volkswagen and eyes that were far too wild to belong to any sane person. Dressed only in torn, smelly jeans, his upper back, torso and face were nearly covered with golden brown fur. That was more than enough to turn my insides to unflavored gelatin, and it sure didn't help that he was growling like a beast in heat.

We stood and stared silently at each other for a few long minutes until I remembered my manners. "My name's Jamie

Barnett," I said, "You must be Jake..."

Unfortunately, my new roomie had a different sense of etiquette. Ignoring my outstretched hand he instead slammed a massive forearm to the side of my head which enabled me to view entire galaxies.

"That's MISTER Jake to you, asswipe," he roared,

"Unnerstand?"

I nodded affirmatively and got a size-fifteen kick in the abdomen. "I wanna hear you say 'Yes, sir' and I wanna hear you say it like you fuckin' mean it!" To add a little emphasis, the boot was placed directly over my genitals.

"Yes, sir."

The boot pressed down hard. "Ain't nearly loud enough, bov."

"Yes, sir!" I shouted.

"Say it louder if'n you wanna keep your balls."

"YES, SIR!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, "YES, SIR!" Jake reached down and pulled me by the hair to a kneeling position. "Gonna show you a feller," he said with a grin, "'Cause it's gonna be your job to keep him real happy. When he ain't happy I ain't gonna be happy neither." He then unzipped his levis and exposed the meanest looking cock in existence.

The monster was throbbing with a life of its own. Jake held on to it with both hands and still it pulsated. Enormously thick and striped with blue veins, there was enough loose foreskin dangling from the tip to create another dick. The sweet crotch smell of dried piss and cum made my passions rise to a boiling point. I wanted so much to suck every last drop of love juice out of it, but I was mindful of the mountain of violent muscle that stood over me.

"Can I please touch it, sir?"

Amazingly, Jake gave me permission, and I was soon gently stroking the beautifully ugly meat with my fingertips, feeling it getting rock-hard and larger with every second. "Get your clothes off, boy," Jake suddenly said in a low voice. "Right now."

Forced to bend over, I felt his big hand reach in the anal cavity and nearly rip apart the buttocks. Mister Jake was not one to do anything the easy way. The next sensation was like having a white-hot ten-inch rod jammed up my ass. The first thrust was brutal, the ones that followed were torturous. It was as if I wasn't so much being buttfucked as systematically disemboweled. The brain was sending messages downstairs to relax, but no one was paying attention. The strong muscles of the inner wall were determined to fight the massive intruder for every bloody inch of territory it demanded.

The more I pleaded for mercy or wept in anguish, the more Mister Jake's braying laughter filled the cell. He was having more fun than a kid who's just set fire to the neighbor's cat.

I will admit that the man was a true master in the manly art of rear-end drilling. He could make his cock writhe and dance deep inside me like a snake on a bad acid trip. He locked his hands around my waist and lifted me effortlessly off the floor. I was squirming and squealing like a pig impaled on a spike.

"Who's the fuckin' boss?" Mister Jake demanded to know over and over again. If only I could have stopped screaming long enough to provide him with the obvious answer...

After prolonging the sweet torment longer than I thought any man could, the cockhead finally contracted and a torrent of steaming cum filled me. My usefulness spent, I was unceremoniously dumped on the floor. I spent the night there, naked and shivering on the cold concrete, listening to the big man's locomotive snoring. It had proven to be a very interesting day.

Watching the rodents scurry about my feet, I came to the conclusion that the only way I could possibly survive being penned up with brute was to do everything I could to make him happy. I fell asleep determined to be the perfect servant...

"Wake up, you lazy son of a bitch," bellowed Mister Jake. I reluctantly opened my eyes and was immediately hit with a shower of warm amber piss. The golden downpour that squirted forth lasted for several minutes as Mister Jake emptied his bladder of everything he had even thought about drinking for the past week. I was forced to open my mouth and drink at least a gallon of the recycled liquid. Things were not starting off well at all.

That was only the first phase of my punishment for being a sleepyhead. I feebly tried to explain that I usually didn't get out of bed until noon and that, until this very moment, I had always considered dawn to be—

"Don't you give me none of your fuckin' back talk, asshole," growled Jake menacingly, "or I'll have you shittin' your teeth for the next week, unnerstand?"

"Unnerstand?" was the master's very favorite question. It was almost always followed by a royal ass thumping. This was not going to be an exception. I was hauled over his knees and given a bare-handed butt blistering that lasted for the better part of an hour. The end result was a crimson ass that was hot enough to be rented out as a microwave oven.

"Either you're gonna learn to be Jake's boy or you're gonna be dead meat. Now go stand in the corner till you figger out which it's gonna be."

I waited until I thought that perhaps his anger cooled before tentatively asking if I could give it another try, adding, "I promise to do better, sir."

"Couldn't do no fuckin' worse. Okay, get over here and take care of your owner."

The IQ of an Einstein wasn't necessary to figure out that the first priority was to deal with the horrible swelling that had developed between Mister Jake's legs. Carefully, I unzipped the jeans and let the genitals spill out for eacy access. They were indeed a sight for the horniest of tongues.

Immediately I went to work on the low-hanging scrotum and 32 DRUMMER

the two behemoth balls that it contained. One testicle at a time was a mouthful but, not wanting to cause any fraternal jealousy, I made sure that each was given equal time. I kissed and tongued both until they were a raw red color.

I then moved north, starting out at the base and moving up, I coated the sausage thick shaft with layers of saliva, making the dick shine like a diamond in the sun. Every stroke seemed to stimulate more growth as the organ became fat with blood and semen. The very best part was saved for last.

Never having chewed the cock of anyone of the uncut persuasion, I was eager to explore the mysteries of the foreskin. I was pleasantly surprised to lift the skinflap and find a whole treasure of tasty leftovers. However, the best part was that I finally elicited a visible reaction from the usually impassive boss. His eyes and fists closed tightly and the humongous body actually shook with spasms of delight.

The cock was beginning to ooze out a bit of pre-cum, so I quickly took as much of the rock-hard dick as I could hold in my mouth and started to suck. That wasn't enough action for Mister Jake. He slammed my head deep into his crotch, simultaneously forcing me to keep it down and was duly rewarded with a full belly of Grade A, fresh non-pasteurized man milk, nature's most perfect food.

Mister Jake designated that a bath would be next on the agenda. If that doesn't sound like much of a job, please reconsider. The master was never going to join a soap-and-water fan club. His body gave off a ripe, erotic odor that was fragrant testimony to several years of dirty fucking. He smelled like a thousand-and-one wet dreams. My task was to use my tongue to scrub the huge body to a slight resemblance of cleanliness. That was quite a formidable task but certainly not unpleasant. The tour lasted several hours and included side trips to such exotic locales as the armpits, inner thighs and navel. When it was over, there wasn't a dry square-inch of skin or bodily orifice to be found. In the process, I ingested enough snot, piss, sweat and who knows what to meet the FDA's adult daily minimum requirements for a lifetime.

I was actually feeling pretty damned good about my new role. Of course, I figured I would make some more mistakes along the way and of course, I knew I would be duly punished. All in all though, this business of being a slave was no big deal.

Talking about anything was something that a slave should never do anyway. I was to speak only after being spoken to first by the master. My duties were simply to not only answer every demand and need but to anticipate them as well. I was to consider my mouth, my ass, my entire body to be at the twenty-four hour disposal of Mister Jake. All of my energy was to be directed at making sure that he was happy.

Those were, to quote Mister Jake, "the motherfuckin' rules." Violations were absolutely not tolerated and punishment was both swift and harsh. Lacking any of the fancy tools of discipline, Mister Jake relied upon his own animalistic strength to get the job done. The rainbow of bruises on my body was proof that it served him well.

Strange things began to happen. I could gradually feel myself changing every day. Physically, I bore little resemblance to the soft suburban kid I had been on that first day. The enforced diet and daily calisthenics Mister Jake insisted I perform daily had replaced the baby and beer fat with a layer of lean, sinewy muscle. My constant state of nakedness now seemed entirely natural, and during those rare times when we were allowed out of the cell the clothing felt restrictive and uncomfortable.

The changes inside were even more dramatic. Quite rightly, I had been scared shitless of Mister Jake when we first met. That emotion never really went away, but it was eventually joined by a deep respect for the man. To me, he was as perfect as anything walking upright is likely to get. It startled me to suddenly realize that my feelings had gotten strong enough to be called love.

I think I would have been disappointed if Mister Jake had ever put his own sentiments into words. His actions were far more eloquent in any case. During those times when I had particularly fulfilled my duties well, I was rewarded. On cold nights, Mister Jake would part those hirsute logs that passed for legs and let me climb on top of his warm body. I would rest my head on the mountainous chest and be lulled to sleep by the steady heartbeat, knowing that I was one fortunate son of a bitch.

The transformation did not go unnoticed. Jailers and deputies made it a point to come downstairs. Since the master lived in a nearly perpetual state of erection, they were treated to hours of mansex at its best. Mister Jake wasn't at all shy about putting his boy through the paces, letting me display my total submissiveness as well as my ability to accommodate the freakishly sized organ in any manner that was demanded. Not a few of them witnessed the performances with suddenly hardened dicks and probably they all were astonished at my master's mighty virility, comparable to a bull who has been mainlining Spanish fly.

It was inevitable that the stories would circulate throughout the jail and, sure enough, we were blessed with a visit from the

porcine prince himself, Sheriff Bubba Hapgood.

I'm sure the lawman knew the welcome mat wasn't out, because he stood several feet away from the cell door. He spent several minutes eyeing my bare body before getting down to business. "I came here for the boy," he announced.

The effect those words had on Mister Jake was predictable. "Nobody touches my boy!" he thundered. "Lay a fuckin' finger on him and you'll find out why it ain't healthy to mess with Jake

McGuire's personal property."

"You ain't got no property," Hapgood sneered. "I was prepared to be reasonable, but I guess it ain't possible to reason with a wild man. Gonna have to blast your nuts all the way to China." With that, he pulled out a service revolver and entered the cell.

I wondered if perhaps the sheriff was right about the master being a wild man, because the sight of the firearm didn't stop him from advancing on Hapgood.

The next moments were locked in time, played out in super

slow-motion. Mister Jake kept moving forward, the sheriff's finger twitched on the trigger, and I watched and waited. Instinctively, I reacted to the threat that Hapgood posed by hurling myself at him. It was the sort of unselfish act that I would previously have been incapable of performing. Any courage I displayed was entirely due to Mister Jake.

The master then took the opportunity to redefine the term "police brutality" for Bubba's benefit, as he pummeled the lawman into so much pork chops. Mister Jake didn't even read Hapgood his Miranda rights before commencing with the interrogation. "I trained this boy and I'm keepin' him with me forever. Neither you or nobody else is gonna take him away,

unnerstand?"

Stripped and pleading, Sheriff Hapgood reminded me more of an obscenely obese, blubbering baby than the stalwart protector of law and order. If only the good folks of Whitman County could have seen ol' Bubba trussed up with his own handcuffs and shackles. The only thing missing was an apple for his mouth, but Mister Jake, as always, had an idea.

"Only reason I'm lettin' you off this easy is 'cause I got some travelin' to do," he told Hapgood. "But I want to leave you with

a reminder of Jake McGuire."

I'm positive that the fat lawman will always remember Mister Jake. I certainly will never forget the sight of his own nightstick rammed all the way up Hapgood's ass. It was a good thing that somebody had thought to soundproof the basement cells; I'm sure the sheriff's screaming would have disturbed people for miles around.

There's a lot more to tell, but that will necessarily have to wait for another time. Our subsequent escape and adventures as modern-day outlaws deserve their own story. I will say that it was like living out a Butch Cassidy-Sundance Kid fantasy, the difference being that I doubt Butch ever made Sundance eat shit. Anyway, the important thing is that I know I'll always be Mister Jake's boy and that makes me very, very happy.

Unnerstand?

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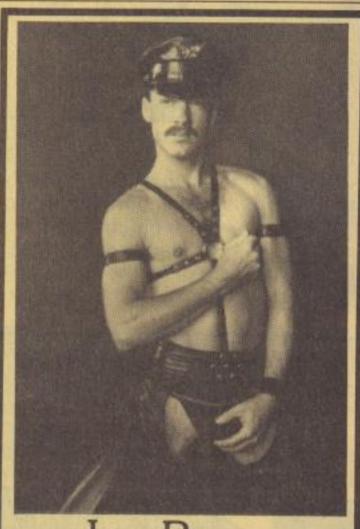
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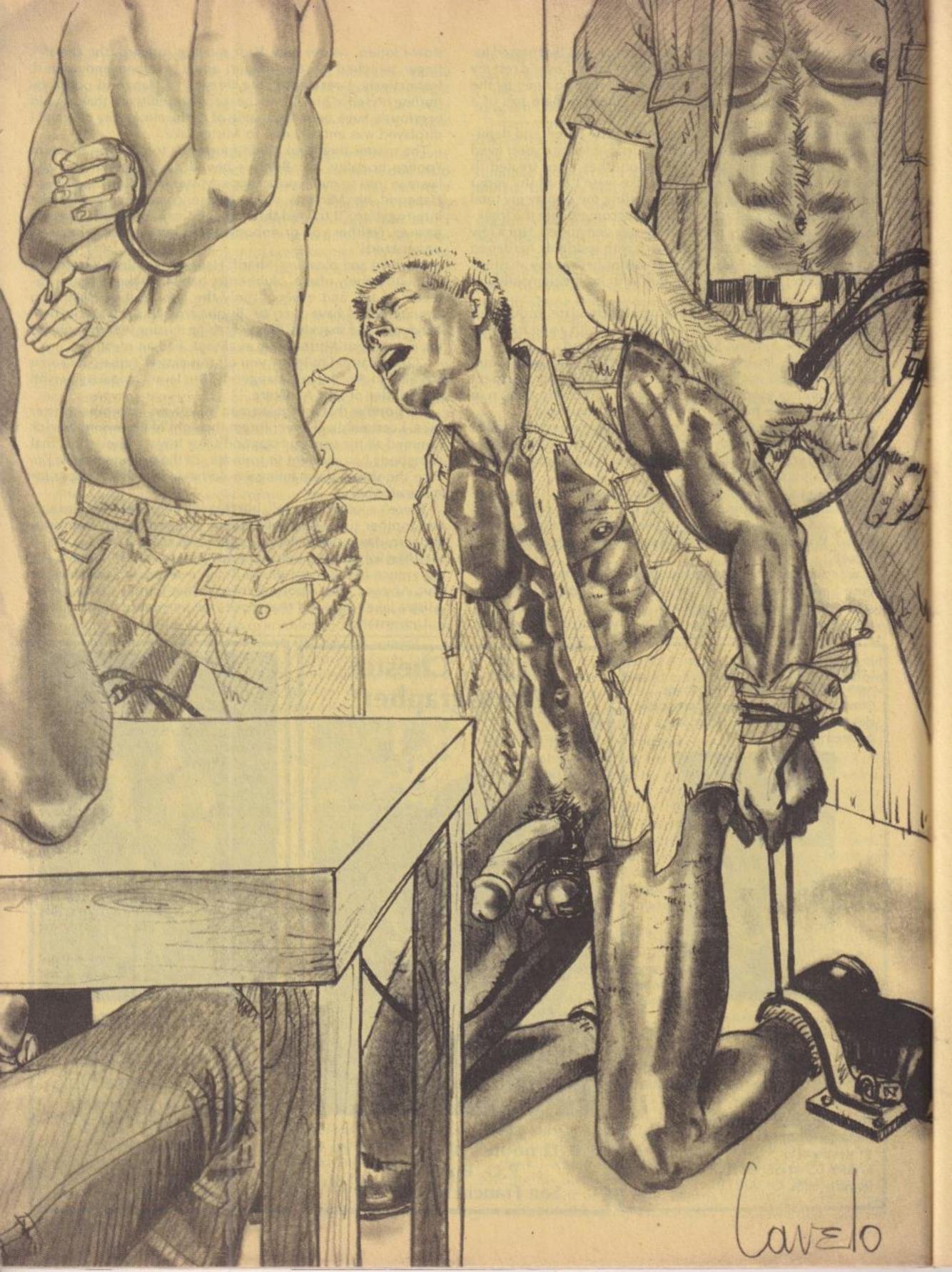


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# VISICA QUEST

# by Beast

Step. Step. Run. All the way around the camp, inside the warning wire, is three miles. How many laps have I... No! Don't think. Don't count. Run.

Run until you drop. Don't think. Don't stop. I haven't eaten today. I didn't eat yesterday. I run around in this large circle. Run. Step. Step. Step. ...

I'm back in Vietnam. In an underground room. My Marine uniform has been shredded. My pants were cut off my body. My shirt is hanging in tatters.

Leg irons have been fastened over my boots, and padlocked to eyebolts in the floor. There is no chain, no slack, between the irons and the eyebolts. I cannot possibly stand up until the irons are removed. Rawhide cords are tied around my wrist, and then tied to my ankles. I am trapped in this kneeling position.

As I watch, the Air Force lieutenant who brought me here attaches wires to a strange leather and metal ball-stretcher into which they've squeezed my nuts. Then he hooks them to an old field telephone, one of the old ones with the crank...

My face must have shown my fear, because the Lieutenant started to smile. "Figured it out, Jarhead? I let you see what I was doin', 'cause it works better when you're sweating."

The Captain came back then, pushing an ARVN raw recruit in front of him. The kid was about 19, in a brand-new uniform. He was blindfolded, and his hands were cuffed behind him.

A month ago this kid had been farming the land his family had worked for Buddha knows how many generations. Then a government press gang had swept through the area, "conscripting" young men for the army. He had been given a uniform, taught to march and to handle a rifle without shooting

himself in the foot, and then on his first pass into town he had been kidnapped by a crazy American.

The blindfold was removed. The kid recognized the room for what it was, one of the places built for "interviews" with suspected Viet Cong. He must have figured that he would never leave here alive. But the part that he couldn't figure out was a crewcut blond American Marine, chained to the floor, tied up like a hog about to be slaughtered, and covered with whip marks.

"Looks scared. Did you tell him we weren't goin' to hurt him?"

"Yeah, but I don't think he believed me. Caught him going into the whorehouse. Told him we were going to save him some money."

The Captain pushed the kid toward me. He reached in front of the kid and unfastened his pants. The kid's uncut cock and balls were hanging in front of my face.

"Okay, Jarhead, start sucking."

"Fuck you, faggot!"

A bolt of pain exploded in my balls. Muscles spasmed and I tried to double over, almost dislocating my shoulders.

"Look here, Jarhead. You can suck cock, or get your balls fried off. Every time you slow down I'm gonna start turnin' this crank, and the generator in this thing pops a whole bunch of volts through your jewels. You're gonna break, and suck off the Gook for practice, and then suck off both of us. Why not save yourself some pain?"

The kid didn't understand much English, but he had figured out some of what was going on. While the Captain held him in place in front of me, his cock had gone rock-hard. It pointed at

DRUMMER 35



# PART 1 THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD

The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves. It's a horny kid's introduction into the male world of cocksucking, armpits, piss, and most of all, hot masculine attitude.

# PART 2 THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD

Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolsescent cock are too tempting.

# KID vs DAD-WINNER TAKE ALL

Ever wrestle with your Old Man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot-too hot-and he overpowered you? Even wonder about all the different things he could force you do to to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick of his up your ass? It's all on this tape!

# MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his Dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs, and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene.

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# RITES AND RAUNCH

There was definately something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself, so masculine-well, I did them. Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff-devil worship, toilet sex in a filthy bathroom. M le-bonding at it's most extreme.



# MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders after a sweaty workout...stripping down to sweatdrenched jock straps...eyeing each other...their hands reaching out to feel their buddy's bicep, brushing against these solid, hard pecs...and down, down still further 'till they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in. If you get off on pumped-up muscle, hot man-toman action, STEAMY LOCKERROOM SEX WITH NO HOLDS BARRED, then this tape if for you.

# DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity; soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off. "I gotta piss," Richie announces so the bartender hands him an empty beer can. A hot session follows that gets into heavy cocksucking, lots of dirty talk, more piss games, and kinky exhibitionism.

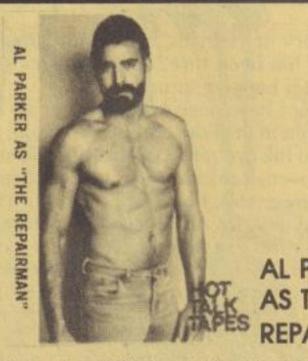
# **BIKE EXHIBITIONIST**

Imagine, it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true—mean, dirty, muscular-leaning against his big, black Harley. You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike. But back in your garage, his massive chest, his big hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick. It turns out he's quite an exhibitionist. But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your Polaroid does.



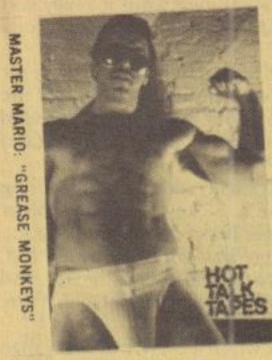
# HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck...Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first think to come off—then his dirty greasy jeans. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out why this tape is called HOT HUNG TRUCKER. Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig. And you'll feel like you're right there to help him out.



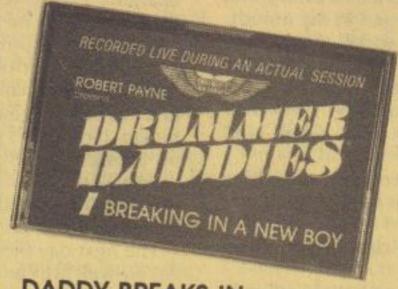
AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN

Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy who's wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's enormous cock? Sucking that mammouth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guy's begging for it up his ass. He gets it too plus Al's giant balls at the same time, in one of the hottest kinkiest scenes ever recorded. 45 minutes.



#### **GREASE MONKEYS** STARRING MASTER MARIO

Two sweaty garage mechinics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway. Lots of axel grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.



#### DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY

Patience and understanding goes out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried and true adage, "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.



#### TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

This tape is featured on the cover of Drummer Magazine. Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental. On side one he talks directly to you, forcing you to suck his big cock and worship that incredible Master body. On side two we hear an authentic session where he works over a slave. Plenty of humiliation, and heavy, heavy abuse.

#### TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds

When Brutus speaks, men listen as will you when he tells you how it is and how it's going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward or the reward is merely more punishment, only the lowly recruit

willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the DI's heavy hand and busy belt. Breathtakina!

#### TAPE 3 **PUNISHMENT & REWARD**

can say. 1 hour.

#### THE D.I. STARRING MASTER MARIO

Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D.I. proves who's in command.

#### MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss...and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig...if you like your action raunchy-hot military scenes, uniforms, the feel of a cold tile floor against your naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in MARINES OVERHEARD



"I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about...your tongue is going to be my shower...your mouth is going to be my toilet...you're going to make me feel like the biggest man in the world just 'cause you got a throat. Get your teeth down there on that zipper...get down. That's it—get your face in there. Smell what a man is like between his legs." This is just the start of the verbal abuse and humiliation the Commander is going to heap on you.

#### THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute perverted force. Climaxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass.

#### COP WORSHIP

We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to his knees to suck not only his cock but his partner's too, as the two cops stare at each other in the eye. All the guy's pent-up desires come out slurping cop cum out of rubbers, swallowing gallons of cop piss, wallowing under dominant cop attitude. If you're into cops you'll listen to this tape again and again.

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me like a compass finding North. Slowly I leaned foreward, and for the first time in my life took a man's organ in my mouth.

"That's it, Jarhead. You came over here to kill Gooks, and now this Gook is usin' you as his cocksuckin' whore. Make him feel real good, faggot. You're our new secret weapon, a queer Marine who sucks cock so good that the Gooks won't fuck their whores anymore, and there won't be any more Gook kids. We'll win this war in a generation."

The kid started to yell in Vietnamese, probably something like "Oh Buddha, I'm coming!" He shot his load of thick, hot

cum into my mouth.

"Take it all, Jarhead. Don't spill a single drop if you know

what's good for you."

The Captain and the kid started talking to each other in Vietnamese, then the Captain took the kid over to one wall and locked an iron collar around his neck.

"I told the kid that if he wanted to stick around, the Jarhead would suck him off again after he finishes with us. He said that that Leatherneck queer gives blow-jobs that are worth \$25 American. High praise in these parts."

The Captain took the Lieutenant's place at the telephone and

the Lieutenant walked over to me.

"Listen up, faggot! All you have to do is open my pants, pull out my cock, and suck it the way you did the Gook's. But if I feel a tooth, I'm going to pull it out of your mouth so's I don't feel it again. You understand, asshole?"

I nodded, then leaned forward and started unzipping his fly with my teeth. Even through his pants I could tell that his cock

was larger than the kid's.

"Semper fuckin' fi, Jarhead!"

Step. Step. Run. All the way around the camp again. Pre-fab buildings inside fences, barbed wire. The Americans have learned from the Soviets. Anyone who doesn't conform is sick, and must be quarantined. Like the Japanese-Americans in World War II, or the Jews and Gypsies in Germany.

No! Run. Don't think. Push the body to the limit. The pain is gone. The empty belly, the fire in the lungs, the fatigue in the limbs, all far away. Moving into an altered state of conscious-

ness, a separate reality.

The men who work in the oil fields, on the drilling rigs, are called roughnecks. Why? Beats me. Somebody's idea of a joke,

or maybe it has something to do with "redneck."

Anyway, roughnecking is hard work. Dirty, usually hot, always exhausting and sometimes dangerous. Yet it is very satisfying work. Pay's good, there's a feeling of satisfaction, of accomplishment, and a bonding among a crew that's been together for a while.

I guess that's why I felt so betrayed when I found out that my

crew had sold me out. Literally.

I was roughnecking in the Middle East, the foreman on one well. I had a good crew, we were ahead of schedule, and everything was going well. Then someone fell in love with me.

This sultan or whatever they're called came out to the field on an inspection tour. Naturally it was one of the hottest days of the year, and I was working without my shirt, like most of the rest of my crew. I don't know what it was about me that he found so attractive. Maybe that I'm blond, maybe the muscles, maybe the fact that I probably had less body hair than any of his wives. Anyway, he let the oil company know that I was part of the price of any future drilling rights.

The sonovabitch didn't want me just for a night or a weekend.

He wanted to own my ass.

The oil company executives, those pillars of capitalism and the free enterprise system, had one question: How could they get away with it?

They found a way. My crew was invited to a party, in honor of being so far ahead of schedule. The higher-ups had flown in a real treat for us, a case of Jack Daniels.

A lot of the Middle Eastern countries have outlawed beer, whiskey, and the like as being against the Koran. In some places it was officially against the law, which was only an excuse for

charging high prices for it. But where we were it really was illegal. It had to be smuggled in, and possession was good for a trip to the whipping post.

It had been a while since we had had any whiskey. About four months back a man on another crew had set up a still, but the local authorities had caught him and a judge had sentenced him to thirty lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails. After that we figured on a long dry spell.

So we got rip-roaring drunk that night, and sometime during the evening someone slipped me a mickey. I was out colder than a side of frozen beef for longer than I care to think about.

The next day the derrick my crew was working on blew out. An oil-well fire can burn as hot as a tactical nuclear device, and it was considered a miracle that only one life was lost in that fire. Mine.

I was nowhere near the derrick when it blew, but every man jack of my crew had been paid a bonus of three months' wages to say that I was. They had put me up on the fucking block and sold me down the river.

I woke up with the worst hangover in my life. It was made worse by my realizing that I was on some sort of chopping block, or something—it was in a courtyard, surrounded by a stone wall of some sort. I was naked, except for an iron collar around my neck. The block was under my chest and stomach. Leather straps above my elbows and knees held me in place.

There was someone there from the oil company, the slimy bastard who had set up the whole thing. He told me what had happened, why I was there, that I was legally dead in the

oil-well fire, and no one would be looking for me.

The Sultan came out to look over his new property. He had a riding crop in one hand. He stroked my flank with the crop, felt the muscles of my back and legs, fondled my balls and my limp cock, poked at my ass with the crop, felt my arms, and generally made me feel like a horse he'd bought. But enough was enough. When he bent down and tried to open my mouth to check my teeth, I spit in his face.

Surprisingly, he laughed.

He left me after that. I had time to wonder about the original

he Sultan came out to look over his new property. He had a riding crop in one hand. He stroked my flank with the crop, felt the muscles

purpose of the block I was strapped to. There seemed to be blood stains on the ground around it. I kept telling myself that they butchered sheep and goats on it. I was determined to tell myself that until I believed it.

After I had had a while to think about that, some other Arabs came into the courtyard. They didn't seem at all surprised to see a naked American strapped to the butcher block. They quickly and efficiently built a tent over me. My first thought was that it was to keep the sun off.

These type of tents are made of camel hair. The way they lashed down the flaps made sure that no stray breeze would get

in. Then they started pouring water on it.

Humidity inside the tent climbed toward a hundred per cent. The temperature climbed along with it. I was sweating like a pig. Every once in a while someone would douse another bucket of water on the tent. The sound of it, the sight of it running on the

ground, so close and yet out of reach...

I remembered what my trainers had told me in high school and college. They made us weigh in before and after football practice to find out how much weight we had lost due to sweat. They told us time and again that the water and minerals must be replaced. I had seen one of my teammates go into convulsions once, due to dehydration and sodium depletion.

I figure I had lost over ten pounds in sweat when the Sultan came back. As he walked into the tent the flaps were opened, and a deliciously cool breeze came through. Then his crotch was in front of my face and he started undoing his robes. He

pulled out his cock and put it in my mouth.

Devout Muslims wash their hands, face, and feet before they pray, often five times a day. The rest of their bodies get washed when they feel like it, which isn't often. That may be one reason that American men and boys are so attractive to Arab men, even the straight ones.

From the look and smell of the Sultan's cock, he had not washed it in a month. I didn't care. I took it in my mouth. He started to piss. I didn't care that it was piss. I didn't care that his cock was unwashed. It was wet. I swallowed down every last

drop and would have willingly begged for more.

Then he walked around behind me and, with no lubrication except my own sweat, he shoved his prick up my ass. He started humping me with a vengeance. He brought the riding crop down hard across my shoulders.

Then he started speaking English. "Yes, palamino! This stallion going to tame your mustang ass. Make you the newest filly

of my herd. Break you to saddle..."

His monologue was cut short by a metallic thump. Then the sheik collapsed to the ground. I looked around and saw Gary, one of my drilling crew, standing there with a pipe wrench in his hand. He put the other hand on my ass.

"I've been wanting this for months! How come I couldn't get

you in a position like this when we had more time?"

"Get my ass out of here and you can have it any way you want it!"

"Careful now! Being a tease is what got you in this position in

of my back and legs, fondled my balls and my limp cock, poked at my ass with the crop, felt my arms, and generally made me feel like a horse he'd bought.

the first place." He pulled out a knife and started cutting the straps.

"Hell, it isn't my fault that I'm better looking than all his wives!"

We climbed the wall to where some other men from my crew had a jeep waiting. It turned out that my crew had taken their bonuses and spent most of it on bribes to get me out of the country in a hurry after they found me.

"It was simple," Gary told me. Back home bribery is considered corruption. Here it's a legitimate fringe benefit of a civil service job. "The hard part was waiting until dark to get you out

of there."

Two hours later I had some clothes on, had almost replaced the water that I had sweated out, and Gary and I were on a plane back to the States. My passport was left behind, but we figured we would straighten that out when we got to Kennedy. "Gary, I don't know how I'm ever going to thank you. I owe

you my freedom, maybe even my life."

"Funny you should mention that. I heard what he was saying before I clobbered him, about you being the new filly of his herd. Well, when a stud manages to get a mare away from another stallion, he owns her after that."

"Well, I guess we can try it for a while. But if you expect to use me as a brood mare, you had better be hung like Trigger."

Step. Step. Run. The technique is called a Vision Quest. The Indians who used to live nearby believed that through fasting and exercising to exhaustion their souls could leave their bodies. They could overcome time and space, and receive a vision of guidance.

I felt that it was more a transcendental effect, that it might break down the barriers between the conscious and subconscious parts of the mind, allowing me to use my full brain on this problem instead of the top ten per cent or so a person usually uses. The fact that I am remembering things I hadn't thought about in years seems a good sign...

Don't think! Don't stop! Just run!

After a couple of years of working out with weights every day, in chains, my owner entered me in a bodybuilding contest. The idea of my being put up on a stage and judged, like a bull in a livestock show, turned him on. It turned me on, too. It was a way to show off his property.

The first time I entered a contest, I lost. My Master took it in stride, saying we would learn from our mistakes. To give me plenty of time to think about any mistakes, he didn't let me

reach orgasm for thirty days.

The second time I lost again. In order to learn from mistakes that time, he didn't let me cum for ninety days.

The next time he entered me in a contest, I won. I guess all

that time thinking about the mistakes paid off.

My Master had promised me that if I won I would have an opportunity to have enough orgasms to make up for lost time. What I didn't know was that he was going to put an ad in a local "singles" newspaper:

#### STANDING AT STUD palamino stallion. Winner local open amateur bodybuilding contest. Fee.

Much to my surprise, people started calling. I started spending three or four nights a week with people, mostly men, who were willing to pay money to have me fuck them. My Master got the money. I got the sex.

One day my Master told me that a very special client had paid to have me for a whole week. My Master drove me to a motel, took me to a room, and told me to strip. He then took all of my clothes, and told me that he would pick me up in a week.

What he didn't tell me was that my client was a woman.

She let herself into the room. As she was clothed and I was naked, I felt that she had a definite advantage. She asked me a number of questions, and I answered them. Then she set the ground rules for the week.

I was to make myself at home in the motel room, but not leave it. Meals would be delivered. I was to wear no clothing, except a towel draped around myself when I answered the door. I was not to masturbate, or take hot baths (showers were allowed). Most of all, I was to be ready to "perform" on command, to be ready when she was.

After she laid out the ground rules, she left. It seemed a little odd to me, but I had a lot of practice at following orders that didn't make a lot of sense. Maybe keeping a naked stud prisoner in a motel room got her off. Anyway, my time was being

paid for.

She didn't come back that day, or the next. I did what exercises I could without weights, watched a lot of television, stripped down and remade the beds about a dozen times, and wondered what her trip was.

Early in the morning of the third day she let herself into the room. I woke up when I heard the key in the lock, but I

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pretended to still be asleep to see what she would do. Quickly she stripped off her clothes, and crawled into bed next to me. I reached over and started to caress her.

She backhanded me across the face with a force that made my eyes rattle. "None of that! You know what I want, give it to me!"

She wanted sex. No foreplay, no cuddling, no tenderness, just a hard, fast, straight fuck. After I came she jumped out of bed, got dressed, and left.

She didn't come back until the same time the next morning. The same thing happened. She came back again the morning of the fifth day.

The morning of the sixth day she didn't show up. Late that evening my Master came by with my clothes. "Your client called. She said that she was through with you, and that I could come pick you up."

"But she paid for a full week. I thought I did what she wanted

me to. Wasn't she pleased?"

"She was very happy with you. She's sure that you got her pregnant, and that means she doesn't need you any more."

"Pregnant?"

"That's what she wanted. A child without emotional involvement. She used you, and she got what she wanted, and she doesn't need you any more."

She's carrying my child, and I never even knew her name...

Step. Step. Run. How much further can I run? Don't think. Just run.

We should have known. Given a blood test that could correctly identify a person as gay seven out of ten times, a master list started to be compiled. How many straight people were incorrectly identified as gay? No one knew. No one cared, except themselves.

Blood testing became more frequent. Teaching certification. Child care licenses. Driver's licenses. Then they rounded up the "contaminated" people, and quarantined us as a "public health measure."

What congresscritter seeking re-election is going to vote against public health? Who cares about the civil liberties issues? No. Don't think. Don't stop. Just run...

The lights were hot, bright, dazzling. I was naked, except for a collar with a small box on it around my neck. The box was a training aid, radio controlled. It could deliver an electrical shock whenever my Master pressed a button on the remote control. The slight weight of it at my throat was a reminder of complete obedience.

The cage I was in was built of one-way glass. On my side, where the lights were, it was mirrored. On the other side, in dimmer lights, they could see everything. The cage was slightly larger than a phone booth, and each wall was pierced by a glory

hole.

I could not see the men outside my cage, but they could see me. When any one of them stuck his cock through the hole I was to drop down to my knees and suck him off. To me they were just disembodied cocks, but they could watch a naked blond bodybuilder on his knees sucking cock. The cocks came through faster and faster as the evening went on.

One cock came through the hole, large, hard, uncut. I fell to my knees and started to lick it. I had no way of knowing how many men were watching me, but I was going to give them a good show. I pushed the foreskin back with my tongue, and began to get the head slick with my saliva. Then I took it into my mouth and began sucking.

I drew the cock into my mouth, and soon I was tasting the salty drops of pre-cum. Then whoever was on the other side of the wall drew back, just as his cock started to shoot, and he squirted his semen all over my face instead of into my mouth.

I raised my hand to wipe my face off, and I felt a shock from my collar. Very well then, leave it there.

I turned to see if there were any other cocks to be serviced. There were not, but at one hole two fingers moved in a beckoning motion. Someone wanted to suck me off.

That was the think I disliked most about the cage. Once I got sucked, I wouldn't want to do anything else; but seeing me sucked excited the men watching, and I would have more cocks to service. I knew if I hesitated long my collar would shock me again.

I went over to the hole, and stuck my equipment through to the unseen person on the other side. I reached up and took hold of the grab bar that was hanging from the ceiling so I

wouldn't put too much weight on the glass wall.

He took hold of my balls, firmly but not painfully, and stretched my sack to its limit. Then he started to run his tongue slowly, teasingly along the bottom of my cock from the balls to the tip. He licked the piss hole, gently tickling the head. Then he started to suck in earnest.

Turned on by the cocks I had sucked, knowing that every second of this was being watched, getting a blow job at the hands, or rather mouth, of a real expert, I shot my load in what must have been close to record time. He swallowed every last drop of my cum, and sucked for a few seconds longer. Then he let go of my balls. I stayed there for a few seconds, hoping to get a small breather before I went back to sucking.

Then I felt a shock from my collar again. My Master's way of letting me know that it was time to get on with it. I turned around, and each of the three holes had a cock sticking through it. Choosing the one to my left first, I dropped to my knees and got to work.

Step. Step. Run. All of my life is passing before me. The barriers between then and now are dropping. The sequence of events is blurred. I could place some order on it if . . .

NO! Don't think! Run!

After we were quarantined we were unable to contact anyone. Couldn't send mail, couldn't even use the telephone because they said that our blood, our cum, our saliva and our sweat transmit that thrice-damned virus. There must be a way to

hat horny farmboy
was getting into it.
He was sucking like a
pro, without any further
threats. He also had a
hard-on that a wildcat

reach someone, to let them know what is happening. That is why I am on this Vision Quest, the countless miles of running, going nowhere. What is the answer?

Don't stop running until it is clear.

In the early morning light the mountains were clear, clean, and beautiful. Not at all like the swamps and jungles where I had fought my last war.

"It's as cold as a well-digger's brass monkey out here!"

"This is the tourist season. This is the best time to come here.
The cobras are in hibernation."

"Cobras?"

"Little bitty ones, only two or three feet long."

"Let's be gone before the thaw."

"I thought you'd see it my way. Now, according to the natives, the garrison in the next town is mostly supplied by that railroad track over there. We just follow it North until we find a vulnerable spot, preferably a bridge. Cut their supply lines, and

make it expensive for them to stay here. The same thing they did to us in Nam."

Just before sunset we found the perfect spot. A steel bridge across a deep ravine, with a guard shack on our side. The sentry on duty was bored and inattentive. Gary fired one shot from his rifle, then the sentry was dead. Silencers and telescopic sights are useful gadgets.

Gary had gotten the one outside; any inside were my responsibility. As I approached the door of the guard shack I checked my Uzi. That was my personal property. I had brought that along instead of the standard issue MAC 10 because the MAC used .45 ammo, hard to find hereabout. The Uzi used 9 mm, which meant I could use any ammo I could capture from our opponents.

I kicked the door open and leveled the Uzi. There were three of them. "Doschvidanya, Comrades! Nobody moves, nobody gets hurt!" My accent was terrible, but a leveled machine gun says "Freeze!" in any language. I kept them covered while Gary hogtied them.

We spent the night there. We took inventory of what they had, and replenished our supplies. Gary put together a couple of bombs while I fixed our first hot meal that week.

Over dinner we decided about the prisoners. Gary would take the Corporal, and let me have first crack at each of the privates.

We untied the Corporal, and retied him spread-eagle on his belly on the bed. A classic position, but still useful. Then we took one of the privates and put a loop around his neck, and put him on another bed on his left side. We tied his hands behind his back, where it would tighten the cord around his neck if he struggled. Next we tied his left ankle to the bed, and bent his right leg back behind his back and tied his ankle to his wrist.

I started cutting his uniform off with my hunting knife. Across the room I could hear Gary working over the Corporal with his belt. As I stripped the Cossack I noticed that he had a pretty good build. Probably a farm boy before he was drafted, grow-

couldn't scratch. I decided to reward the Cosack cocksucker by having his fellow trooper get him off. Pistol still at the back of his head, I forced him to go down on his comrade.

ing up on the hard work on the collective.

I took off my pants, and put my boots back on. I laid down on the bed, my crotch toward his mouth. My cock was rigid and ready. I put my knife on the inside of his left thigh, and took hold of his balls firmly but gently. I stretched his sack over my knife. If I had had a field telephone I could teach this clodhopper to suck the way I was taught, but I just had to make do with what I had.

I looked at him and smiled. Even though we couldn't talk to each other my meaning was clear. If any of his future plans involved his balls he wouldn't even think of biting me.

I swung my booted foot over his head, and put the back of my ankle against his neck. I pulled his head toward my cock. The head of my organ slipped in between his lips. I tugged on his nuts and he began to suck inexpertly. A rank beginner, but he would improve with practice. Across the room the bed springs were squeeking rhythmically, and I knew that Gary had his Cossack pony saddled and was taking him for a gallop.

The farmboy sucking on my tool was beginning to get the idea and began to put a little enthusiasm into it. He also began to get hard. Soon I was facing a nice-looking erection. I started to lick it gently. This turned me on to the point that I shot, pumping my cream down my prisoner's throat.

He swallowed every drop.

After a few seconds I stood up and went over to the other private, still lying hogtied on the floor. Gary had just finished fucking his prisoner, and that gave me an idea.

I went over to where one of our prisoners had left his sidearm. I put on his pistol belt, and checked the pistol. While I kept the pistol against the base of the kid's skull, Gary retied him. His ankles were still tied together, but now his hands were tied behind his back.

We carried him over to the bed where his freshly fucked Corporal was still tied down. Pushing the pistol against the back of his head I forced his face into the NCO's rear. Soon, with a little encouragement, he was rimming his superior, sticking his tongue into the Corporal's bung hole and slurping up Gary's cum.

After a few minutes of watching, Gary got hard again, and went over to get sucked by the one I had broken in. When I figured that the Corporal's ass was reasonably clean I took the asslicker over to where the Cossack was sucking Gary.

That horny farmboy was getting into it. He was sucking like a pro, without any further threats. He also had a hard-on that a wildcat couldn't scratch. I decided to reward the Cossack cocksucker by having his fellow trooper get him off. Pistol still at the back of his head, I forced him to go down on his comrade.

The farmboy sucked like a newborn calf and his hips pumped like an oil well. Soon he shot a thick, white stream of cum. The trooper caught some of it in his mouth, then pulled back, spitting and gagging, so that the rest of it went onto his face.

That was enough to get me up and ready again. I pulled the trooper's pants down around his knees, laid him on the floor, and gave him a slow, gentle, very thorough fuck.

At dawn we replenished our supplies, and took anything we couldn't carry with us and threw it down the ravine. We placed the charges and blew the bridge. John Wayne would have waited until there was a train on it, but we couldn't take the chance of being pinned down by a patrol.

We left our new little friends tied up in the guard shack.
"I think we turned out that one Cossack. Too bad we can't take him back home to turn tricks for us. He really got off on it."

"So did the Corporal. Popped his nut while he was getting rimmed. I think the other one was just going along so we wouldn't kill him."

"We didn't kill any of them, and someone will notice the bridge is missing and come along and until them by tomorrow."

Orders were that anyone we left alive was to be exposed to the virus. Nobody said that we couldn't try to enjoy it. And they said that they had a cure, a serum that would make us no longer contagious. They said they would give it to us when this little job was finished.

The collar I wore now may have been invisible, but it chafed more than any other I had ever worn.

Step. Step. Run. Wait a second! Gary and I were never in the military together! Not yet...

The barriers were down. My life stretched before me, future as well as past, a single moment frozen now. Time was irrelevant. Space was irrelevant. The barriers were gone. The barbed wire was gone.

I had started on this Vision Quest looking for an answer. Maybe I had found it. Maybe the Indians were right. Maybe if I overcome the last barrier my soul will leave my body. Maybe I can send a message through space, even through time. Maybe someone will hear me before it's too late.

Don't stop! Don't think! Just run! Run through that final barrier! Run 'till you drop! Run! Maybe someone will hear. Run!



For weeks, the dreams had haunted him. The strange cravings had gnawed at his bowels. Now he was about to come face-to-face with his desires made flesh—something larger than life, something out of his control...

They entered the cellar through a door at the bottom of the stairs. As soon as they were inside, Virgil turned and locked the door.

"Wait for me over there," he indicated the general center of

the room. "I'll be right with you, big boy."

Fly stepped onto a wrestling mat of professional size that covered the center portion of the floor, and padded to one end of it. He looked around. The furnishings were spartan. Over in the far left corner was a sink with a low cabinet sitting next to it. There was a big pan and a few jars on top of the cabinet. Near the back wall was a low table. And that was all. All that was noticeable. There were no windows, but the air was cool, and Fly felt a draft from somewhere ruffle the hair on his legs. He waited expectantly...

Virgil went directly to the sink. He filled the pan with hot water, as hot as he could tolerate. He placed the pan back onto the cabinet top, submersed his giant organ in the water and

held it there for several minutes. He turned to Fly.

"This room is as private as a dungeon. No one will hear us here. You can make as much noise as you want. I want you to make a lot of noise. You can scream your fuckin head off...No one is going to hear you but me.

"I'm going to fuck you now. Look by your feet. There's a black leather thong with a sliding noose at one end. Put the

noose over your right wrist and pull it tight."

Fly obeyed. He hadn't noticed the length of leather on the

mat before.

Virgil removed his cock from the now tepid water. The heat had engorged it to a point beyond grossness, beyond indecency. It was a swollen, angry, stupendous colossus, bloated beyond belief, every outrageous proportion exaggerated in phrensic detail. Fly's heart thrumped like a trip hammer, missing beats. He was a big boy...but, that...thing. He seriously doubted he had enough guts.

Virgil opened one of the jars on the cabinet and began smearing a thick, viscous substance over his impossibly bigger prick, which he had to hold up now with one hand. "Course ground ginger and honey," he explained, noticing Fly's sudden skittish demeanor. "Honey for lubrication, and you're going to need it. Ginger for fire and purchase. An old aphrodisiac. This is gonna prolong your attention, baby. Or burn it to ashes in hell."

Holding himself stiffly, about halfway down, Virgil swaggered over to where Fly stood anxiously waiting.

"I don't believe we've met formally," Virgil said, extending his right hand. Fly fell for the ploy. He reached for the proffered hand. As soon as they clasped, Virgil lifted the arm swiftly and swung under it to the left, spinning Fly around and twisting his arm up behind his back.

He took the end of the thong and wound it about Fly's neck several times. "I wouldn't try to lower your arm if I were you," he warned. He tied it off and stepped back. Fly looked at him dumbfounded; hurt. "You might have second thoughts," Virgil grinned. "I'm giving you a fighting chance. Just in case. Besides, you're more aesthetically pleasing to me this way. More vulnerable. More accessible."

"I'm not goin' anywhere," Fly said, feeling off-balance and unbearably flustered.

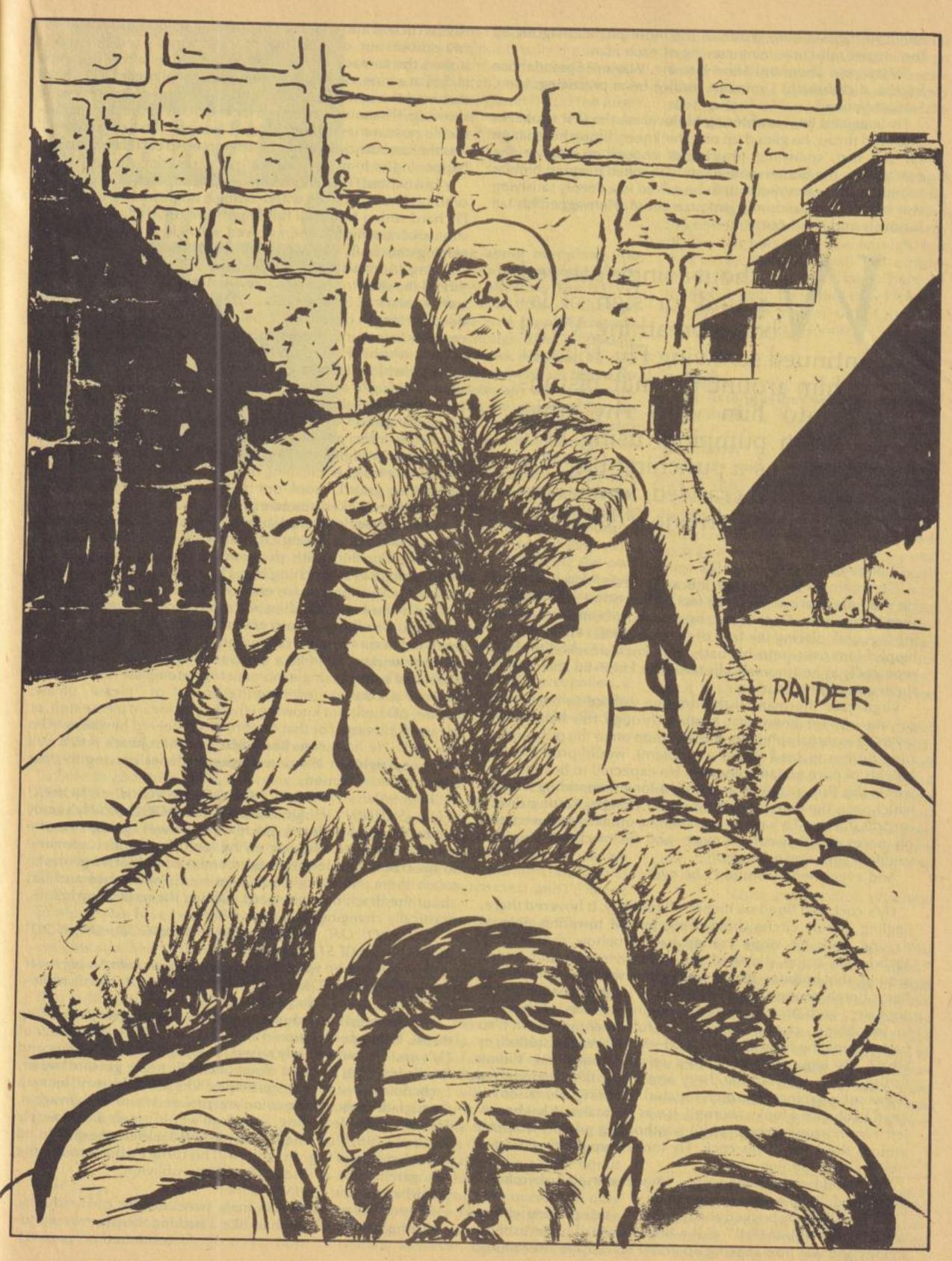
Virgil roared. "You got that straight! Now, get down on the mat."

Fly laid down on his back, tilting to his left side to favor his bound arm.

"Get over on your belly, wise guy. Now expose yourself. That's right. Just like you do at home when you're alone, huh? Peel those big, hairy legs apart. Slowly. Show me how bad you want it. Slide 'em real easy, baby. Feel those buns splitting open. Don't bend your knees yet. Reach out with those toes. To the edges of the mat. Come on! Stretch!"

Fly had his eyes screwed shut, and grit his teeth to control himself. He pressed the palm of his free hand against the mat and turned his head to the side so Virgil could watch his efforts. His legs were spread in a wide V, and were beginning to cramp. He shifted his hips, wiggled his legs, flexed his broad back. He knew Virgil couldn't see his asshole yet, and he tantalized the man by scrubbing his massive body against the rough canvas.

Virgil was fighting his own private battle—an unremitting urge now to jump-dive between those beautiful legs and bury himself to the balls in the tense virgin clutch of fiery rectal tissue—to lose himself totally in one almighty, crotch-busting lunge. His palpitating pecker spat fat drops of clear pre-cum jizz in a continuous dribble, like a leaky faucet. The ginger/honey had run down over his balls, setting them ablaze with excruciating, sensuous agony. His nuts rose and fell in the low-hanging bag. Something awesome...something unspeakable was



about to happen here, made all the more phantasmagoric by the intense, all-consuming craving of each man.

"Draw your knees up! Show it to me. Way up! Spread those humps, dick-breath! Ummmm. You've been practicing, I see.

Smooth move."

Fly imagined he was entering his lover on the first stroke. In one fluid thrust, he glided up onto his knees, lifting his ass high off the mat, sprawling his cheeks enough to expose the entrance to the bothersome mystery that had plagued him far too long, and was now about to be solved in a deeply satisfying way most men could only fantasize about. He wagged his tail furiously and cried out:

ithout a single uttered sound, or sign of labored breathing, Virgil continued screwing Fly, following him around the mat, pistoning into him with rhythmic, precision pumping, using Fly's prostate as a punching bag. Fly bawled and crawled, lumbering crazily along on one free hand.

"I'm going to get fucked!!!"

"To within an inch of your life, sweetheart," Virgil echoed. He was fully aware of the likely fact that no other man had ever seen Fly this way. Or this way: he stepped around Fly's quivering legs and, placing the toes of one foot under Fly's right hip, flipped him over onto his back. Fly's cock smacked his belly repeatedly as he automatically raised his knees up and pointed

them away from his torso.

Virgil gave the man all the time he wanted to declare his private joy. He knew that busting through this man's deep layers of external sphincter muscle, then on to the pubo-rectal sling further in (and always a problem), would produce new heights of pure ecstatic pleasure. He expected to be holstered within this firm grizzly of an ass for a long time, riding it every which way but loose, planting depth charges, setting diving records, forcing Fly's nerve and stamina until his eyes went tilt, his pores could sweat no more, and his machine struggled vainly to shut down for good.

And even then, it wouldn't be over.

Fly's cock had lifted six inches off his belly. It hovered there, jiggling in tiny circles, held there by the towering pole of sizzling pork his virgin cranny had somehow managed to absorb. His colon sheathed the expansive shaft and folded around the bulbous glans, welcoming the two conquering heros home, squeezing and teasing the mighty invader as if to appease a god, stroking its ego-begging for mercy. Fly sighed in whooping, chugging snorts of fulfillment. It wasn't so bad...once the head was in...and-MAN! Was he stuffed, or what? His legs convulsed, then relaxed somewhat, sliding further down Virgil's long, furry arms, spreading them into a wider split, gaping his crotch for stud breeding. He raised his head to chance a look at himself. It was a mistake. What he saw left him horror-stricken. Virgil was holding a hand wrapped around the base of his cock. Fly looked up at Virgil with a hesitant, questioning plea.

Virgil nodded, beaming nastily. "Brace yourself, babycakes!"

he snarled. "The best is yet to come!"

Fly's bulky body bucked and spasmed...his lips burst with an almighty "UMMMMPH!" as if a huge paw had just crushed a kidney and was now snaking up under his ribcage after a lung.

His ass rocked into a high arch, dragging several gritty inches of swamproot out of it in the process. Virgil's red-hot poker stoked the furnace of Fly's narrowing funnel a few fearsome inches at a time, cautiously avoiding any vital organs. Fly's head slammed the mat repeatedly; only the whites of his eyes were showing. His mouth yawed in a locked rictus of shocked paralysis. His nose started to run; his eyes teared. "I'm being gutted," was the last conscious effort he attempted to correlate what was happening to him. The rest was pure, raw sensation...

Virgil twisted Fly over onto his belly again, then pulled him up onto his knees, without withdrawing a single inch. He humped Fly hard with a few solid full-length strokes, drilling for deepstratus core samples; then slowed to angle in from the sides, spiking the walls of Fly's rectum with corkscrewing swivels, reaming the cavity. He grabbed the hilt of his hammer and jerked the shaft from side to side, then rotated it. Fly's buggered burrow slacked involuntarily and sucked the meaty monolith deeper. Virgil boxed Fly's belly with pummeling forearm punches, worrying the wobbling, weaving borehole to even greater widths. Fly grunted manfully, before choking on his tongue, which flapped and twittered against the roof of his mouth, trying to articulate feelings no one had invented words for, gobbling itself with the awful effort. He used every ounce of concentration to control his big body and prevent it from crumbling into a pile of useless protein. Virgil's man-mountain mallet was dredging the depthless ditch of his being, gagging and goring his guts, cleaning his clock, driving him right out of his fucking gourd. "Look out motherfuckers! Daddy's comin' home!" he shrieked soundlessly.

Without a single uttered sound, or sign of labored breathing, Virgil continued screwing Fly, following him around the mat, pistoning into him with rhythmic, precision pumping, using Fly's prostate as a punching bag. Fly bawled and crawled, lumbering crazily along on his one free hand, stopping frequently to take it like a man, holding his crotch cocked, coming up into a low squat to shoot a squirt or two, before Virgil thumped him

back down on the mat, cutting off his flow.

Virgil worked him like a mean taskmaster, not giving him a second of rest, or a single moment to contemplate his plight. Fly keened a constant whimpering appeal of "please, please, please, please"; not knowing whether he meant please stop, or please don't stop. For that reason, Virgil steered him away from the walls. He had seen other men ram their heads into a wall and keep right on banging it against the wall, trying to clear their confused sensed.

"HAAAAH! UNNNNN! OOOO! UNGHH! UNGRRR! FFFF\_SHHHH! OH! OOOOO!\_OOOOOO!" Fly's body shivered and shuddered. He felt like he was having an acute grand mal seizure. Every time Virgil's groping hands came close to his aching nipples he begged and pleaded for Virgil not to touch them. And Virgil would let his fingers dance and flirt about the flinching, hairy pecs, stalking the screeching bosses, drastically changing Fly's tune.

"NOOOO! OH, PLEEESE! PLEASE NO! GOD, OH, GOD!

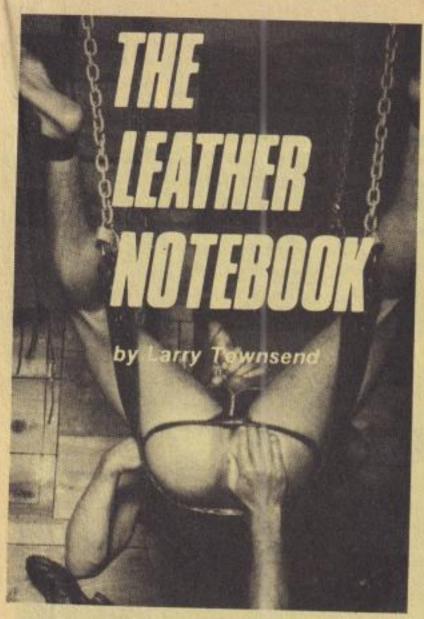
DON'T! I CAN'T STAND IT!"

Virgil felt like he was playing a Stradivarius with his big meat bow—something difficult like "The Flight Of The Bumblebee" \_\_\_Fly, baby. Oh, yeah! Let's fly!

Fly's ass began to bound away from him on every scorching thrust, losing penetration. He pulled his cock all the way out of Fly's ass. Fly immediately raised his hips, spread his knees, and fired a fragrant, flatulent cloud of deadly nerve gas into the air. Each time he started to crumple, Virgil would stuff him up through the descending colon and proceed to inflate him again. The noise was deafening, and Virgil would giggle and tease Fly and make him blush, before he plowed back into the collapsing tunnel, making Fly grunt and twirl his tortured butt around the elongated trunk as it sank slowly into oblivion.

"What are you DOING to me?"

"The fetid, noisome, cloyingly sweet oestrus of Fly's funky, sweating ass hung in the air like a fucking miasma—a sulphucontinued on page 83



Dear Larry,

I have been an advocate of yours for many years, ever since the first Leatherman's Handbook, so it is natural that I turn to you for advice. I want to have my right nipple pierced. The problem: The areolar diameter is 1¼", but there is no nipple protruding from it. I have tried small elastic bands, but they do not stay on. What equipment, exercise, etc. can you recommend to develop a decent nipple size for piercing?

Bill, Maryland

Dear Bill,

This is a subject I have addressed several times in past columns, but perhaps it is time to go into it again. Enlarging any part of the body's external "soft" tissues can be accomplished by constant, regular stretching. However, your degree of success is going to depend on several factors, including the genetic characteristics which make your body what it is.

The most dramatic changes I have seen in nipple size have resulted from the use of tit clamps with increasingly heavier weights attached to them. In doing this, one has to be careful not to use overly tight pressure for long periods of time, thus cutting off circulation and running the risk of gangrene. But a regular, several-times-per-day regimen should accomplish your purpose. Don't expect results over night. It will surely take months, maybe longer. The massage you give yourself after each session is also going to help.

Is it going to hurt? Of course. But pain is pleasure, isn't it?

Dear Larry,

You keep telling us that you don't like to answer questions about AIDS and safe sex, yet you occasionally do, so I'm hoping you'll respond to this. I am only marginally into SM, but I really dig anal sex. Getting a big stiff cock up my ass is the greatest thrill I can imagine. I now make sure my partner (Master?) uses the lubricant with the virus killer in it, and also wears a rubber. Am I safe? I know there are peripheral risks, but is the fucking, itself, really "safe" under these conditions?

A.K., Atlanta, GA

Dear A.K.,

You are doing about everything you can to protect yourself, yet your efforts may not be very effective. The HTLV-3 virus is very tiny, many times smaller than a molecule of water. A prophylactic may be just porous enough to let it through. No one really knows, because no one with adequate equipment has tested for this. Neither is there any way to test how fast the virus can be absorbed by the body. Your lubricant would undoubtedly kill the virus in a test tube; we can only hope it is doing the same in your anus, where it has been diluted by various secretions, and may or may not have adequately coated the rectal wall. This is one reason why the Mariposa Foundation has been so slow to put their product on the market (this being the one that generated all the original publicity). They are afraid to give guys a false sense of security, and hence encourage activities that are dangerous. Some other purveyors have not been this ethical. (At any rate, before nonoxynol-9 can be marketed specifically for AIDS prevention, it will have to be tested for effectiveness by the FDA-a process that could take two years.)

Dear Larry,

I have heard about a process for enlarging the penis, similar to what they do for women's breasts—using silicon injected under the skin. Do you know anything about this, and if so can you tell me how to go about having it done? I was not gifted with much meat, and I'd like to try the process.

Terry, Fort Worth, TX

Dear Terry,

A few years back, there were a few doctors in Nevada who provided this service. In fact, it was called the "Las Vegas Treatment." I haven't heard anything about it recently, probably because it was not very satisfactory. I've known two guys who had it done, and both of them were unhappy with the results. There does not appear to be any way to keep the silicon evenly distributed along the penile shaft, with the unfortunate result that it tends to gather like a large donut behind the cockhead during use. The injection of silicon, of course, can only make your dick larger in girth. It does nothing to lengthen it. One guy did remark, however, that the added pressure and weight was a sexy feeling. If you really want to try it, you might send an inquiry to the Nevada Medical Association. As far as I know, this was the only state where it was done—possibly the only state where it was legal.

Dear Larry,

You have answered several letters about ball stretching with the intention of making them hang lower. But I'd like to know if there is any way to make them bigger. My nuts swing low enough, but they're so damned small I'm embarrassed when someone takes hold of them. I've even been told they look like two bird's eggs that fell out of the nest. Have you any suggestions?

J.R., Seattle

Dear J.R.,

No. As long as they work, use them and enjoy them.

Dear Larry.

I really have a terrible problem. I am just 21 years old, and I have been living with an older man for almost five years. In fact, he picked me up on the streets and gave me a place to stay when I was such a mess I didn't know where my next meal was coming from. He's been really good to me, and I've tried to make it up to him by doing the housework and also carpentry and stuff I'm fairly good at. I've had sex with him many times, because I figured that was part of the price for everything he was doing for me. I didn't mind having sex with him, but it never really turned me on.

Now, just as I've met someone I'm very much in love with, and want to live with, my older friend has been talking as if we were lovers. I'm afraid to tell him about this other guy, because I know he really cares for me and I care about him. It's just that I don't love him in a sexual way. What can I do? I'm afraid if I don't move soon, I'll fuck up the relationship with my new friend.

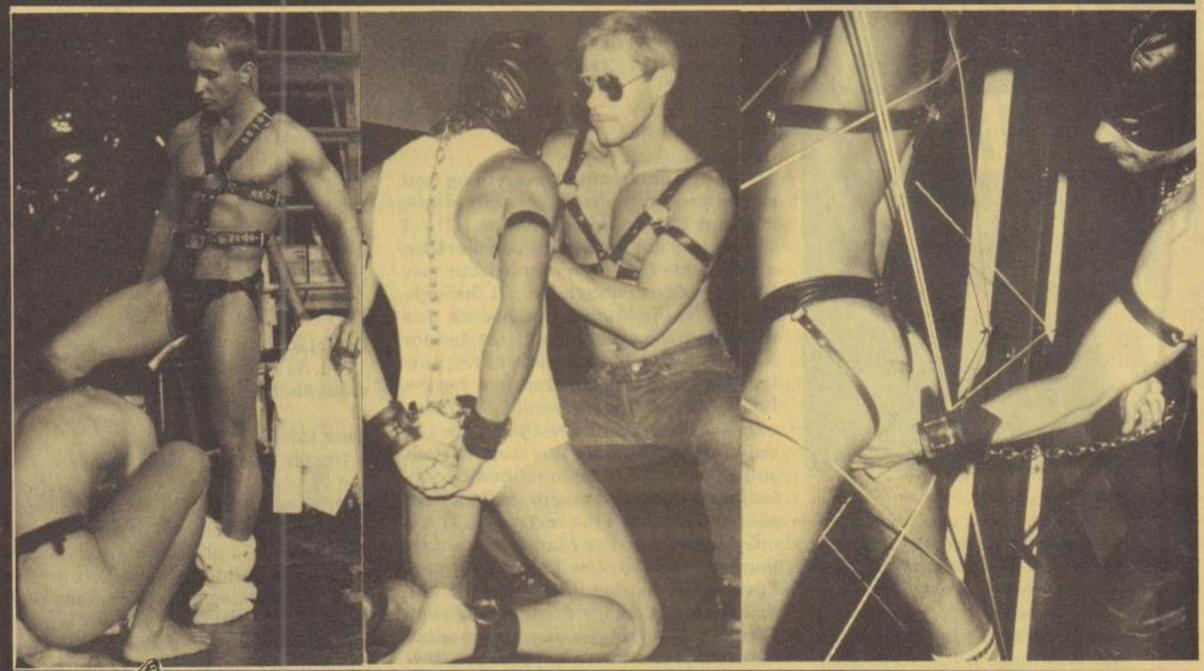
Name and Location Withheld

Dear Unnamed,

Yours is a fairly classic dilemma. You want to do what you perceive as "right," but that is going to deprive you of what you really want. In the long run, you are not doing your older friend a kindness by staying with him when your heart's not in it. You are going to be unhappy, and in the end it will make both of you miserable. Tell him the truth and make your move. If you handle it properly, you can probably remain friends and after a time the passions wil die down.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.)

## GA'S HOTTEST MEN IN COM

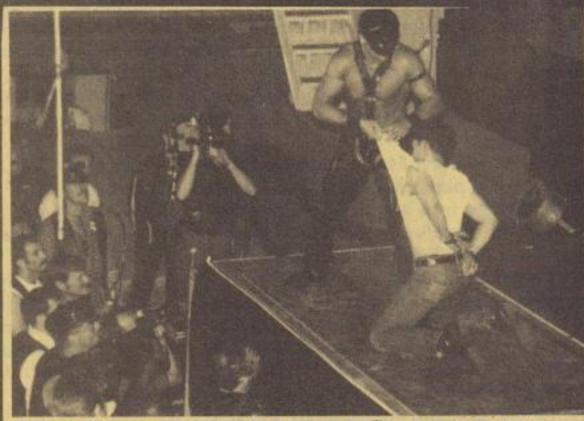




Leather's Big Night soared to new heights of heated fantasy with the showdown contest for Mr. Drummer 1985! Nine contestants from across the country vied for the number one leather title in America, and only one emerged triumphant-big Steve Reiswig, with all his brawn intact! You should have been there-but if you weren't (or if you want to want to relive Leather's Big Night), the highlights are all here on the Mr. Drummer 1985 videotape. The men, the leather, the fetishes and red-hot fantasies all come together. It was a night to remember.!

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# INITIATION

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY MARK I. CHESTER



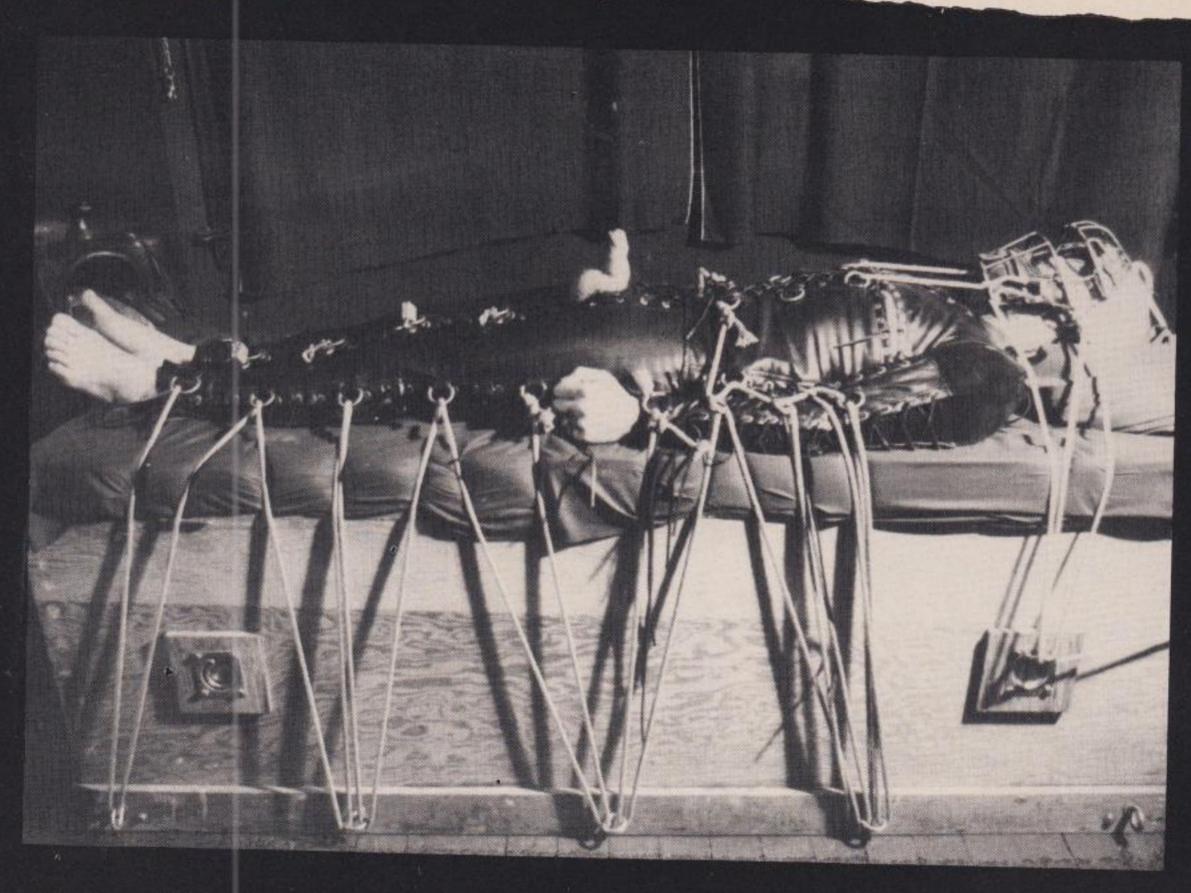
We are like two different people. He possesses my knowledge and my morals, but he rides on his own energy. His name is The Man. I am shy, but The Man pounces. I am afraid, but The Man is not. I deal with all the bullshit of life, but The Man takes all the pleasure he can.

The Man is a power junkie. There is no denying it. He's looking for a few good presents to appear on his doorstep. He doesn't run after them—usually. They come. Most who come are turned away, quickly and efficiently. All they want is someone to be a puppet in their fantasy. The Man is not interested.

The Man is always lurking, waiting, looking for an opening. When one arrives, The Man spring-bolts and I stand watching in amazement. He is ruthless in pushing me aside, in making me wait in the wings while he pleases himself. I stand with my mouth open. I wouldn't...and The Man knows it.

I think it is a sense of sexual fascination and fear that makes The Man's nostrils flare. He smiles and laughs; friendly, but tinged with delicious wickedness, dark secrets pulling up at the corners of his mouth. He is warm and sharp. Invitingly scary.





It is an easy thing to hurt someone. Emotionally. Physically. It is an easy thing to strike out in anger and hate, and make someone else hurt. But it is hard to hurt someone and have it pour through their pleasure veins. Hard to seduce them into the jaws of wonder. Hard to find the pathway through the labyrinth.

Pain to The Man is not about wham-slam-bam-thankyou-man. It is about seduction. It is about anticipation. It is about thundercracks of energy gently spilling over your floodgates. Like firewalking barefoot, and not being burned. It is illogical, but real. Improbable, but true.

To the ignorant, a foreign language is nothing but silly gibberish. The idea of an eroticized, desirable pain speaks in its own language. With its own rhythm and flow. Its own rules and regulations. Look into my eyes. Listen to the sound of my voice. Listen to the sound of my breathing beating in your ear. Open up. Open Up. Tell me your dark secrets. Tell Me...

The Man laughs, a gentle rolling laugh, like rustling leaves. But it cuts because it says, "I already know your dark secrets. But tell them to me anyway." And The Kid tells him. With his eyes. And the flaming touch of his skin. And his expectant breath at the touch of The Man's hands.

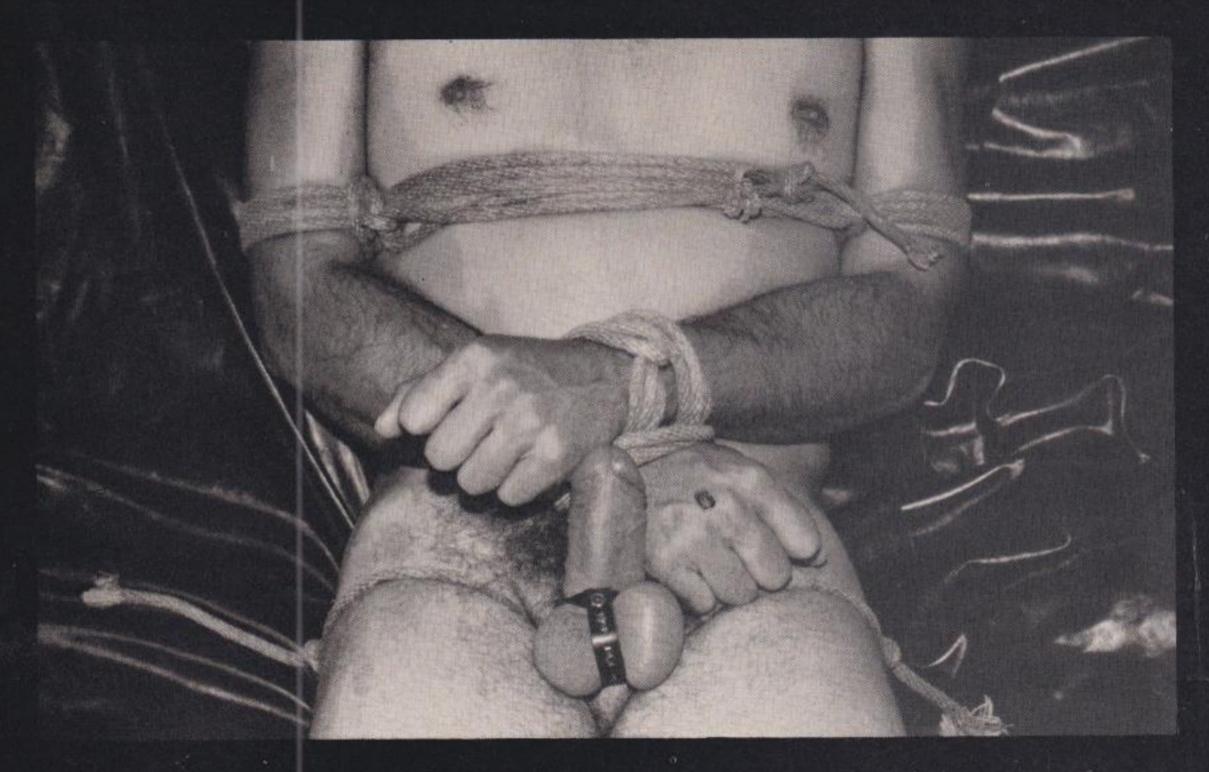
It is a touch that sinks deep. That explores freely at will. It draws moans from The Kid; his eyes shut, head tilted back. And it is a moan so sexy and filled with eros that it is adrenalin to The Man's dick. It is a moan that says, "Take me. Take me. Please!" What can The Man do?

You see, The Kid is a virgin. Well, not a virgin in the standard sense of the word. But at 29, he is a novitiate into this other world. He has been with other men. He has played around and even had them tie him up. But he has always had to be a director from the bottom side. He has always had to maintain control. He has never been able to completely let go.

So, in a sense, this is his first time. And first times are special. Everything is new. Doors to uncharted territories flung open wide, each new door revealing yet another door along the path. And once those doors are opened, they can never be closed. They can be denied, but they can never again be closed.

The Man understands. He feels for The Kid. Because he can still remember his first time. Not the first time that someone tied him up. And not the first time that someone applied painful stimulus to his body. But the first time that it all clicked. The first time that he was sent rocketing out into space to float weightless in a sea of sensations and timelessness from which there was no tieline except for the man in the army boots; the man who was taking care of him. It is an experience that will remain with him for the rest of his life.

He knows, that what he is sharing with The Kid will inevitably change The Kid's life. It is a sacred ritual and it is sacred duty to share that energy. To continue its life and pass down its secret knowledge from man to man. The Kid knows that sometime in the future he will also be called upon to pass on what he has learned. He will then become an integral part of



the chain that binds sexually radical men together from generation to generation.

Up until now he has just had his fantasies. Cowboys and Indians. Special merit badge for knot-tying in Boy Scouts. Autoerotic trips that explode in the loneliness of a gay man into bondage and radical sexuality in a small rural town. And *Drummer* magazine.

He is not the first young man from a small town to call The Man and attempt a connection. The Man is open and friendly, but soon he demands that the interested party give as much as he takes. The Kid talked of tying himself up, and doing scenes that explored his dark secrets. The Man smiles across the telephone wires. An opening.

It is a test to separate the men from the boys. To separate those with something to give from the vampires. The Kid is to tie himself up, and at the end of the scene jack off on a piece of paper and describe the scene in a letter. Soon The Man receives a wrinkled paper stuck together in the mail with the following:

"This morning after everyone had left for work or school I got ready to 'play.' Since I wanted a little suffering in the scene, I put on my long-johns (top and bottom), my 501s (well-worn), thick wool socks, my black cowboy boots, flannel shirt (long sleeve) and my leather belt.

"I stepped out into the backyard—the air was warm and dry so I knew it was going to be a hot morning. And got the first part of my scene ready. I laid down in the grass and spread my legs apart, marked where my heels were, then reached over my head with both arms extended and marked where my hands touched. Then I drove a stake into the ground three feet below my foot marks at a 45° angle and three feet above where my extended hands touched.

That made a Y pattern and I was ready for the second part.

"After getting what I needed from my 'toy chest' I went and got my ice block out of the garage freezer. The night before, I froze a can of water into which I placed the ends of a six foot rope. I had everything so I got started.

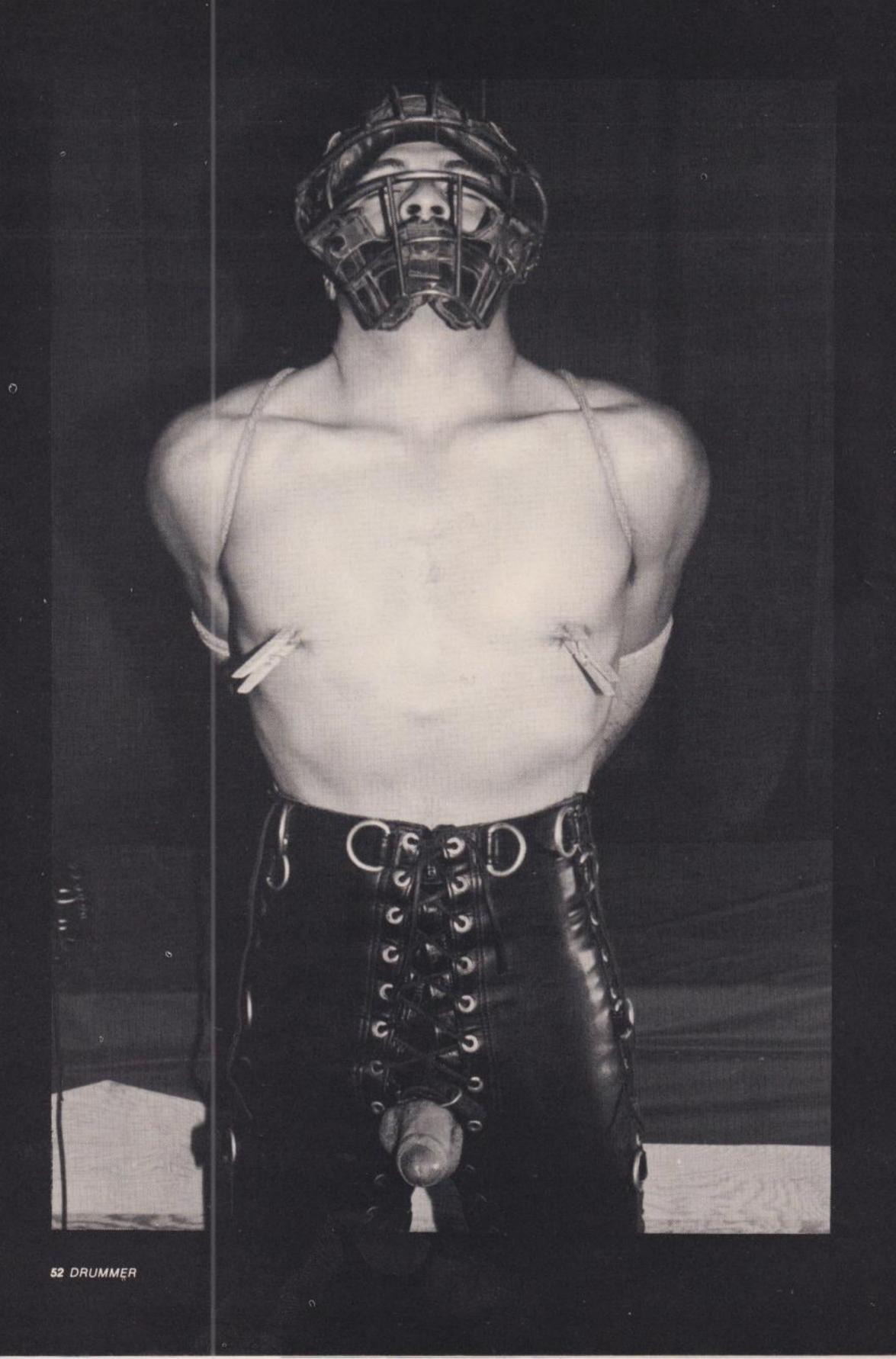
"I looped the ice block over the stake above where my head was so it formed a loop 'tied' with the ice block. I then made a slipknot, carefully placed the handcuffs and pulled the knot tight. I then tied each foot to the other stakes, giving myself about a three-foot slack. By this time it was getting a little warm with all the clothes on and I was very aroused. With my feet tied and my handcuffs ready, I scooted back as far as possible. Since this was a Western scene, I put a bandana in my mouth and secured it with another bandana, then I used one more for a blindfold. I then laid down and reached above my head until I felt the handcuffs. When I got a hold of them, I locked them around each wrist. Now I was set, so I laid back and relaxed. Well, I tried to relax.

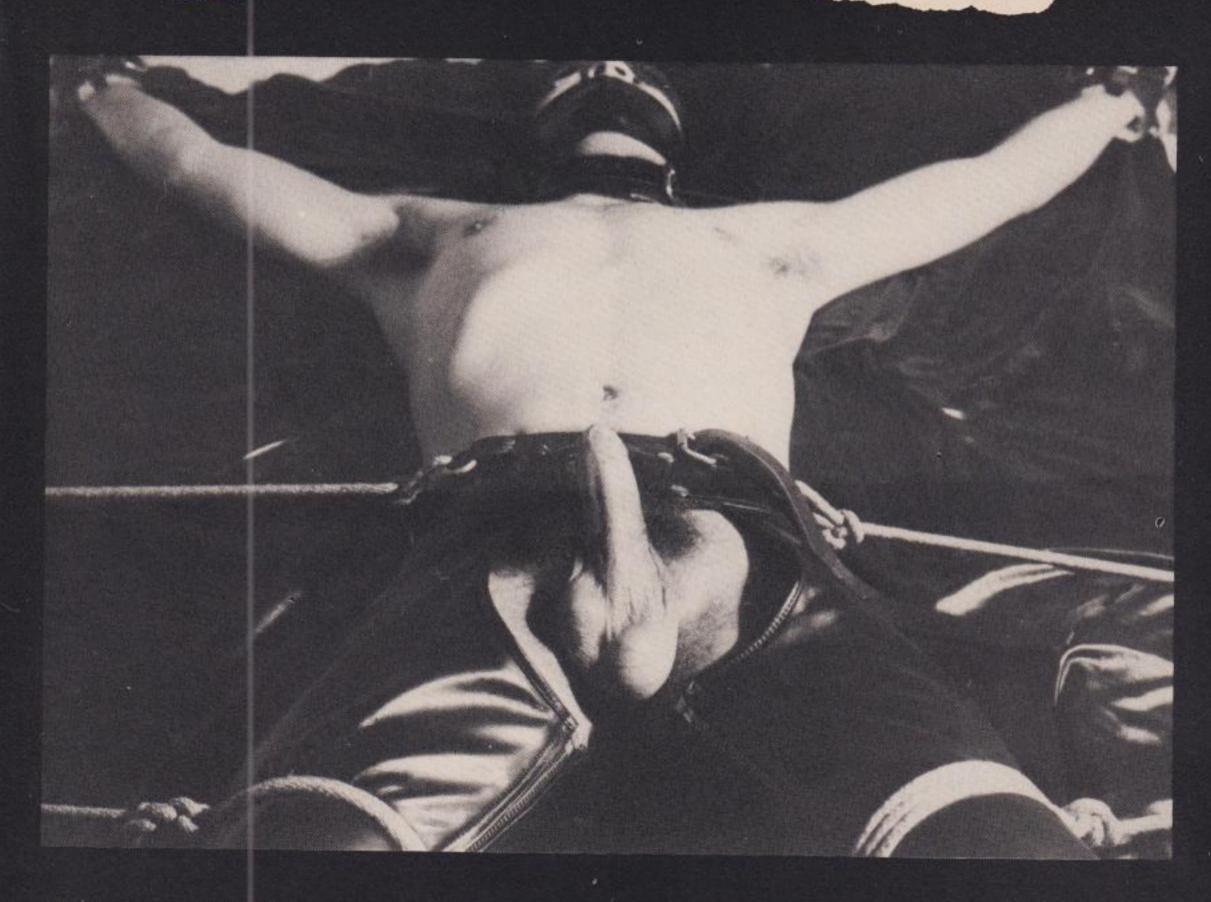
"After awhile I began to sweat and get uncomfortable. The sun had started to get warmer. My cat—at least I think it was my cat—checked me out and sat on my chest. I couldn't move too much and I wanted to move whoever it was off because my chest was getting hotter. The cat finally left and I was thankful. After that I was left to myself and a few flies.

"While I'm like this I think about different things and people. My main thoughts were about someone sitting next to me, in the shade, just watching and coming over to me and playing with my body. I also thought of how it would be if you tied me up like the guy in Drummer issue #61 ("Bondage Confessions"). All this time I had a hard-on that just wouldn't quit.

"Finally the ice melted, I unlocked the cuffs after I took







off my gags and blindfold and unbuttoned my 501s. Got ahold of my hard-on and pumped away. I was hot—sweaty—excited and came fast. Later. The Kid."

You see? What could The Man do?

At 19, I came out in a small Midwestern town. At that time The Man was buried deep within me. Everyone I knew was afraid of radical sexuality. I got labeled kinky for wearing a cowboy hat. I felt isolated and alone. But through my PO Box came a connection to dreams and fantasies that I only innately understood. The very act of going to the Post Office and putting my key in the lock and withdrawing letters became intensely sexual.

The Kid and The Man connect in other ways. Before homoeroticism, even before masturbation, there was rope. The smell. The texture. And they share their explorations into autoerotic bondage scenes. A very special space and time. Somehow it seems appropriate, maybe inevitable, that The Man and The Kid have connected.

It is a healing connection. And it is something unknown. A continuing pattern of stimulus and response. As gentle as the translucent flicking of The Man's tongue against The Kid's glistening darkly olive skin. As raw and flashing as The Man's teeth settling on one of The Kid's puckering nipples. A kind of fiercely tender dance that shifts back and forth, spinning both partners breathlessly into the dark.

The Man penetrates The Kid's defenses, his spiritual armor. Makes The Kid tender and vulnerable. Open to every feeling and sensation. Open to every idea and sugges-

tion. Bit by bit it is an exploration that constantly redefines and enlarges their common territory. The Man leading and The Kid following—held by gentle, strong hands. The Man sets out to own a piece of The Kid, that no one else will ever be able to touch. What he doesn't tell him is that as he owns a piece of The Kid, so The Kid will own a piece of The Man. It is just something that The Kid understands.

The Kid wants to experience bondage and titwork. The Man knows that the only way to do that is to go for it. So he does. The Man talks to The Kid, exhorting him to take more, to do it as a present for The Man and to give The Man all that he is feeling. The Kid doesn't say much except for yes... yes...Moving to the melody played by The Man on his body.

The explorations build up, one on top of the other. A complete leather bondage suit that corsets The Kid tightly all over his body. Covered with D-rings so that he can be further tied down. A catcher's mask over a head tightly wrapped in gauze and then duct tape provides the frame to tie even his head down. The Man lets The Kid just float away, lose touch with his body until he wakes to find himself adrift in a black void and calls The Man's name. "I'm lost." The Man safely brings The Kid back home.

And there is more. The Kid smiles when The Man pulls out a ball of string. Piece by piece The Man creates a body suit out of string that binds and tightens with every step that The Kid takes. An afternoon in the sun is exhibitionistic. With cording visible on only one arm, their trip is revealed but not exposed to the uninitiated. The best of all to The Kid



is a horizontal spread-eagle that restrains and creates an intense vulnerability. It makes The Kid's dick quite hard.

But it was his nipples that got The Man. After only a couple of hours, The Kid's nipples are tender and sore. He takes in a sharp breath and moans every time The Man passes his hands over his tight pectorals. His body stretches, enflamed, and leans into The Man for support. But The Man doesn't let up. For two days he keeps going, feeding input, making The Kid's dick bounce and throb and then layering pain onto his nipples. Seeing his dick tremble in rhythm with his passionpain. Feeling his body shiver and spasm as The Man removes metal teeth from his tits and holds him tightly in his arms. Good Boy! Good Boy! Little orgasms of feeling shoot through The Kid.

The Man plays pleasure games against the pain. First exciting The Kid, and then inputting pain, so that The Kid is lost in whirlpools of sensation, and rivers of confusion. He wants it to stop and he demands more all at the same time. It feels so sharply intense but so sexy and stimulating. The Kid does not know what to do, so he gives himself away, he gives himself up to The Man.

Fingers, clamps, sandpaper, tigerbalm. One by one. Layer after layer. But that's not all. The Man ties The Kid in a modified hog-tie—arms crossed and lashed behind his back and feet pulled up and bound to the lines that are steadfastly holding the Kid's arms. The Man wants to know just how much The Kid wants what he is asking for. So, bound in a neat little package The Kid crawls the carpeted hall. The Man knows that The Kid must twist back and forth across his tender burning tits in order to move himself forward. The Kid tries desperately to move without touching his chest to

the carpet, but it just can't be done. At the end of the hall, The Kid's chest is on fire, his tits more raw and sensitive than ever. But when he looks into The Man's eyes, he knows that he has proved himself worthy. Proved to himself that this is what he really wants. I want...I need. The Kid's matinee-idol eyes tell The Man what he wants to hear.

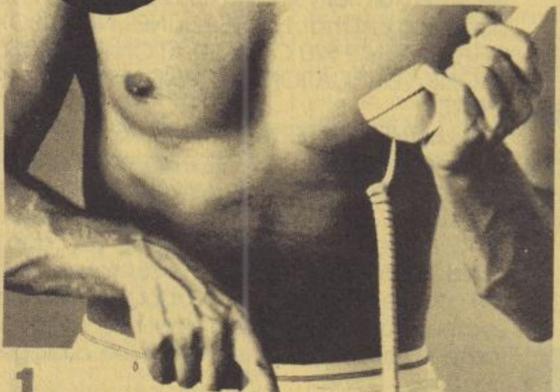
The Man laughs. Slow and deep. It is a soothing sound to The Kid. The Man laughs because these are really children's games, played with the intensity of an adult mind. It is make-believe; deadly serious play.

The Kid and The Man break for a day; other realities also need to be met. But in that day, The Kid's nipples go from too hot to touch, back to almost the way they were before play started. The Man smiles. So The Kid offers his tits up to The Man. Again. Please. I need, I want. The Man holds him tight, and then begins all over again, telescoping three days of feeling and sensation into the couple of hours that are left to The Man and The Kid. The Man wants The Kid to think of him with every bump and sway of the train ride home. With every movement of his skin-tight T-shirt against his chest.

The Man tries to break The Kid, to make him cry from physical pain. The Kid doesn't. But when The Man holds The Kid in a tender tight embrace, a sad good-bye, The Kid's tears flow freely. It is hard to taste nectar and then return to water. Water feeds the body, but nectar feeds the soul. The Man, in kind, does not want to let The Kid return home. While future play sessions will be just as hot, maybe hotter, it will never again be the same. The Man knows that next time, The Kid's innocence will have been lost. And once it is lost, it is something that can never be regained.

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WHERE WILL YOUR AD RUN? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under "Nationwide" or "International" instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

**DEADLINE?** There isn't any. You'll get in the next issue, even if your ad is listed under "Late Submissions." Subsequent insertions will find you where you belong if yours is more than a one-time effort.

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**CENSORSHIP?** No, Sir!—provided you keep references to Minors, Animals, Prostitution, or Drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And you, of course, must be 21 or better.

TO REPLY TO A DEAR SIR OR USA BOX NUMBER: Enclose your reply in a stamped envelope with the box number penciled on the back. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them the same day we receive them.

If the ad has a USA Box number, follow the same instructions, but send it to: USA/Bud Berkeley, Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94126.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be.

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### HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 50¢ PER WORD!

## DEAR SIR:



#### NATIONWIDE

**BIG HAIRY ANIMAL** 

wanted by 27 U/C Italian top (617)236-

MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'91/2", 145 lbs. seeks slavemasochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45. well-built. All scenes. Into being facefucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax. electrotorture, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

who is into leather, B&D, heavy S&M. I will administer military discipline. physical training, confinement and verbal abuse. My slave must be willing to to be pierced, tattooed, and shaved. Your Master is yuoung, black hair, moustache, 5'7", 155 lbs., muscular and experienced. I am looking for a slave who is 35 to 50 and experienced. Your mind is the only thing I am interested in. Discretion is a must. I can travel; you must travel. Long-term relationship wanted. Your picture gets mine. Box 4485LF

#### COSTUME SCENES

Animal suits, fantasy creatures, demons, rubber mask eroticism, extreme makeup. Am I alone? Serious only. please. Box 4799

#### HOT HORNY WHITE MALE

Versatile (top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, WS, rimming, SM, more. Am 29, 160 lbs., 5'10", brown hair/ eyes, beard. Bridwell, Box 7686. Atlanta, GA 30357-0686.

BOOTS, BIKES, BONDAGE If you dig the feel, smell, and creak of total leather, the helplessness of prolonged, yet total and tender bondage (top/bottom), write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

#### LOWLY GRUNT SLAVE WANTED!

Want to serve a former Marine? Not into bullshit or playing games and is serious about wanting to serve a good MASTER. This former MSgt is seeking a fulltime submissive male to serve as it is directed, instructed, ordered or commanded to. Bondage, discipline, C&BT, TT, or anything else this MASTER so chooses. Slave will lie in a strict disciplined military lifestyle. Send letter of application and appropriate photo for inspection to: Box 5002LF

LEATHER IN THE COUNTRY

Hunky and attractive WM 5'10", 155, brown hair and eyes has 40 secluded acres of woods and comfortable home. I seek a nature lover into outdoor activities, fitness, good nutrition and travel. I have the freedom and time to explore nature and seek someone with the aesthetic sense to enjoy it. Seek permanent relationship with leather buddy or daddy's boy. Let's explore geographically and sexually. Photo mandatory. Bob, Box 938, Merlin, OR 97532

#### STRONG

centered, intelligent, responsible, handsome man wants same for longterm. 35, 6'3", 200, sadistic affectionate top needs partner for pain, love, kink, getting on with life. Full replies with photo to PO Box 20052, Midtown Station, NYC 10129

> YNG TOP WANTS **GROVELING DAD**

Hot, masculine dude, 25, brn/hzl, 5'8", 130 lbs. looking for masculine older man (30's-40's) to train and abuse. You must be in good physical shape and be willing to put yourself through the paces (BD, CBT, TT, ??) for the opportunity to use your mouth, ass, or whatever else I demand for our mutual pleasure. I am experienced, sane, but thorough and relentless. Safesex standards practiced. I travel frequently on business; will come to your turf if necessary. Send recent photo with letter to Son, Box 4727LF. Start groveling.

#### FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

HERE IT IS

New England area. 6'5", white, with 9" × 6" tool. My dick needs long, slow sessions with attention to uncut skin. Looking for men 18 to 50 who know how. Healthy. Absolute discretion. Will answer all interested. Hard and waiting. Box 4708

#### RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA-WEAR A CONDOM!

DADDY'S MAN

After ten years of being "out," I've matured to this: one man looking for another man-plain and simple. Professional, bold, clean, physically fit, and confident; high expectations, 31 yrs., 5'9", 157 lbs., considered hunky. balding, hairy and currently bearded. The man I see is between 30 and 45 years of age, of good physical presence, has facial hair, and possesses an aggressive nature which constantly seeks to satisfy its various needs including a varied and dynamic sexual appetite.

Yes, I'm looking for a lot. Then again, I'm offering a lot: devotion and commitment, love and sexual intensity. A sincere response and current photo get the same from me. Reply to: PO Box 23035. Seattle, WA 98102. (LF4538)

BACKPACKING, X-C SKIING, **FULL LEATHER** 

Moving to SF or Seattle by year-end 1985. Japanese-American, 31 y.o., 5'4". 125 lbs., ex-gymnast, tight hard body. good-looking, bearded, macho. Into malesex in full leather: caps, cycle jacket, tight chaps, boots, gloves, ballstretchers, fucking, sucking, CB&T, rough contact, 70% top, 30% bottom depending on partner. Safe, no smoke-/dope, scat, fist. I'm in management, highly-educated, spend most weekends hiking/backpacking, bridge player, comfortable with straight social life. You: SF or Seattle leather stud, white, physically in-shape, mentally sharp, 25-40 y.o., no smoke/dope. Goal; hiking or leather partner to committed relationship. Picture with letter please, Will reciprocate, Box 4544LF

HTLV3-POSITIVE

Low T-Cell, GWM, 160 pounds, blond, blue, cut, workout regularly, seek hot Master for total commitment. Willing to relocate (rural or urban). Box 4784

VACUUM PUMP GUINEA PIG Scumbag and dildo sucker. WM, 38, 5'10", 175, obsessed with massive cocks needs force-feeding, also cock and nipple bloating/torture with heavy-duty pump, Med./GH/kinky scenes, VA, amyl. Max, (914) GVJ-PGXM

**SLAVE WANTED** 

Surrender to me your body, mind, and will. Freely give to me your unquestioning obedience, servitude, and worship. Become my property, to do as I please. Wear with pride the leather collar I will custom make for you. There is no other way. You will have a long list of regular household slave duties, which you will perform naked. You may be required to work at a conventional daytime job on the outside, maybe one beneath your skill, and turn your earnings over to me, but you will know that it is right and proper for you to do so. Your reward and pleasure will come from providing service and pleasure to me and my life partner, and, perhaps, another select man. You will be ready at all times to submit to a wide range of S/M related sex, usually as passive, occasionally as active. For rebellious action, careless performance of duty, or infraction of orders or rules on your part, your physical and mental punishment will be inevitable, severe, and painstakingly sadistic. A major part of your life of service will involve leather and motorcycles. You should be between 25 and 45, masculine, reserved. Your body should be in reasonably good shape. You must be in good health. You may use moderate amounts of alcohol and tobacco. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application. Master Les, PO Box 511265, Salt Lake City, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

ONE MASTER WANTED

who likes far-out night-time service. loyal daytime partner. I'm 40, prefer younger, Latin, Black, Asian or white. Anything you like that's safe. Photo please-all answered. Box 4072.

HORNY AFFECTIONATE DADDY 42, 6', 187 lbs., non-smoker seeks intelligent, obedient, self-supporting son into light verbal abuse, being spanked, eating Daddy's ass, having Daddy fuck his face and ass and sleeping in Daddy's arms. Relocation and monogamy expected. Letter and picture to Sir. PO Box 1095, Richmond, VA 23208

> MASCULINE VERSATILE BOTTOM

seeks hot, hung 25-45. I am W/M 36, 6'1", 155, beard 71/2" cut, into leather, lite bondage, ASSPLAY, spanking. Mirrored slingroom, 200+ mt farm, hayloft, outdoor nudity. Am also looking for someone to live on the land with me. Off I-81. Dave, PO Box 65, Bulls Gap, TN 37743.

PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED

by butch, attractive, well-built 33-yearold Master. Must be trim, masculine, 18-30. Training will include long whippings and endless fuck sessions. Box

> **BOTTOM SON WANTS** HOT TOP DAD

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs., br/br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Also interested in building a relationship as a good son to a younger, very masculine Dad. Letter with photo to Box 423. Kenai, AK 99611. (LF4403)

#### FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by Daddy/master in late 30s. If you have a serious desire to be the son/slave of this blond, 6'3", affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master include photo and phone with your response. Assistance with relocation available, if necessary. Box 4426LF

GWM, 34 years, 5'11", 185 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, hairy chest with big nipples. I am a stable, intelligent, healthy professional. I'm looking for similar men to 40. I am into hiking, photography, BB, and good fun. Enjoy J/O, titwork, massage. Into cowboys, U/C, leather. No drugs, fems. Send reply with phone/photo to Box 4675LF

DAD LOOKING FOR SON!

If you are fem or into bars, games, drugs, or any other kind of bull shit, move on to the next ad. But if you need a REAL dad with a lot of love for you. let's talk. SON will be GWM 18-35, quiet, intelligent, industrious, loving, obedient, affectionate, submissive, very much daddy's little boy, and enthusiastically bottom. He needs a permanent, lifelong, protective and totally monogamous relationship with his dad, who will give him the love, security, parental guidance and dominance he needs. Legal adoption a possibility. DAD is GWM top, 37, bl/bl, moustache, 6', 210, professional with many interests and a lot to offer his son: permanence, security, direction, protection, love and affection when earned, bare-assed punishment when deserved. WE will live in the country and develop mutual interests that will encourage your growth as my son, while we have fun, become best friends, and develop a sexy and healthy father/son family relationship based on respect and discipline. You will submit a complete description of yourself, your life and background as well as your needs in a relationship with your dad; you will include your address, telephone number and two photographs (snaps ok, revealing not necessary) no more than six months old, and you will receive as much in return-same day. So snap to it, kid! D.A.D., 11900 Winterthur Ln., #101, Reston, VA 22091. (LF4524)

BOOTS, BIKES, **BLUE COLLAR WORKERS** 

Full-time blue collar worker by day and occasional part-time outrageous cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles and blue collar men. If you wear your boots at work and ride your bike to get there, maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work outside not pumping iron in a mirrored gym. Attends many bike runs and bar anniversarys in and out of the West and Rocky Mtn. area. Positive NO NO's: drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers, rock videos, opera and high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, and requires same who is a rider on their bike in bed and with their boots on. Box 2707LF

HAIRY TOILET WANTED

Theatre man, 42, 6', 150, 8" uncut, wants permanent relationship with small, dark, raunchy, submissive animal with smelly, hairy pits and asshole into mutual toilet sex. Serious only! No booze, drugs, family! Relocate to Indy! Box 4750

ANIMAL WANTED

Two firm but loving owners (GWM, 29, brn/brn; GWM, 44, gr/gr, uncut) with slave/dog (GWM, 20, bl/gn, uncut) have positions available for additional animals to be domesticated, collared, and kept as pets. Must be prepared to relocate to warm, sunny Arizona. Nonsmoker only. Photo. All answered. PO Box 55584, Tucson, AZ 85703-5270

#### FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

**BOSSMAN RANGES FROM** ROMANCE TO ROUGH

Stats: Healthy, hunky man, 47, 5'7", 155 lbs., well-built, rugged good looks, selfish yet caring, bright, warm, imaginative, sensuous, tactile, bearded, balding, big-dicked, tattoed, successful professional, wears leather, Levis, boots as well as suits, ties & jocks, diverse interests; and a nice guy. Looking to meet another man/buddy, over 40, together mentally and physically to horse around with, for a night or lifetime. Write with your phone number to RCS, PO Box 1064, New York City, NY 10022. (LF4749)

#### WANTED: SLIM YOUNG SLAVE/SON

Must relocate—all expenses paid including insurance by 47-year-old dad. Write w/ photo(s). Box 4791

#### DEAR SIR-WHERE TOPS AND **BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!**

LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

Yes slave, I want you in my home, longterm. My slave gets properly cared for, slave trained and used for my pleasure. There will be rewards, pain, rules, chores, bondage, discipline, CB&TT, etc. I have all the leather, restraints, tools and equipment a slave needs. I am tall, trim, hung, 34, GWM, and stable. My slave must be 21-37, submissive, and ready to move in. I believe a slave should find happiness thru serving me, and be kept under control. Write about your body, present limits, expectations, and other qualifications. Respectful questions get answered. DSA, PO Box 20835, Reno, NV 89515.

**BLOW YOUR OLD MAN** 

Handsome, white, grizzled, whiskered, boot-wearing Dad, 56, 5'10", 175, with thick, uncut, 7", full-time hardon, seeks self-supporting, submissive, silent, worshipful, boot-licking, long-winded cocksucker son/slave. Live together. Permanent. Write: Occupant, Box 8925, MPLS, MN 55408. (LF4721)

#### ALABAMA

**GOOD SLAVE NEEDS MASTER** 

I am a very good slave and a masochist. I am seeking good times with good-looking Leather Masters who enjoy being a Master as much as I enjoy being a slave to my Master. I will be a good urinal boy and ass wipe. I enjoy being humiliated, especially in public places and I need to suck lots of cocks. I need daily whippings and I can take a lot of abuse and use. However, I do not wish to be permanently marked. I love leather, chains, ropes, handcuffs and restraints and being bound up for use or abuse. Please, Sir! I need you. Don't you need me? Please, Sir! I will obey and make you proud of your slave. Thank you, Sir. Box 4460LF.

TEACH ME, SIR!

WM, 6', 220, 44, full beard, desires friend/Top to show me how to be a bottom. Into some BD, CBT, dildos or the real thing. Have selection of "autoerotic" hardware on hand. Must get to know and trust respondents before getting it on. Mutual discretion is expected and assured. Montgomery area preferred. Box 4481LF

> LEATHER, LEVIS & BOOTS

I would enjoy fun times with leather guys into Harley Davidson Motorcycles. Let's get together—be my guest! I'm 49, 5'10", 160, W. blue/brown. Enjoy as well: Horseback riding, mountain hikes, travel, oceans, music, good food & wine. Spend some time in U.K. each summer. Love leathers, levis & boots. Box 4482LF

FORESKIN HUMILIATION

21-year-old WM, cut at age 17 due to humiliation, especially over doctors examining uncut penis. Photo exchange, Phone J/O. Write to David, PO Box 59806, Birmingham, AL 35209

#### ALASKA

#### ALASKAN LOOKING FOR A DADDY?

Straight acting, hairy, cut GWM, 37, 200, blue/brn. Quiet evenings home, hottub, gardening, split wood, fish, ocean, trees, Pavarotti, violin. USA 603.

LOOKING FOR W/M UNCUT CHUBBIES

40-60, short, little body hair. I'm AL K. 58, 215, Hawaiian. Meet, correspond, sawp nude pics. Box 4-122, Anchorage, AK 99509

UNCUT WANTS SAME

Would appreciate hearing from and meeting uncircumcised men. A photo would be nice. Thanks loads! USA 287.

**ANCHORAGE** 

Handsome Latin man, 31, wellendowed, wants fun and kink with white uncut males, 25-40. Into creative sex, no hangups. Send photo and letter to: Box 3130, Anchorage, Alaska 99510.

#### ARIZONA

**ANIMAL WANTED** 

Two firm but loving owners (GWM, 29, brn/brn; GWM, 44, gr/gr, uncut) with slave/dog (GWM, 20, bl/gn, uncut) have positions available for additional animals to be domesticated, collared, and kept as pets. Must be prepared to relocate to warm sunny Arizona. Nonsmoker only. Photo. All answered. PO Box 55584, Tucson, AZ 85703-5270.

PHOENIX DADDY

looking for young WM who needs to be taught a lesson. I will administer a good bare-ass spanking and fuck your mouth for good measure. Send detailed letter with phone number. Newcomers welcome. Box 4522LF

UNINHIBITED? SO AM II

Like to write and meet others into c/w and skin. Like long, prolonged French sessions and cock pleasures. Enjoy it all. USA 113.

**NEW AGE ARIES MALE** 

30s, slender, attractive. Just happens to have very handsome foreskin covering a magic mushroom inside in which magical healing powers reside. USA

#### MORTHERN CALIFORNIA

VERSATILE COUPLE AVAILABLE

for friendship and whatever we enjoycards, bowling and safe sex; couples or three-ways OK. Both are Italian, one 37, one 39. Tel. (408) 227-3774

RAUNCHY SEX

Raunchy sex in San Francisco wanted by GWM, 22. Box 4678

DADDY WANTED

W/M. 41. bodybuilder, monogamous, affectionate needs quality loving. Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101-5233, NO FFA!

VERY MUSCULAR ANGEL TYPE BIKER

looking for others into bondage, whips, dirty leathers, bikes, tattoos and other shit. 40 years, 6 ft., 225 lbs. Send photo & letter to PO Box 161495, Sacramento, CA 95816 (4575LF)

TATOOED SLAVE

W/M, 52, seeks master for long-term duty, any age, any weight. I have good body, tattoos and masculine. Paul. Box 4713

HOT HARD LEATHER ACTION

Full leather, chains, erect nipples, hard pecs, defined stomachs, arms & legs, ringed nipples, fat dicks, uncut dicks with stretched overhangs, shaved balls & assholes, heavy C/BT, T/T, V/A, piss, enemas, beer, sweat, spit, grease, oil & lubricants, S&M, getting stoned, heavy sloppy kissing, pig sex. I want it all-in a SAFE, hot environment!! I'm 28, 5'10", 165 lbs. with a very tight gym body, defined rippled washboard stomach, firm pecs & arms, shaved balls for heavy stretching & hung thick! I'm very versatile & very energetic! I'm looking for a stud who is just as energetic, 25-35, has a tight defined body, hung well and is a no-nonsense leatherman! Let's get together and play it hard in leather!! Call Buddy at (415) 346-7416

EXPERIENCED S&M MASTER searching for slaves. You: hot, under 30, trim, capable of heavy bondage, whipping, TT & C/BT, Me: hot, 41, muscular, AIDS-aware. Have well equipped blackroom. Send application to: Box 4714. First consideration for applications with photo.

LEVI FREAK

Hot, bearded, 6'1", 40, will get into most anything with partner who also looks good and feels right in skin tight 501 Levis, raunchy or new. San Francisco. Box 4755

MUSCULAR SLAVE

needs sadistic owner. Confinement. torture, total control. Send photo. Box 4802

ASSWORSHIP

37 years, 6 feet, 155 lbs., blond, goodlooking, well-built (spec. ass), 7 inches uncut, shaved. Wants contacts with safe assplayers. Interests: mutual assand fart-sniffing, squatting over each others faces with open holes, see you shit, have you pee on my hole, underwear, rubbers, big asses and holes (shaved), parties with many willing asses. Write me and tell me your preferences. Box 4797

EXPERIENCED SM MASTER

searching for slaves. YOU: Hot, under 30, trim, capable of heavy bondage, whipping, TT, CBT, ME: Hot, 41, muscular, AIDS-aware. Have well-equipped blackroom. Send application to Box 4512LF. First consideration for applications with photo.

LEATHER/RUBBER SADIST

Harley-riding Devil seeks demons for black-leather or black-rubber connections in my Inner Sanctum. I'll shove a leather-crotch Fuck to your hoodedhead. You are bound in a leather or rubber straight-jacket. Surrender your sensibility with application to Boxholder, P.O. Box 99033, San Francisco, CA 94109. Enclose photo. Video recording a possibility.

**BB SLAVE NEEDED** 

I want your well muscled rugged body to struggle, sweat, and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough torturous set of curls ignoring your screams for mercy. Your BOSS is into hot slave/animal training, oiled-up flexin', hot wax endurance trips, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin' rock, smoke and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit. If you're not in the area, write: BOSS, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598. If you're in the area and are ready to sweat, call (415) 944-9984 before 10:00 P.M. on week nites, anytime on the weekends. Keep America Mean.

PIERCED, TATOOED

GWM, 41, tatooed, pierced, adverturous. Seeks men. Cigars, uniforms and all basic pleasures. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 4256LF

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted/gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot licking, cock sucking asshole. I need to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with attitude! A mean streak and a kinky knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM, hoods, gags, gas masks, enemas, boots and toys. This horny, hairy WM, 29, 6', 160, brown hair, beard & moustache needs cigar smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Will correspond. Photo for photo. Box 3711LF

SIR!

I want to worship you, Sir! I', late 30s (look younger), 6', 160, slim, dark brown hair and eyes, Gr-p, Fr-a, looking for a monogamous relationship with a naturally dominant, takecharge, loving and caring big-muscled jock, wrestler, football player, cop, military, construction workers, 25-45. Into light TT, physical BD, sweaty muscles-show me new things. Outdoor scenes among the redwoods? I want to please you, Sir! Ric, 1632 J Street, Eureka, CA 95501

**BOTTOM PIGS** 

Experienced, erotic, sensual Top willing to workover and train a properly submissive, bottom pig possessing an insatiable desire for prolonged workout on his pighole. My range: excrutiatingly delicate to brutally harsh depending upon my mood and your need. Bottom must be tight, fit, clean. I'm white, 37, handsome, 6', 160, cut 7", and in control. Box 4472LF

BOTTOM/SLAVE

Two hot, GWM tops want bottom/slave to train and serve them. We're 34, experienced and AIDS-aware, into light & moderate S&M, B&D, CBT/TT. Limits respected & expanded. Good attitude important. Respectful replies to Sirs with qualifications, experience, photo & phone. Box 3441, San Francisco, CA 94119-3441.

SLAVE BOY/DOG

needs Master with whip. P.O. Box 4077. San Francisco, CA 94101

**BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST** 

Whip and torture this healthconscious, intelligent, professional, bootlicking, cocksucking torture slave. Into 501s, military boots, Fr. Gr. BD, SM, whipping, and ball torture. Moving to SF soon and visit SF frequently now. Nautilus, computers, bridge, travel, books. No WS, scat, FF, rear Fr. Send phone to Box 4532LF.

YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN wanted for lite bondage. No SM. I'm GWM, 47. (504) 831-9298

> LEAN, HARD, DEFINED MASO-SLAVE

seeks trim Sado-Master. Ready for dog training, complete toilet service, bondage, CBT, piercing, cigars. Any or all, but more important, your trip. . . your way. I am 42, 5'10", 150. Travel. Photo. phone, descriptive letter to PO Box 5906, San Francisco, CA 94101 (LF4519)

SLAVERY-OWNED-TORTURE

If you are haunted by these words; if you feel compelled to slavery; if you need to serve, then you will submit an appropriate application to: John Phillips, PO Box 2755, San Francisco, CA 94126. A man. A Master. Sensitive yet cruel. Sophisticated but tough. Patient, experienced, perceptive. Accomplished and successful. Early 40s, tall, well-built, damn goodlooking. Real slavery doesn't happen in a bar, over a weekend, or by fantasizing. Permanent ownership is achieved by thorough exploration, extensive training, and total commitment over time. The most intimate, personal relationship that two people can experience is a true master/slave relationship. (LF4533)

**HOUSEBOYS & SLAVES** 

Which is what you were born to be and you know it. We are willing to train the right 21-35, husky, amenable man for complete service. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline. No bullshit. Send something about yourself and a photo to Box 1000. You can call me Sir!

SEEK DOMINANT GWM

over 50, experienced in VA, CBT, B&D, very hirsuit. Prefer cut. Size unimportant. Must be clean and sane and respect limits. POSITIVELY NO: Scat, TT, WS, heavy pain, or raunch. No monies involved at any time. Prefer non-smoker, but not necessary. Weight unimportant, but no freaks. I am not Gr/p, but am Fr/a-p. I an not cut, but am retracted all the time. I am new to leather, but interested. Box 4530LF

WANTED: MODERATE SLAVE

Live aboard houseboat near downtown SF. Must be clean-cut, straight appearing; like boats, leather, tattoos, dogs. Tall, blond, uncut a plus. No drugs or heavy S/M. Serious only send picture and full info. Box 4798

BUTT SLAVES WANTED (415) 752-0971

TOTAL BONDAGE

For cute, young guys by handsome top in Central California Valley. Letter with picture (returned on request). Box 4701

TOP THIS DADDY

GWM, bottom, 40, 155 lbs., 5'8", good condition seeks student jock for daddy-/son relationship. CP/VA/HUM. Box 4677

SLAVE BOYS WANTED

White daddy, 30's, accepts pleas from submissive, obedient bottoms to serve him. Open to many fantasies. Letters with photo answered first. Box 4723

TATTOOED SLAVE

WM, 52, seeks master for long-term duty, any age, any weight. I have good body, tattoos and masculine. Paul. Box

SACRAMENTO LIVE-IN LEATHER 5'9", 33, 160 lbs., medium build, moustache, Asian leatherman seeking a permanent live-in relationship with another leatherman with same interests. Willing to relocate in Sacramento. Your photo gets mine. Box 4687

SLAVE/DOG

29 years, 6', 175, masculine, handsome, healthy slave/dog-mentally/physically strong, submissive, totally obedient, into S/M, B/D, FF, TT, WS, and more, looking for hot, handsome, masculine, demanding Master/Trainer serious about his business. Suite 205, 2040 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109. (LF4554)

WM, 32

looking for others into leather and ? PO Box 4021, Whittier, CA 90607

WM DAD NEEDS SON

Daddy, 50, very horny seeks son with large cock, balls and should be Greek active. Dad wants son for permanent stay together and take care of son and receive my love. No S/M. Photo, letter to: Joe Saulsberry, 9860-A Mission Blvd., Glen Avon, CA 92509

#### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

PRO-SIZE NIPPLES

Hunky, tattooed bodybuilder, 38, 145 lbs., 5'6", with hungry nipples seeks bodybuilder into long, uninhibited sessions of titwork, J/O, muscle, etc. Tattoos a plus. Photo a must. PO Box 480651, LA, CA 90048.

JOCK NEEDS DISCIPLINE

Goodlooking, tanned WM, athletic hung slave boy, 6', 165 lbs., 27, blond/br. seeks goodlooking Coach, master, older brother, dad to use my tight boyass and hungry mouth. I'm into jockstraps, Speedos, gym shorts, leather. Enjoy bondage, 3-ways (gang bangs?) and wrestling. I need discipline: hand, paddle, strap spanking. Your photo gets mine. Dave, PO Box 4645, Laguna Beach, CA 92652

HOT, BUTCH TOP

37 seeks young passive leatherboys for good time. Send photo and phone. Box

NEED HOT, HUNKY, VERY THICK, DARK, HAIRY, MUSCULAR, MAS-

CULINE HORNY TOP STUD Sit on my face, open my hungry hot receptive hairy hole-wide and deep. Belt my buns, TT, WS. Like huge wide dildos, both big hairy muscular arms. Love to tongue, lick, kiss and eat hot, juicy, hairy holes for hours! Not into really heavy SM, B&D or CBT! Put feet...anywhere! Tongue-clean hairy chest and armpits, ass-want to satisfy my top. Like long, no-holdsbarred sessions. Well-trained and experienced. Will try anything. Box 4525LF

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master, (818) 846-9486.

SLAVE TRAINEE WANTED

Daddy (White, 48, 6'2", 230 lbs.) and his boy (Black, 19, 5'11", 155 lbs.) are looking for a slave to train. Novice okay. Dad will teach his boy to be a Master. Only full-time, live-in, long-term SERIOUS need apply. Complete description and photo/phone to: Box 4177LF

#### YOUR WORLD-WIDE SOURCE OF TIT-TOYS FROM BASIC TO BIZARRE

Wholesalers & Dealers

## **CATALOG**

Nobody

Manufacturers of quality Tit Clamps, nipple clip restraints, and novelties. The originators of the famous adjustable alligator tit clamps. Catalog and samples on request. Wholesalers and distributors contact:

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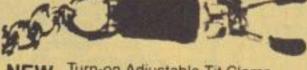
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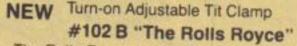
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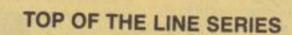
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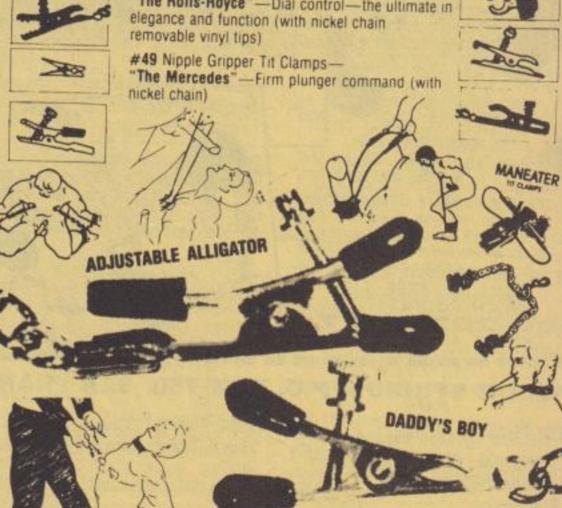


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#102 A Turn-on Adjustable Tit Clamps-"The Cadillac" - Dial M for Murder (with black removable vinyl tips)

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Retail—at fine leather shops and from your favorite mail order company



TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS Tony, in full leather or full C.H.i.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, goodlooking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service, GB, and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors, and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047

LEATHER ACTION

Leatherman, 6', 175 lbs., goodlooking, seeks same for hot, healthy leather/uniform action, discipline, SM, outdoor bike scenes. Box 4148.

SON WANTED

WM Topman-Master 46, 5'8", 140 lbs. mustache, seeks completely-bottom, thoroughly-submissive son. No woodshed or SM abuse. Don't want a whipping boy; want a passive Daddy's Boy-a boy who needs the guidance, dominance, security and love only a Dad can provide. Boy can expect to be kept naked and well-disciplined. Boy can also expect to be cuddled on Dad's lap as well as tied to Dad's bed and fucked. Prefer slim, trim, quiet, affectionate, home-type boy under 30 who needs a real Dad and knows a son's duty is to obey his Dad and service his Dad's cock. Permanent and live-in. Asian or Latino welcome. Boy's phone number gets an immediate call from Dad. Box 4551

DEAR SIR-WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

SO BAY L.A.

GWM 30s, leather/levi guy in shape, clean cut & healthy seeks others in Torr, Redn, San P, LAX area for friends-/fun on/off motorcycle. Ltr/Ph. # to Box 4248.

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE/SON If you have a serious desire to be slave-/son to a business executive who is a no-nonsense dad, call Dave at (213) 402-5461

UNCUT HAIRY BOTTOM Needs Daddy. 5'10", 155 lbs., 34, brown hair-needs Big Daddy with big feet, beard, dominant. No pain-FF. W/S OK. I'm very affectionate and I need Big. Daddy to love and serve. 1 on 1 relationship. Photo to Joe. Box 4736

MUSCULAR LEATHER SLAVES Are you tired of the bullshit yet? Frustrated because your potential and abilities have yet to be fully realized? Does your destiny remain unfulfilled? Still waiting to be used, trained, displayed and challenged the way you should? An experienced, respected and sadistic Leather Master (W/M, 43, 6'1", 210 lbs., 8", uncut) has room in his pens for a few hot, untested, raw muscular animals who are ready to be stripped, chained and motivated. Permanent positions in residence are preferred; but will consider non-live-ins. Your experience to date only indicates a starting point with me. Everything you might have been is history. If you've got guts enough to submit totally to the actuality of a real-life sadomásochistic relationship then contact: Frank Albright at (619) 578-3629 weekdays 4 to 8 P.M. (Pacific time). (LF4729)

SLAVE

Slave Danny will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you, Sirs! (LF4720)

SLAVE

seeks sane, demanding, permanent Master into humiliation, bondage, livein base. Slave, 34, 5'4", 125 lbs., submissive Oriental. Box 4684

TORTURE MASOCHIST

Interested in expanding limits on S/M, CB/TT, whipping, piercing, bondage, weights, mummification, etc. Not into FF or scat. 37 yrs. old, 6'1", 250 lbs. Box.

"PONY BOY"/BOTTOM/M/SLAVE AVAILABLE

Please, Sir(s), this boy needs your training, as a Pony Slave, Bottom, Sir(s). Sir(s), please take this boy beyond his experience in tit, C/BT, shaving, bondage, restraint, weights, stocks, exhibitionism, sling, clamps, collars, hoods, hoists, harness, cross, mirrors, groups, tails, gags, dildoesyour imagination, Sir(s). Boy is 30, clean, slim (6', 160), blond/blue. No FF. scat, please, Sir(s). Photos, videos OK. Orders, questions-will answer all, Sir. J/O letters OK, too. Live WLA-can travel. Sir(s), thank you, Sir! Slave's bottom! Box 4699

ARE YOU MY MASTER???

Am I capable of sustaining the conditions of a permanent slave? Maybe I could be your most prized possession. I gotta know! Me: young, well-educated, cute, slender, sexy, sensible, submissive. You: probably 30's, taller, nicely hung, exciting manly physique, aggressively sensual attitutde. If serious, confident and patient, please write for photo and detailed application. Box 4786

LEVI LEATHER LOVIN'

boot lickin' bottom seeks egotistical, demanding, arrogant type to serve and worship. Will surrender mind and body for your use and abuse. Dig bootspolished or rough, feet-clean or dirty, mental and physical workouts, SM, VA, hirsute bodies, hoods, collars, gloves, uniforms, kennel training, military discipline. 52, 6', 180 lbs., Travel USA. Box. 4411LF

GOODLOOKING DAD

looking for special brother for Joe. Someone to help with chores, to share a brother they never had. Discipline to be applied for traning and awareness. You will become a hot man-boy in time. Submit a letter stating general facts about yourself: Abilities, schooling, etc. If you have doubts, enclose in sealed envcelope to Joe as he can assure you, by phone, of life's ultimate experience. Positive growth-oriented family. Box 4535LF

YOU ARE SPECIAL

masculine, trim, any race and eager, even if not perfect, or inexperienced. I am special, masculine, trim, brown hair and eyes, 39, 8 thick inches, artistic, professional, with the bronzed body of a weekend outdoorsman. You are excited by the rare men you'd like to be, and are willing to endure some pain for their attentions. I ma seeking worthwhile camping companions, etc. If you are also a bold, consenting adult, then you good pic will get one you'd pay to get. Maybe an invitation, too, Write: Holder, Box 6344, Rosemead, CA 91770 (LF4521)

HOT BOTTOM IN LONG BEACH WM, 31, 6'1", 170, blond/blue with moustache. Looking for one-on-one with older Master/Daddy who is same size or bigger with moustache and is hot. Hoping for long-term, not onenighters. Would like gym buddy to work out with. Need someone strong and affectionate. Someone to administer discipline and punishment, fuck and fist my ass and kiss and hold me. If you're the right man there is no limit to how much I'll give. Write: Occupant, 33-2nd Place, Apt. 5, Long Beach, CA 90802 or call (213) 435-4500 between 9:00 A.M. and 11:00 P.M. No JO calls! 4577LF

S/M-B/D

Goodlooking, 37, seeks "versatile" buddy for ass beatings, whippings. Reach limits and beyond. Man enough? Reply! Box 4783

WM, 32

WM, 32, looking for others into leather and ? PO Box 4021, Whittier, CA 90607

WM DAD NEEDS SON

Daddy, 50, very horny. Seeks son with large cock, balls and should be Greek active. Dad wants son for permanent stay together and takes care of son and receive my love. No S/M. Photo, letter to: Joe Saulsberry, 9860-A Mission Blvd., Glen Avon, CA 92509

ADMINISTRATE PUNISHMENT GVE GT Hvy Spank Trn: Slave and Master, Son/Daddy. Workout. Military. Administrate punishment as needed. European, 5'8", WM, 25-45, healthy, No tattoes, uncut, drugs, C/R Place, ltr. & tel. # to Box 4785

L.A. ORIENTAL MASTER WANTED Novice white male, 48, stocky, bearded, shaved head seeks training by quietly masculine Oriental, under 35, as occasional panty wearing maid and personal cocksucker. No pain but willing to expand other limits. Box 4754

NEED TO BE ROPED, GAGGED. HELPLESS?

Got a hot defined bod? This handsome, lean, muscular top, 34, 5'11", sane, sense of humor, wants to tie you up. shut you up, and jack you off. Safe sex, your place, no SM, weekdays before 4 P.M. Photo or honest description to Box 318, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109, West Hollywood, CA 90046. (LF4748)

> TOPMAN/TRAINER FOR BODYBUILDER

If you are a hot TOPMAN interested in a permanent challenge, bondage, blond bodybuilder, stable, financially successful, needs directed training, mentor, and Dad to develop, shape, and mold subject. Have facilities, equipment and deep drive to meet your challenge and go beyond! Looking for quality and leather experience, have much potential-and the time is NOW! #245, 8306 Wilshire Blvd., B.H., CA 90211

#### UNCUT CALIFORNIA

FORESKIN WORSHIP

GM seeks men who like their foreskin worshiped. I am 32, 5'8", 130 lbs., 71/2" cut. Please send photo to: JWR. 2269 Market St., No 112, San Francisco, CA

**FUR & FORESKIN** 

Husky "bear," 38, lush, uncut, 6-plus inches, wants to meet trim guys, 18-35 for JO, Fr. etc. Foreskin not required! Box 60264, Palo Alto, CA 94306.

UNCUT COCK WANTED WM, 35, 5'6", 165 lbs., light brown hair, brown eyes, 6" hard, 2\%" soft, into small or any size uncut guys with lots of foreskin overhang, or those that shink into themselves. Also into WS, piss games. Would enjoy overnite stays. Like outdoor scenes. Into astrol-

ogy. USA 264.

SANTA CRUZ & BAY AREA GM seeks same for friends, travel, correspondence, and fun. I am 28, lean, blond, cut. Speak French & English. Call Thomas (408) 426-5099.

UNCUT/HANDSOME

Educated GWM with sense of humor, 6'1", 155 lbs., 30s, br hair/eyes, moustache, seeks M; romance, social, friendship. USA 261, (415) 776-7837

UNCUT MODELS FOR FORESKIN II Foreskin authors need you. All ages, types in good shape. Photos or descriptions to: Bud Berkeley, Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94126.

EXTREMELY EXPERIENCED HEAD

Loves uncuts. Weekdays 9 to 4:30pm only. No Sats/Suns/Holidays. Phone No. w/second letter, is wanted. USA 251

LONG SKIN INTO JO

One-on-One, dig watching cuts beat it and skins rolling. SF Bay area. USA

> THICK COCKHEAD, LOOSE FORESKIN

WM, 46, 5'10", 165 lbs., good body, seeks all into foreskin action. Have darkroom, like porn and JO scenes. Into foreskin stretching. Will experiment. USA 246.

**CUT BUT STRETCHING** 

GWM, 32, 5'11", 150 lbs., 41" chest, 28" waist, 8", bodybuilder, Br/Gr, moustache, looking for similar into regaining foreskin and uncuts who are into hot skin action. USA 239

**BIG UNCUT SPERM OOZING** Goodlooking, insatiable Hispanic pumps hot intestines or salivas big urethras. Enjoys low, sizable sweetbreads. Knowledgeable! Prefer 6' or ?

**FAT CHEESERS WANTED** 

USA 237

by cut, slim, goodlooking WM, 30s, br hair/eyes. Prefer husky build Cauc., any age. No cigs or trade. Photo please to: S.L., No. 314, 4670 Hollywood Blvd., L.A. CA 90027

NASTY UNCUT DADDY WANTED Are you the kind of Daddy that likes to sit on your boy's face and shove your uncut hose down his throat to take a piss? Got a beer belly? Hispanic? Hairy white trucker? Want to make him eat the cheese from under your floppy foreskin? Like him to sit between your legs and clean you from foreskin to asshole? Obedient son doesn't have to be told twice. SF boy is 30, goodlooking, 5'11", 150 lbs., fair and fairly hairless, uncut, thick cock, and waiting to hear from his nasty Daddy. USA 271.

**EXP FRENCH & TOTAL MASSAGE** offered to hairy uncuts who prefer not to reciprocate! 40s, butch face, fem body, S.F. Alan (415) 648-5875. Late ok.

**UNCUT? UNDER 35?** WM, 51, 6'2", 185 lbs., cut, wishes to meet you. USA 222.

UNCUT? INTO FORESKIN TYING? Help me with serious research in exchange for sensuous good times! No SM, size, age unimportant. Write: Box 684. Berkeley, CA 94701.

UNINHIBITED SHARING

Interested in uninhibited sharing of erotic stimulation of foreskin and shaft. Jerry Jansen, 37A Moss Street, San Francisco, CA 94103

UNCUT NON-SMOKER SEEKS SAME

6'2", 170 lbs., 37, dark brown hair, br eyes, moustache, like vege gardening, antiques, antique autos, play piano, country-type living. Call Rick (415) 676-2953.

REDHEAD/BLUE EYES

5'10", 175 lbs., 5" uncut, goodlooking bodybuilder, 35. Like husky WMs, big thighs, small uncut cocks. Suck, JO. fantasies. No fuck/SM. 147111/2 Burbank, L.A., CA 91411.

MATURE HUSKY GUY

Wants mutual friends for FS worship and pleasure. Also water sports enthusist. Weekdays, some weekends. Write with details. Enjoy all. USA 187.

DRUMMER 61

**GETTING CIRCUMCISED?** 

Send me your foreskin or photos of your uncut cock to: Rick, 178 Church #3, San Francisco, CA 94114.

S.F. SATYR

Attractive 28 year old man, 6'1", 200 lbs., 8 thick, uncut inches. Fantasies too hot to print; too exciting to not make real! Jamie, Box 40561, S.F., CA 94140.

M.D. WANTED

I am seeking a well-qualified surgeon (M.D.) to do a cosmetic re-circumcision for me. Southern California area only. Any recommendations? Please advise! R.D. Mager, Box 5341, Pasadena, CA 91107

#### GWM, 29. PROFESSIONAL, 6', UNCUT

Brown hair/eyes, seeks discreet GWM, uncut, married okay, 28-40, to: Peter Christos, Box 126974, San Diego, CA 92101. Photo if possible. No wierdos.

CHEESE REMOVAL SERVICE! Hot, husky WM, 38, wants to sniff and lick that smelly, dirty skin and wash it down with hot piss! Box 31151, San Francisco, CA 94131.

> PARTIALLY-CUT WHITE PROFESSIONAL

34, hairy, blond. Into uncircumcised men to like to stretch their skin and spend time together enjoying each others cocks and minds. USA 114.

NEED SIRCUMCISING, SIRI Want to contact others needing it too.

ACORN No. 3, 633 Post St. No. 542, San Francisco, CA 94109

"INFORMED CONSENT"

A 9½-minute videotape about circumcision shows actual surgical procedure. Send SASE to: Informed Consent, Box 493, Forest Knolls, CA 94933

REDHEAD

30, wants safe, sleazy skin sex with uncut Dad. Pic gets same. Box 14064, Station G, San Francisco, CA 94114.

#### HAVE FORESKIN & VIDEO CAMERA

Want to hear from other with homemade videos of their uncut glory. Will trade. Added attractions: shaved crotches, cheese, WS. Set your lens for close up and lets turn each other on. JR. Box 14576, San Francisco, CA 94114.

**UNCUTS WANTED** 

Older GWM wants any race, 18 and up. Write: Meyers, 1946 N. Kenmore, L.A. CA 90027

RESTORED?

Would like to correspond with man who has restored foreskin by stretching or who is in process. USA 274

DIG NOT UNCUT GUYS

Who want to get it on, 1-to-1 basis. Let's talk and MEAT to fulfill our fantasies. Clay (213) 661-0839.

HAIRY UNCUTS WANTED

30-year-old wants 25-45 hairy uncuts. I like foreskin, body hair, masculinity, light SM, verbal domination. Moustache required. USA 267

CUT

43-year-old GWM with beard, hairy chest, seeks uncut vacation companion dedicated to exhibitionism, stretching and ??? Write a few words about yourself, interests and what you think makes a great vacation. USA 408.

**HOT BOTTOM NEEDS TRAINING** U/C top needed to regularly plow tight bottom. Collegiate, humpy and superhung, 25, 138, 5'7". Relationship-oriented, sincere. Photo. Please-tell me what you'll do with me. Reply to Database, P.O. Box 4250, Berkeley, CA 94704

**DIVORCED MAN** 

Lives in rural area of Fairfield (Travis Air Force Base location). Attractive, straight, but curious. Part American Indian looking for pow wows with other uncut males. Phone weekends (707) 864-0346.

**UNCUTS WANTED** 

experienced in stretching by 6', 170 lbs. hairless cut. Phone & photo gets same. Box 103FQ

PANTING BIG BEAR

\_looking for big cub to cuddle, coddle, nuzzle and gnaw. The Bear-Camden House #34, 6834 Variel, Canogo Park, CA 91303

Uncut, hung average, 5'7", 132, 26" waist, active, live on ranch, love sex w/1 guy, would like to meet country guy (A=tall=hairy) average looks. Gene, PO Box 128, Santa Ysabel, CA 92070. Photo gets mine.

UNCUT ATTRACTIVE DADDY Mid-40s, WM, 5'7", 155#, brown, blue, educated: likes his eager son to slowly clean him from foreskin to asshole,

take Dad's hose down his throat, open his asslips wide to gently swallow Dad's hard dick and more! Redheads welcome, other daddies too. Classical music to C&W dancing, homelife, trips to the country, quiet times. Raunchy tastes aspiration, but AIDS aware and out of the fast lane and expect the same. Detailed letter and photo get

GWM

same. S.F. USA 507

38, 5'11", 170 br/bl, several tattoos 9" uncut, 1-1 seeks correspondance-/meeting other uncut GWMs, especially Latinos, Friendship, safe sex, possible relationship. Send photo letter. USA 648

L.A. CHUBBY, UNCUT, MATURE GWM, 6', 250, 40. 6" cock, nice skin. Fr/a, Gr/p loves older uncut men age 45-85 only. Cuddling to kinky. No size/wt. hangups. Luv U All. CA75. USA 641

HOT, HUNGRY MOUTH

White male, 49, 5'8", 170 lbs., dark blond, blue eyes, masculine and uncut 8" thick cock, Gr/p, Fr/a. Looking for other white or Latin masucline uncut male who is into uncut cock worship. I am very hungry for smelly cock cheese, cum filled heavy balls. Leather & levis, sweaty crotch and jockstraps also turn me on. Please write-photo gets phots. USA 529

GOODLOOKING

well-hung man, 30, 6', 165#, 8" handpole. Have true fetish for uncuts, aged 18-49. Interested in phone calls, photo exchanges, meetings for foreskin worship. USA 528

WM, 48, 6'

8" thick cock, delightfully covered, gorgeously uncut with soft delicious sliding fully retractable foreskin desires photo exchange experience swapping pensals. I am married, bi-sexual, discrete meeting possible. USA 527

**VERSATILE HUSKY** 

GWM, 35 seeks Fr/Gr action with uncuts anywhere, especially Latins and Asians. Travel often. Answer all. Tom Lovelace, 6520 Selma, #420F, Hollywood, CA 90028

DEEP MASSAGING THROAT for uncut men needing French service. (415) 563-0528

UNCUT SO. CAL TOP

into foreskin stretching and F.S. fantasies. CBs would like top hear from hot man into same. All replies answered. D. Master USA 530

WELL-HUNG

Recently blinded, heavy into JO, would like to correspond by tape. Can send photo. Write HAL, c/o Bill Braem, 4086 Cody Rd., Sherman Oaks, CA 91403.

BROTHER/DADDY

Handsome, uncut, 42-year-old big brother/daddy seeks young 18-28 preferably uncut little brother/son for mutual JO and creative safe sex and fun. Write: Peter 1522 Fulton, #2, SF, CA 94117.

**UNCUTS ONLY** 

I', 41, uncut 8", 5'11", 165 lbs., dig piss, cheesy dicks, FF, raunchy jock photos. Box 493, Shingle Springs, CA 95682, 30 minutes from Sacramento.

#### BOTCHED CIRCUMCISIONS. SCARS, RESTORATIONS, LONG FORESKINS MY OBSESSION!

Ivan Schroeder, 1453 E. Compton Blvd, Compton, CA 90221.

CIRCUMCISERS NEEDED

ACORN Club seeks qualified SIRcumcisers, any location, must dig our scene: ACORN, 633 Post St., Box 542, S.F., CA 94109

> **HEY HUNG GUYS WITH** SKINHEADS

This mature GWM has keen sense of smell & wet hot suction power for your unwashed, uncut prick, Sir! (213) 465-6732. Write: Box 6292, L.A., CA 90055.

BEST BJ/EXPERT COCK PLEASER Heavy hung, uncut, mature men only. No fats, fems. Day outcalls only. In SF & S. Marin, write to: D. Boyle, Box 451, Sausalito, CA 94965

**UNCUT PHALLUS WORSHIPPER** Wish to correspond with other uncut phallus worshippers like myself. Experiences and photo if possible, etc. USA

EXPERT DOCKER

& Foreskin Stretcher: Healthy WM, 38, gives fast head to disease-free men w/fat dick topped with extra long, slimy foreskin. Blind meat ok. (213) 665-6511.

**CUT DADDY WANTS UNCUT SON!** Are you ready to let Daddy take YOU in hand? Write and lets see what happens! R.R.H., 85 Corwin St., No. 2, San Francisco, CA 94114.

#### COLORADO

**ACTIVE ASS** 

W/M, 6'3", 165, 40's, wants dominant guy(s) that will give me light B&D, TT, ass spankings, lots of VA and cock to worship and be a slave too. Leather and mature turn-ons, but no FF, W/S or scat. With poppers and hard cock my ass gets very active. Denver area, but will correspond anywhere. Reply to Box 4731LF.

SPANKING

Boyish, 22-year-old needs spanking, Send name, number, fantasy & description to: Scott Adler, PO Box 10672, Denver, CO 80210-0672

FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-handed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

#### CONNECTICUT

LEATHER SM BIKER

Looking for bottoms/slaves who knows what leather slavery is and is good at it. Indeed, SM sex, in dungeon and on my bike will train respect limits. Write-enclose photo if you're ready for leather sex. Box 3957LF.

LIVE-IN SLAVE

Live-in GWM 18-28 slave into heavy C&BT, TT, FF. Call Al, (617) 497-0651. Must leave phone, qualifications, description.

#### DC-METRO

BEARDED MASTER

42, 5'10", 165 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean, healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully-equipped "den". All scenes except scat. Novice guys get TLC. I am in the Anapolis-Baltimore-DC area. Letters with photos get answered. Also looking for other good Masters. Box 3893LF

**DEDICATED LEATHERMAN** 

WM, 37, 5'10", 155, BI/BI, moustache, goatee. SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: P.O. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

A MAN

170 lbs. solid muscle, 5'10", 39, dark, bearded. InterChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity and self-acceptance. Years of residence in Stockholm, Paris, and Berlin have given me European flexibility: am my own man and not captive of any role. Ardent handball enthusiast. Besides FF, am into all sides of Fr, Gr, titwork and mutually satisfying S&M. Like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Very health conscious but that doesn't keep me from enjoying life. Sound interesting? Write Bob, PO Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651.

HOT LEAN DIRTY, KINKY TOP needed by hot lean white bottom. Into normal scenes plus W/S, electricity, catheters, cigarette burns, shaving, beer, poppers, B/D and C/B torture. Let me smell, kiss, lick and suck your dirty unwashed meat as you discipline my cock and balls. If your odor can't make me back off or water my eyes, don't bother. I want the real thing. Box 4068

#### **DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL** SLAVE MARKET

**BLAZING PADDLES** 

WM stud seeks tough guys for reciprocal rounds of classical seat-of-thebritches, ankle-grabbing, lift-you-offthe-floor ass busting. Box 27082, Wash., DC 20038

**HOT FF BOTTOM** 

DC-Metro, hot FF bottom, into intense scenes, enjoy unusual and interesting mind games. Also enjoy a little surprise and novelty, not expecting your classic top-bottom situation. A little imagination, concentrate hard. I'm 6'+, 180 lbs., WM, and a real surprise. Alex. Box 4732LF

#### FLORIDA

**BOOT SERVICE** 

Looking for construction worker in jeans or leather daddy type to make me lick his boots and manhandle me. Please make me earn your boots and the privilege to grovel at your feet. No strings, safe fun only, please. Your photo gets mine. Occupant, Box 140283, Miami, FL 33146-0283.

"THE SARGE"

33, 6 ft., 165 lbs., short brown hair, clean-shaven, goodlooking, fun lovin leatherman. Lookin' for a few good men. If you are muscular, defined, clean and together, a man who takes care of himself and knows how to take care of another man, if you've got the spirit, maybe you can join my corps. Sarge is top, but always welcomes correspondence from other tops. Send a picture for an answer. C'mon, don't be shy. Now stand at ease and start writin'. Box 4526LF

HAIRY, HUNG DADDY

seeks Slaveboy/Daddy's Boy for possible permanent relationship. Daddy is 49, 5'10, hairy and hung big. Boy is younger (but legal age), smooth, with a big uncut dick and low hangers. Boy must be obedient, eager to serve, looking for love and security. Daddy can provide good home life, training, strict control, and all decisions. Can travel anywhere or meet you here in Florida. Photo and submissive letter required. Box 4453LF

I'LL SUCK YOUR COCK

I'm on my knees sucking while my friend pisses on me. Shaved head, cock and balls. PO Box 6072, Port Charlotte, FL 33949-6072

LIVE-IN DAD WANTED

39-year-old, redheaded ass-eating cocksucker wants to settle down. Have girlish face, short, nice body, luxury house, pool, don't work. Dad must be intelligent, like me, no drugs, well-spoken, working, can live free till part-time employed. Must be strong, hairy, on the tall side, firm, yet loving and protective. Very sincere. Alcohol OK. I love man smell, can get a bit kinky. Barry Ross, 14624 SW 144 Court, Miami, FL 33186. Phone: (305) 251-4838.

SLAVE NEEDS INSTRUCTION

Slave with little experience looking for Master who can provide proper training. Slave is 35, 5'11", 200 lbs., blond, blue eyes. Into doing Master's wishes. Limitations: No drugs, scat, piercing or marks. Please, Sir, train me to serve you. Box 4461LF

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training" in heavy bondage and light SM. Limits respected. Can go bottom for competent top interested in safe sex. Discretion required and reciprocated. Jake Leonard, #24751, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307

#### SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

ATHLETIC W/M

29, seeks down-to-earth, well-built, masculine man for friend and possible lover. Enjoys the outdoors, the beaches, working out, fine arts and quiet times cuddled up together. Write P.O. Box 5121, Winter Park, FL 32793-5121. Photo, please.

Masculine, imaginative, adventurers sought for bondage, whipping, slow torture, sweat. Versatile WM, 32, 6', 160, slim, masculine, seeks men with covelo type torture fantasies for safe, sane, discrete sessions. No injury, lasting marks, fluid exchange. Photo

appreciated. Box 4637

wanted: Fulltime slave
by Master (30, 5ft., 10 in., 165 lbs.,
bearded, hairy). Must be submissive,
obedient, healthy, into leather, heavy
S&M, B&D, Gr/P, Fr/A, FF/P, and more.
Must submit to complete training for
duties. Sincere only. Apply with photo
to: Bridwell, PO Box 7686, Atlanta, GA
30357-0686

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine experienced top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training" in heavy bondage and light S&M. Limits respected. Discretion required/reciprocated. If your not serious enough to include a photo then save the stamp, Jake Leonard, PO Box 24751, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307.

TIT TORTURE

Hot nipples ready for hot Master, 6'2", 170, handsome seeks same. Blue eyes, uncut, for your pleasure. Box 10181, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33334 or call (305) 564-0217.

#### GEORGIA

HOT KNIGHT IN AUGUSTA

Hot, masculine, muscular, 44 yr. old, white, motorcycling leatherman seeks permanent relationship with man into leather, uniforms, boots, Speedo swim briefs and big bikes. Must be open, honest, mature, 35-50 yrs. and willing to become my workout partner, motorcycle buddy, companion, friend and lover. Into light to moderate, health-conscious S&M. Prefer the top role but enjoy switching with man I respect. No fems, freaks, alkies, druggies or weirdos. Send photo please. Box 4728LF

WANTED: SLAVE/BOY
Must be small and young. Will work for
mid-forty year old dad. Write w/pho-

to(s). Box 4787

TRAINING—COMPUTERS

Would like to join with others in Atlanta in enforced training and discipline. Also, would like to make contact with others with computers. Box 4710LF

SIR!

This Atlanta slave awaits your discipline and orders. I am 33, 5'9", 140 lbs. and need your help and training, please Sir. Box 4409LF **BOOT WORSHIPPING SLAVE** 

WM, 27, 6'0", 180 lb. slave. Sir, this southern boy needs to worship you and your boots, Sirl Sir This boy is into WS, shaving, BD, SM, TT, and rough ass play, Sirl Dominant Master needed. Please write, Sir, or call (404)881-0294. Sir, this boot boy is on his knees waiting for your orders, Sirl Box 4483LF

LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES
Altanta WM, 35, 5'10", br/br, 142,
mature, prof. employed, into leather,
bikes, boots. Seeks similar health conscious man for permanent, reasonably
discreet relationship. Letter with photo
gets results. Box 4789

HOUSEBOY & ALL HOT MEN
GWM duo, 29 and 36, both 5'10", 150
lbs., moustaches, smooth/hairy. Seek
hot tops or bottoms, singles or couples
for hot times with no hang-ups. Any &
all scenes with muitual respect. Got a
fantasy, let us make it a reality! Also
looking for houseboy/slave, live in or
out, with initial input considered. Will
train, no experience OK. Photo, phone,
detailed letter. PO Box 76125, Atlanta,
GA 30358-1125 (4700LF)

#### ILLINOIS

FART IN MY FACE

Let me lick and suck on your dirty ass. Piss in my mouth. You: white 18-40, 120-170. Me: 40, slim, white, not into body hair. Spanking and fucking possible. Box 4707

MATURE MALE MASTER

white, seeks slaves and submissives for casual sessions. Not interested in teacher role, dopies, drunkies, or leather queens. Want men 18-50, white or Oriental who are healthy, in good shape, well-set-up and know the score. Prefer between 5'1" and 6'0" and 130 to 180 lbs. Box 4404LF

## **Bull Balls**

SOFT LEATHER BALL BAG. . . STRETCHER FULLY LINED. . . WEIGHTED POUCH

INTRODUCTORY ITEM



**OPTIONS:** 

Stretcher: □ 1-1/4" □ 2"

Closure: ☐ snaps ☐ Velcro

Lbs: □1-3/4 \$34.00 □ 2-3/4 \$44.00

Save COD charges, Send Check or money order to:

#### **EUREKA LEATHERS**

308 A Eureka Street San Francisco, CA 94114 (415) 641-4213

**GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED** Chicago Master: 43, 6'3", 190# with well-equipped Dungeon/Playroom including sling wants submissive slaves or bottoms for: obedience training, bondage, humiliation, discipline, fraternity initiations, paddling, C&B work, SM, exhibitionism, etc. All limits respected. Photos of sessions available if desired. Novices accepted. Race no problem. Will be Drummer Dad to deserving young studs. Also require occasional services of slave to maintain & care for leather toys and playroom and to perfom miscellaneous tasks. Send photo if possible to: PO Box 2630, Chicago, IL 60690.

TALK DIRTY TO ME, SLAP ME, FUCK ME

Gay white male, 30's, ass/tit slave seeks white, mature leather master to apply tit torture, face fucking, ass rimming, cock/ball torture, finger fucking, dildo play, restraints and hard fucking. Pighole available for orgies. Please send descriptive letter with hot photo/phone. Box 4793

#### INDIANA

BONDAGE SLAVE

anxious to serve. WM, 160, 5'10½" tall, with some limited experience is anxious to be put into your control and to perform services which my master demands. Also interested in initiation experiences either by myself or with other initiates. Am not into FF or electric shock, but would expect strong discipline for master's pleasure. Can travel on weekends in Northern and Central Indiana, or even West Central Ohio. Would also be interested in prisoner scenes, being used as an animal, and dungeon experiences. Discretion essential. Box 4475LF

FT. WAYNE AREA

Bring me your fantasies! W/M, 5'11", 180 lbs., blond/blue, hairy. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to heavy S/M, whipping, paddling, etc. FF a specialty! Mostly top, but extremely versatile. We can work out your mildest or wildest fantasies together. Can travel and entertain. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Reply Drummer Box 4705LF

HAIRY TOILET WANTED

Theatre man, 42, 6', 150, 8" uncut, wants permanent relationship with small, dark, raunchy, submissive animal with smelly, hairy pits and asshole into mutual toilet sex. Serious only! No booze, drugs, family! Relocate to Indy! Box 4750

CASTRATION

Genital mutilation/modification—fantasy, reality, T/T, CBT, piercing—temporary/permanent, correspondence, possible meeting. Box 4782

BIG MUSCLES

Looking for men over 25 years old, built well, big muscles. Also no feminine guys need answer. Photo a must! Will answer all with photo! S/M type OK! Box 4803

#### LOUISANA

MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans, WM, 30, 6', 165, LF4458, seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather: tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, jeans, jackets, belts, caps. Prefer to be bottom, but versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a HD by days, and I ride a V65 Magna at night in leather. Also have Kawasaki Ninja and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear; Police unifoms

and gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone JO ok. Call (504)282-0729, PO Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather, call someone else.

#### MAINE

TIE ME UP AND ?

Serious bondage bottom interested in prolonged sessions. Box 2186, South Portland, ME 04106. All answered. (LF4459)

#### MARYLAND

LEATHER TOP WANTED

GWM, 36, 5'7", masculine, attractive, seeks a real man for heavy bondage, hard ballwork, etc. Name your desire. Box 4790

#### MASSACHUSETTS

BLACK LEATHER and BONDAGE WM, 27, 6'1", 185 needs booted, gloved, arrogant Leather Master for dog training, humiliation, heavy VA and heavy bondage (gags, hoods, collars, cuffs, etc.). Send me your orders, Sir, and I will obey. Complete discretion requested. Box 4576LF

TOTAL LIVE-IN SLAVE

Dad and Son want a GWM approx. 6' tall, 170 lbs., slim body, no facial hair, who is ready to relocate immediately to a small town and live in a large house. You will do house and yard work, but will not work a job. We will support our slave. We are into leather, rubber, SM, B&D, TT, shaving and W/S. Playroom is well equipped to provide discipline when required. No fems, drugs, FF, or scat. For initial contact, call (413) 267-5278 before 10 P.M. Eastern time. We are ready, are you? A doctorate in slavery is not required. LF4247

YOU A TICKLER?

Trim, short, hairy, very ticklish GM craves the unendurable touch of a compatible man with a playfully sadistic streak. Torment my tender feet and manly, but sensitive body; make me laugh and plead til I'm weak with exhaustion. Role exchange optional, safesex a must. Also seeking penpals—your hot letter gets mine. PO Box 1944, Boston, MA 02105

RAUNCY-HOT-WET SEX

23 years old, 5'9", 150 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, has beard & moustache, 7½" cut hose, active and passive. Digs: leather/Levi action, tit work, lots of piss drinking, 69, recycled beer swap, well used jockstraps, sweaty bodies. Scott. PO Box 42, Milton, MA 02186

GWM

35, 5'9", 140, trim well-built, masculine seeking same 20-40, for Master/slave relationship. Would like to be examined in my skin-tight levis and T-shirt with white Hi-top Nikes, bound at wrists hanging from ceiling. Paddle my tight ass in levis, then strip me, torture my cock and balls with leather straps, then shave my masculine cock hairs till I'm bald. Shave my ass cheeks until they're smooth. Keep me hard for hours until my Master makes me cum. Box 4405LF

INDEPENDENT BOTTOM

Boston area, seeks a mature (35-plus) Top, who wants the willing service of an intelligent, thinking and bottom into bondage, discipline, WS, raunch, and uniforms. I'm 40, 5'11", 170, blond, clean-shaven, smooth body, cut. Ultimate goal is a healthy dominant-subordinate relationship involving the intellect, spirit and body. Sir, let's explore the possibilities. Reply to Box 4474LF. All replys will be answered.

WM, 41, 6', 185 LBS.

Bottom seeks top for pleasure trips into pain. Turned on by bondage, whippings, tit-cock-ball torture and lots of piss. Not into drugs, scat, FF, blood and damage. Seek sane top/buddy for mutually satisfying times. Photo/phone for early meeting. Box 4724LF

**NEEDED: LEATHER MAN** 

Bottom man needs knowledgeable erotic top man into bondage. I am 33, 5'8", 140 lbs. and eager to learn more of leather hoods, gags, restraints, gloves, chaps, jocks, rubber and hot scenes with erotic, hot top. All replys will be answered as you order. I travel all of New England. Box 4757LF

#### MICHIGAN

JACKSON AREA TOP

36, 6'0", 170 lbs., well-built, long, thick uncut 10½", topman into man-to-man leather SM sex. GR, FR, FF, CB, BD, TT, WS, toys—you name it! You: Masculine, 20-45 with hot eager hole, submissive and willing. Write with photo, specs, # and your favorite fantasy. Box 4539LF

#### MINNESOTA

**FETID FORESKIN** 

on raunchy 38-year-old, 150#, 5'10" pig needs attention from other raunchy freaks who are 35-50, beefy, dirty, hairy UC & mean. Hot, filthy correspondence welcome.(4571LF) Grant, PO Box 6194, Minneapolis, MN 55406

WICCAN PRIEST

rides 1000cc bike, sane SM. Wants to contact those with similar interests. Write for details. Box 4527LF

Photo, phone please. Write to Box #109DS.

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy/Master: 6', 165, 41, stable, sensitive, sincere, loving, dominant/leather. Son/slave: slim, smooth, 18-30 (youngest given preference, all others considered), submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM, BD, humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being fucked; must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy/Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF.

'm blond bairy PO Roy 65232 St Pa

I'm blond, hairy. PO Box 65232, St. Paul, MN 55165

PRISONER AVAILABLE FOR TORTURE

Blond slave, 22, seeks dominate master for confinement and torture. Whips, spread-eagle, TT, CB&T, dildos, stretching, obedience and training. (612) 874-9239. Box 4703

#### MISSISSIPPI

LOW HANGING BALLS?

WM, age 35, attractive, wants to be slave for man to age 45 with big hanging balls. Everything goes. Box 4396

#### MISSOURI

SEARCHING FOR LEATHER MASTER

heavily into bondage, enemas, rubber, shaving, etc. Slave is white, 26 yrs., 170 lbs, medium build, novice—needs training and servitude. Master will have devoted slave. Please write soon, Sir. Box 4555LF

WANTED!!

White male who is serious about our way of life. Who expects to be treated as property and will make his Master proud of his property. All responses to include address, phone number and photo which will be returned on request. Box 4719LF

#### MONTANA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVES

Clean, healthy, discreet, together. I'm 5'9", 140 lbs., trim & athletic. Prefer muscular athletes—football players, body builders, cowboys—who need to be dominated, humiliated, paddled & controlled by a smaller man. You know you need it, want it, deserve it. The ultimate in submission. Write, with photo & phone. PO Box 3754, Bozeman, MT 59772-3754

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE

SLAVES WANTED TO BE TRAINED Looking for submissive GMs 18 to 30 for on-location training in good sexual service by 39-year-old master slave trainer. Must be willing to travel. Write: Paul Emery, P.O. Box 477, Intervale, NH 03845 or phone Sir (603) 356-6101.

NEW JERSEY

STUD PRISONER

ready to be tortured. Box 4747

WANTED: SLAVE ME: MASTER is 45, 6'2", 195 lbs., brown hair (getting a little thin top), brown eyes, hairy body, quiet type, straight acting and appearing, good sense of humor, not into games or fantasy trips. Own home in country in Northern New Jersey. Enjoy working a good body. Used to own my own private photography business specializing in bodybuilders, musclemen, MASTERS and their slaves, so I know what a good body is. Muscles are a plus, but not a necessity. I am not a bodybuilder myself, but appreciate that type of body. Into computers, slaves and taking care of my house. YOU: slave, late 20s to late 30s, quiet type, straight acting and appearing, well behaved (important), no nonsense type who knows his place. You must have a warm mouth that likes to be filled with warm meat. Enjoy wearing some leahter: body harness, cock and ball harness, etc., and understand the meaning and value of discipline. Not into drugs of any type. If you can not get it on yourself and/or with help from me, I am not interested. No problem if you are not fully trained. If you want to learn, I will take the time to train you. Live in the vicinity of Northern New Jersey. WANT: Service and a good time, but a quiet time, in and out of bed for weekends with the possibility of having you move into house on a permanent basis. Box 291LF

TORTURE CHAMBER

ready for prisoners to be chained to the rack and tortured. Box 4695

NEW JERSEY

GWM, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., extremely health-conscious, into spanking, TT, crotch shaving, CBT, enemas, VA, humiliation. I prefer to take rather than give, but will consider trade-off with right person. No exchange of body fluids. PO Box 74, East Brunswick, NJ 08816

#### NEW YORK

39, 140 LBS., BLOND

green, 8" cut, hot, hung, horny and into everything you can imagine. PO Box 9152, 600 West 58th Street, NYC, NY. Box 4557LF

LEATHER, RUBBER, S&M

Leather, rubber, S&M, B&D, jocks, WS? Jeffrey Carlyle, PO Box 413, Binghamton, NY 13903

SLEAZE STUD

WM, 45, 6', 170 lbs., goodlooking seeks same into Levi/leather, dirty jocks, smelly armpits, cheesy dicks, spit, sweat, W/S, rimming, scat. Any raunchy scene. Hairy, uncut preferred. Box 4645

COPS

Hot, 29, 5'8", 140, athletic, handsome, masculine, healthy, looking for uniformed cops for fantasy and worship. Box 354, NY, NY 10108

TOTALLY JADED

39, 170 lbs., blond/green, 8" cut, hot, hung, horny and into everything you can imagine (4557LF). PO Box 9152, 600 West 58th Street, New York, NY

MACHO TOP

I'm a mid-50s macho top, with a mid-40s body and a mid-30s mind, looking for a macho man who needs care and affection and is willing to commit himself to creating a mutually rewarding relationship. Must also be willing to share mutual trust whether it involves sexual limits, finances or friends, I am 155#, 5'10", medium-hairy, muscular and athletic, sensuous, dominant, sexually experienced and versatile and uncloseted, so am not looking for a "discreet" relationship. I also happen to like bars, baths, raunch and responsibility. I have never had any STD's and am AIDS negative and medically knowledgeable. Professionally I am a scientist, financially secure and can support you fully within limits, but expect you to have motivation and a rational purpose in life or be willing to let me help you find one. Your facial features, physical condition and emotional maturity are important to me, so please send a recent photo. My last lover was a model, but that's not a requirement. I do expect you to be sincere, honest and to respect yourself and your body, and to be willing to make yourself important to me. I haven't mentioned leather, but I wouldn't advertize in Drummer if that were unimportant. Box 4520LF.

STUD vs. STUD

wrestling/fighting. WM, 6', 185 lbs., 29, extremely good-looking, blond, blue eyes, muscular stallion, LF4407. Looking for other hot, muscular studs into wrestling/fighting for top. Winner takes all-looser gets fucked long and hard. Looking for men who are 21-45, top, G/A, muscular and willing to lay their ass on the line in wrestling/fighting, ball tug-of-wars, cock fights and other combat for hot, hard matches to submission. I get into wrestling in leather, oil, piss, mud, naked and in jock straps. Looking for men who are also into ball tug-of-wars, wrestling with balls tied together and other hot, hard combat that leads to sex. No bottoms need apply; only looking for serious fighters. Black bodybuil-ders/wrestlers and muscular hispanics can try...if they think they can handle it. Still waiting to meet the man I can't beat. Wanna wrestle? Located outside New York City; visitors/challengers welcome. Write with picture to: M.S., P.O. Box 712, Kings Park, NY 11754

#### DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

**BONDAGE SLAVE** 

GWM, 32, good body, seeks bondage master for safe sex S/M training. Into CBT, TT, paddling, exhibitionism and long-term confinement. One-on-one or group scenes. Box 6236, FDR Station, NY, NY 10150

**MID-HUDSON VALLEY** 

Masculine, bearded master 33, 6', 160 lbs, with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot, trim and under 35. Reply with photo and phone #. J. Miller POB 3086, Kingston, NY 12401. (LF4092).

ASS LICKER

available for individuals or groups. Anybody over 30. Also cocksucking. NYC only. Phones get faster reply. Box 323, NYC 10023

#### RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy, NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160, into man-to-man, heavy body contact, face punching and verbal action between 2 raunchy jock-filled studs. Also spit, hairy pits and pecs. Wants a man who gives what he takes. Photos answered first, Box 4573LF

SCORE YOURSELF

Are you: 1)Young; 2)goodlooking; 3)muscular; 4)healthy; 5)submissive; 6)obedient? Are you prepared for: 7)Slavery; 8)training; 9)punishment; 10)two tall, goodlooking blond men in their 30s—Master and slave? Add one point for each YES. If you score a 10, send details for each YES accompanied by recent photo for verification of first three questions. Extra points will be given for essay detailing additional qualifications. Box 673LF.

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

WM, 42, discreet, sincere, LF4471, cut seeks licenced surgeon, especially Hispanic, any age/race in the Tri-State Area to lengthen piss slit, enlarge tits-/nipples, implant multiple piercings (tits/nipples, cock, balls, ass, "tang" belly) and catheterization to remain for days, plus extensive urological, cystoscopic, protological exams, steriod and estrogen therapies. Anesthetic possibilities optional. Have adequate health insurance and am prepared to pay privately, if necessary, for professional talents not reimbursable. Into cock suturing, ball-sac reduction, rectal enlargement and severe recircumcision. Contact experimental "animal" at (516)285-5181, 9 PM-7 AM, Mon-Fri, and 24-hours weekends. Write Boxholder, Box 3092, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017. Please call, doctor-your slut needs this.

MAN-TO-MAN

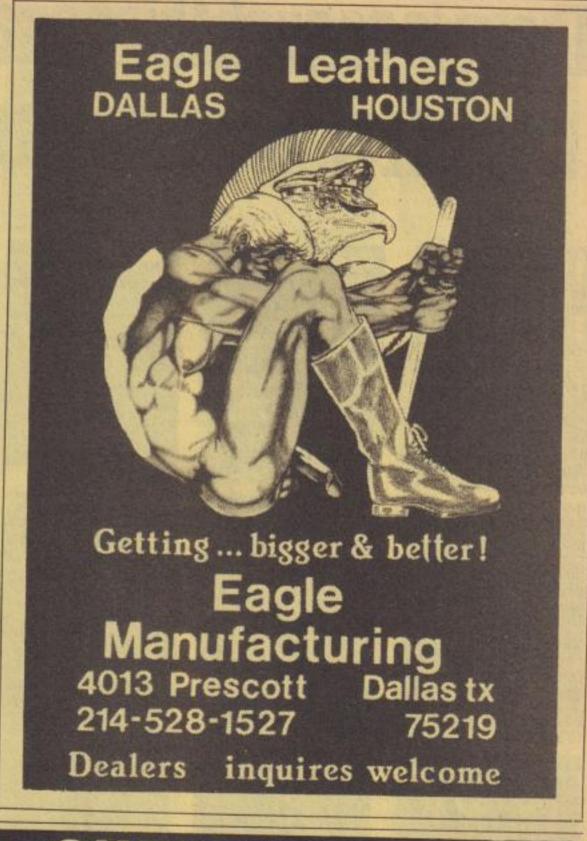
Masculine bodybuilder, 32 years, 45 chest, 32 waist, solid, hard muscled, big arms & pecs, dark hair, moustache, Italian, masculine and straight appearing intelligent and sensitive wants to meet dominant no-nonsense take charge man into manly physical action and intense mental and emotional exploration. Extremely health-conscious. Our physical and emotional limits expanded. Nick PO Box 1350, Jackson Heights Stn, New York, NY 11372. (LF4020)

TOP/MASTER/SADIST

I am a safe, sane, very experienced top/master/sadist into all S/M and more. No drugs—no damage. I will hurt you, but never harm you. Dr. scenes with professional equipment part of scenes you will not forget. Write Sir Paul Breeme, PO Box 148, NYC 10016.

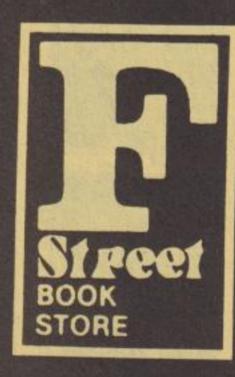
**FANTASIES FULFILLED** 

Trim, bearded master, 35, needs slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage, discipline, and verbal abuse/humiliation. Have well equipped dungeon and broad, eager tool. Applicants must be healthy, trim, under 35. Arrogant punks & novices welcome. Reply with phone & photo. J. Miller, Box 3086, Kingston, NY 12401. (LF4092)



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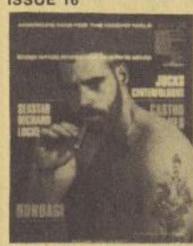
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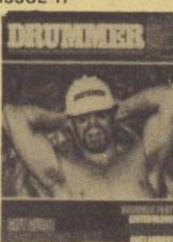








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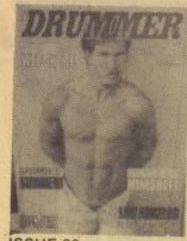
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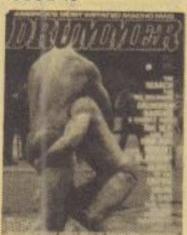
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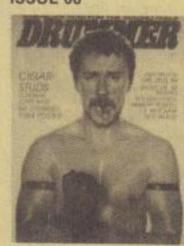
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40, 6'4", leather, cigars, uniforms, tattoos: looking to own a total slave! If being stripped, shackled, shaved and trained to serve one Master permanently has been your fantasy, here's the chance to make it a reality!!! Lots of equipment to tame the slave and teach him the meaning of restraint. All letters answered, but those with photo and phone number get first priority. Write to: Bondage Master, 263A West 19th St., Suite #160, New York, NY 10011. (LF4730)

NEEDY FUCKSLAVE

WM, 42 (looks younger), masculine, intelligent, obedient, true-spirited, goodlooking, slim, clean-shaven, rust-red hair, blue-gray eyes, yields trim (145), 5'10" all to masculine, trim, intelligent, goodlooking, healthy, sincere, well-hung, experienced, sane white commander to around 45. Quest: intense mind-body fusion through control, abuse and deep-plowing. No scat, FF, heavy pain. Ready for long-term commitment to serious, focused, caring master. Exchange photos/phone-s/letters. Box 4725LF

MY SON THE SADIST?

Daddy Bear, 40's, tall, big, GJM, seeks trim to muscular mean son who wants to administer punishment to his Dad via ropes, TT, VA, handcuffs, etc. Dad will have to reciprocate by overpowering son and wrestle him to submission and mete out suitable punishment to capture his body and mind! Safe-sane SM, clean, health-conscious, nonpromiscuous JO sex only! No drugs, scat, FF, W/S. No body fluid exchanges! Daddy Bear is educated, successful, cuddly but on mean/sadistic side. Send details of your fantasies, realistic needs and photo if you seek solid, grown-up relationship. Box 4718LF

MUSCLE POWER

Super hot, muscular jock is looking for other muscle-bound jocks into muscles, bodybuilding, leather, going barefoot and barechested. Showing off our hot bodies and big bulges in tight sweat pants or 501 jeans. I am looking for straight-acting, muscle jocks who want and demand the best in hot, uninhibited sex and man-to-man action. I get into wrestling, boxing, bodypunching, general horsing around, posing and flexing, sex challenges, heavy ball work, leather, Harleys, oil, sweat, exhibitionism, piss and hard sex. I am W/ 29, 5'10", 170 lbs. of man, with a rock hard, ripped body. I have brown hair and eyes, mustache, hot, rugged goodlooks, and a 12" cock, and a real cocky straight attitude. I am health conscious so I limit myself to a few hot and horny muscle-bound men like myself. You must be 18-40, a true muscle jock into the above with a spirit of adventure. So if you are interested, heavily muscled and into muscle, then reply with picture. Then we can get together, pumpup, oil-up and put our hot muscular bodies through a hot sexual work-out. Reply with photo to Duke, PO Box 165, Kings Park, NY 11754. Let's work out our hot, horny muscle urges on each other, Box 4746LF

LEVI/LEATHER DAD

Hairy WM, 40, 5'11", 180, with thick cock and large balls will train and discipline sons, abuse and use bottoms, roughhouse with other dads. Enjoys bondage, tit and ball torture, hot wax, clothespins, whipping ass, cuddling, classical music, travel, motorcycling, bullshitting. Tough DIs and skilled Tops may expand my horizons. No scat, FF, drugs. Have house with playroom in Kingston, NY; can travel. Photo required with letter; phone speeds reply. Box 4716LF

CRAVING DISCIPLINE

31, 165, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot, mustached professional desperately needs to be leashed, collared, trained to obey master's every command (within limits of safe sex). This dog seeks master 28-40 in good shape. Photo/phone. Box 1038, Southampton, NY 11768. (LF4715)

HEAVY BONDAGE

Looking for intense administration of heavy bondage, prolonged leather encasement in hoods, leather strait-jackets, restraints, suspension, etc. Seek total master, intelligent, wealthy and sane. Box 4683LF

GWM, 38 , 5'8", 145

seeks Master with the drive to cut through my B.S. and turn me into a useful piece of property. Need strict Master to take me from easy lifestyle, break me and train me to be the obedient and willing slave that I was meant to be. Hope to find life of fulfillment through the use and abuse of my Master in satisfying his wishes. Box 4698LF

MUSCLE SON WANTED BY BB

to grow, develop and even become competitive, for dad who will be BB coach. Prefer boy, over 18, who is not afraid to show off his muscles and have dad exhibit him. Must be ready to adhere to strict training schedule and keep dad happy as well as serve him in his apartment in NYC. Good situation for a big man with big goals. Ph/Ph/Letter to Drummer Box 4717LF

TOPMAN, 40, 5'8", 155 LBS.

in top condition with muscles, brain and enough sensitivity to make any bottom quiver for more, wants to hook up with a man with a hungry butt and the right mind to know his place in a man's world. Photo replies will be answered. Box 4788

BEARDED, 35

Leatherman, 6', 160, top, seeks bottom for hot, health-conscious scenes. No holds barred, so long as we both can walk away feeling we haven't put our health at risk. Like muscular men in chaps with beard, moustache. Especially like hot older men in great shape. Your picture gets mine. Box 4712LF

DOMINANT WHITE MALE

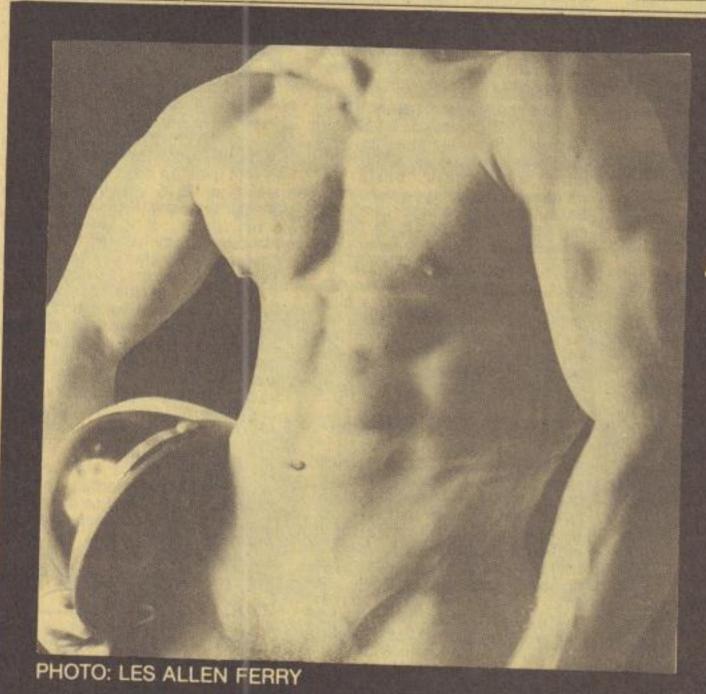
40, goodlooking, easy going but firm looking to meet guys 18-35 who are in need of a brother, father image, good friend or more. I'm dominant in bondage, shaving, light SM, Greek, and other fantasies, depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Inexperiencedthat's OK-have lots of patience. You should be a non-smoker, light drinker, and non-fem. I travel the US as well, so this ad is not restricted to NY and Long Island. Respond with photo and phone if possible. Box 1027, Valley Stream, NY 11582. (LF4711)

OUT OF PLACE

I know this ad seems out of place, but I'm really into a very light scene. I'm looking for a patient, affectionate, responsible top who'll take the time I need to slowly expand my limits. I'm a big guy, 36, 6'2", 220 lbs. with a shaved head. Each time I test the water, I find someone trying to push me too far too fast. I'm looking for a man I can lean on and rely on; someone I can let go with and defer to after a long day of making decisions. I hope you're out there. Please write and send a photo if possible. Box 4709LF

INSATIABLE FUCKSLAVE

GWM, 42, 6', 190, uncut, moustache, desires to service demanding, horse-hung Assmaster. Live Upstate, travel weekends. Box 4680



WE HAVE WAYS OF MAKING YOU.

TELEROTIC

• 24 HOURS • CREDIT CARDS

**EXPLICIT LIVE CALLS FOR MEN • OVER 18** 

1-213-386-0448

OWN QUALITY SLAVE/ MANSERVANT

Experienced, attractive, husky 50, 5'9", 184, for full service. Box 4780

SLAVE/SON/LOVER

28, handsome, white male, not big on pain, but discipline is fun. Love sucking. Joe (212) 741-3282

HOT, BUTCH N.Y.C. BOTTOM WM, 43 (looks mid-thirties), 6', 190 lbs., thick brown hair and moustache, thick and cut 8" cock, nice nuts. Construction worker look. Hooked on hot sex and hot, big dicked tops who know how to manhandle and take control from this butch and masculine and handsome 190 lbs. strong hunk. I want to explore hot, wild and creative SAFE SEX including: wrestling, bondage, toys, verbal abuse, fantasies, sucking, getting fucked, etc., etc., etc.... In addition to the above, I enjoy loving, being loved, downhill skiing, theatre, scrabble, sailing, beaching, the arts, family and friends. I am warm, loving, bright, honest, fun, and always horny for hot mansex. Send letter, phone number and hot photo to Box 4776.

SAFE, HOT BONDAGE

Healthy, hot, handsome, WM, top, 36, 5'10", 150 lbs., blond, gym body seeks healthy WM bottom 24-35, with smooth, slim good body into hot sex and safe, light bondage and discipline. Upper nude photo, phone to Box 4689.

ASS SLAVE

Needs to be dominated by caring Master with a mean streak for exploring/expanding limits. Also need titwork, CB/T, humiliation. Slave is WM, 33, 6'2", 160, and handsome. Health conscious. Box 4690

PIERCING SCENE(S) WANTED from experienced piercer—temporary and permanent. NYC (718) 238-2701.

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy, NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160, into man-to-man body contact, verbal action, between two raunchy jock-filled studs. Also, pecs, spit and hairy pits. J/O and hot sex. Wants a man who can take what he gives. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

UPSTATE LEATHER MASTER/DADDY

WM, 6'2", 180 lbs., masculine Master seeks slaves for training, possible permanent relationship. Must be submissive & obedient. Havey own home in country. Box 4756LF

NY/NJ/CT AREA COP SCENE
WM, 45, 160, uniformed cop, looking for
some with mounted or highway uniform into cop fantasy, J/O and more.
Reply w/photo/phone will get sure
response. Uniform a must. PO Box 689,
Brooklyn, NY 11202

GASTROENTEROLOGIST/ UROLOGIST

patient needs total colonoscopy. I seek only the legitimate experience. Also seek cystoscopy. Will travel. Serious ad for serious responses only! I am GWM, 34, 5'10", 160. Call (212) 874-1325

UNUSUAL SLAVERY OPPORTUNITY

+ live in and be cared for. You will work in Long Island, NY doing inside and outside work. Submit photo and resume to Box 4255.

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER
49, 6'1", trim, clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781

WANTED: CHUNKY DADDY/ MASTER

GWM, 30, 5'11", 190, stocky-build, br/bl, needs love and supervision of good-looking, macho, chunky Daddy/Master to 40. I'm into VA, domination, humiliation, Gr/P and assplay, toys, amyl, WS, rim and group scenes. Looking to expand horizons with proper guidance. I'm successful, intelligent, professional, so I'm looking for a man who's the boss in bed, but willing to share my life out of it. Please, Sir. Photo and phone number appreciated. Box 4796

#### NORTH CAROLINA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

I hope I have let enough time pass to give all the jerk-offs and time-wasters a chance to either get serious or get lost. I still seek a live-in slave. I do not wish to waste time with idle, jack-off fantasies. If you are serious about being a slave, then we can talk. You will be interviewed, tried, and trained. You will be loved when earned, punished when deserved. But always cared for. Your pleasure will be to maintain a sound mind and body, and to always try to please me. You will be disciplined as my father disciplined me, and will be a better man and slave for it. For a serious interview call Randy: (704) 865-0983, or write: 1729 Hudson Blvd., #76, Gastonia, NC 28054

#### OHIO

DISCIPLINE

effectively incorporated with marine bootcamp by former English prep school dormitory prefect. GWM, 38, sharp and super physical shape. Inspections, physical workouts, PWS liberal doses of paddle, strap, belt and/or cane applied in a no-nonsense fashion on recruit's ass. Send picture to Box 4764

HUNGRY ASS

Awaits cocks and fists. GWM, late 20's, dark good looks, good body seeks tops. Please reply with photo. PO Box 12032, Columbus, OH 43212

DADDY/MASTER WANTS SON/SLAVE

WM Daddy/Master 38, 5'11", 200 stocky build, seeks son/slave for fun and games, S&M, B&D, TT, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF.

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE WM Master, 39, 5'11", 195, brn hair & eyes seeks slave for S&M, B&D, TT, watersports, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF

TALL BIG WM

Tall, big WM, 50, new to Wayne County, looking for new friends and possible permanent relationship. Box 4706LF

BM, 25, NOVICE SLAVE

seeks master for slow introduction into the lifestyle. Photo, phone please. Write PO Box 12170, Columbus, OH 43212.

#### OKLAHOMA

MASTER SEEKS 2ND SLAVE-HOUSEBOY

(2 GWM) Master and slave seek permanent houseboy/slave to finish household unit. New slave must be 20-30 years old. Into all scenes except scat and serious injury. Limits respected, but will be trained to suit Master. Must be able to relocate. (NO FATS, FAKES, FEMS) Only seriously interested need to respond. Send personal information, phone, and a recent photo a must. Will answer all. To: SIR, PO Box 23561, Oklahoma City, OK 73123 (LF4534)

FLOGGING

This punk needs a damned good flogging. Call Jim (405) 624-1820

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Sub. white male, 34, 6', 160 lbs. seeks dom. male to serve. I am into most scenes. Sir, please call (405) 391-2159, after 7 P.M. with instructions.

#### OREGON

NEED TRAINING/CONTROL? Salem, 6', 178#. Photo/age to Box 4507

#### EAT MY ASS!

Working man seeks others for nostrings sex. A beer, a joint & a JO buddy. Nothing up my ass bigger than a finger. Also likes jockstraps and group sex. Portland, Oregon or the Northwest. Box 4455LF

**OREGON LUMBERJACK** 

who is heroically handsome, hunky and profoundly professional (35 GWM) seeks similar sapien with no asence of skin, sensitivity, sincerity, skill nor skull. (503) 223-9823

> HOT, MUSCLED B&D TOP WANTED

To train handsome, fit 30s novice. Take me deeper into pleasure/pain. Photo/orders to: PO Box 12671, Portland, OR 97212

#### PENNSYLVANIA

LEATHER IN NEW HOPE

Just moved to New Hope, handsome, intelligent 35, 5'10". 170 lbs., blond wants safe sex with leather. Relationship possible. Complete your fantasies and mine. Letters & photos accepted at PO Box 542, New Hope, PA 18938-0542.

VERSATILE BOTTOM

needs hung dominant top. I'm into a/p Fr & Gr. Really like to suck cock and be fucked by cock, dildo or butt plug. Would like my limits expanded, but respected. Into bondage, enemas, WS, FF. I'm 40, 5'7", 160 lbs., blue eyes, cut. Please send orders, desires and phone to Box 4580LF.

MASTER/TOPMAN WANTED

WM, 5'9", 185 lbs, looking for Master-/Topman who is into prolonged bon-dage, with masks, hood, straight-jackets, etc. Boots, uniforms, watersports, whipping—you name it. No limits except no drugs or permanent markings. NY, MD, W. VA, VA, DC, PA Area. Box 4531LF

TOGETHER TOP

Tight, goodlooking WM, mid-40's, seeks bottoms who know their place and other tops who can trade off. This man offers safe, sane SM action. Only interested in masculine types—no heavy drugs, fatties, blacks. If you can take it, let's do it. Philadelphia area. Box 4685

#### UNCLE SEEKS NEPHEWS TO SPANK

Strict uncle, 37, 6', 155, seeks young, obedient nephews for frequent visits to my northeast PA home for strong spanking discipline and safe sex. Nephews must submit totally, spending hours in nude servitude and receive long, bare-ass spankings by hand, paddle, belt, combined with loving, safesex. Also share uncle/nephew relationship in other activities, such as skiing, dining out, etc. Prospective, non-chubby nephews, under 33, reply, with hot photo, to Box 4801.

#### FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

PORTLY DADDY

seeking animal degenerate in submissive tension. Post reply in clear, kinky submission. Need unafraid depictive edifice. Box 4752 BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by Military Drill Instructor. Basic Training in a strictly-disciplined military setting will include a thorough pre-induction physical exam, servicing spit-shined military Jump Boots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with lite SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. DI is looking for "A FEW GOOD MEN" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to re-live their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, BOX 242. Penndel, Pa., 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. LF4257

TRI-STATE AREA

Muscular top, 29, 6'3", 220, X-college football player is accepting applications for a body slave. Applicants must be straight looking and acting, muscular and between the ages of 17 and 40. Will consider newcomers, but you must be ready to serve a Master. If you're not sure you want to serve, don't waste my time with your application. Send your photo and application to MASTER, PO Box 55, Glenshaw, PA 15116. (4484LF)

ROUGH, WILD SEX

I'm 32, 6', 170 lbs., br. hair, gr. eyes, swimmer's build, good-looking, straight appearing, 8½" cut, dig real men, SM, CBT, poppers, amyl, J/O, Gr-Fr a/p—rough, wild, man-to-man sex. No scat or WS. Send hot photo for quick reply. JC, PO Box 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401 (LF 4047)

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Once you get me under your control, you set the limits. 37 year old bondage slave needs natural master capable of extended heavy bondage, sensory deprivation and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO Box 2091, Philadelphia, PA 19103. Am able and willing to travel to your domaine. (LF4674)

#### SOUTH CAROLINA

LIVE-IN SLAVE

Dominant, Italian GWM seeks to move in with qualified slave. Qualifications are: Age: 25-35; Height: 5'3"-5'11", Weight: Not over 10 lbs. normal weight; Hair: color, N/P, moustachemandatory, body hair-OK; Race: N/P; Education: HS grad, some college; Domestic: good cook & housekeeper; Employment: must have steady income: Ass: small buns, tight, hairless; Cock: size not important, must be cut; Sex: Greek A/P, French P, monogamy, bondage; Health: Must see physician regularly. All applicants must submit full resume with current photo and phone. All letters will be answered only if rules are followed. Box 4252

COLUMBIA

GWM, 32, 5'11", 145 lbs., slim, hairy, 8" uncut seeks healthy masculine partner for mutual SM exploration & satisfaction. B&D, CBT, tit/assplay, dildos, piercing, shaving. Very versatile. Answer all. Can travel. Box 4744

#### TEXAS

LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS

Austin area. WM, 30, 5'11", 175, hairy ex-cop seeks dominant leather/uniform Topman/Master. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of leather, high black boots, full police uniforms and gear. Also into SM, B&D, TT, VA/humiliation and WS. Gr/p, Fr/a. Photo, phone gets priority response. No scat, fats, fems or blacks. Box 4528LF

HOT, LONELY AND VERSATILE! 6', 180 lbs., healthy and cut WM with stocky build, medium chest hair desires slave/Master meeting and possible lasting relationship. Enjoy JO, TT (am pierced and tatooed), chains and leather, jocks and other athletic gear. Willing to experiment with right person, 25-45. Younger appearance than my 50 years and could assume dad role. Photo, phone and description to Box 4454LF gets mine. Dallas area.

MUSCULAR SLAVE

Healthy, hot , B/M, 27, 6'0", 180 lbs., gym body needs hot master for bondage, discipline, CB/T, Tt, J/O. Safe sex, Sir! P.O. Box 541242, Houston, TX 77254-1242

DALLAS

Safe sex with a super-clean, healthy, white top. I'm into bondage, C/B, tit torture, spankings, W/S and verbal abuse. Age 48, 5'9", 140 lbs. Box 4743

> BOTTOM NEEDS TOILET TRAINING

GWM, 22, 6'1", 150, 7" seeks hot, healthy, white topman to 45. Sit on my face and let me eat your load. Am inexperienced but want to be trained. Also like piss, fucking, dildoes. Send photo, phone, picture of your hole is a plus. Houston, Box 4679

SLAVE

Obsessions: blood, boots, branding, breath control, bondage, choking, confinement, control, discipline, dog training, domination, electricity, gloves, gut punching, hoods, interrogation, knives, leather, needles, piercing, piss, rimming, shaving, sweat, tatoos, torture, uniforms, violence. Interests: ashtray, enemas, fisting, plastic, rubber, Satanism, scat, whippings, serving lovers. Pretty much anything for intelligent MASTER. (713) 928-3318. (LF4792)

BARASIII

HOUSTON

GWM, 35, 5'6", trim seeks submissive under 40 into B/D and S/M, including whipping, TT, C/BT, electro-torture and piercing. Live-in position possible for bottom with right qualifications and capabilities. Send photo with letter.

**BIG DALLAS NIPPLES** 

want to be manhandled. GWM, 37, slim (6', 155 lbs.) seeks muscular or trim topman/men for C&BT, TT, WS, shaving, obedience training & B/D. Healthy sex only. No fats, crazys, or over 45. Dungeon a plus. Picture preferred, but not required. Box 4722LF

HANDSOME AND UNCUT

wants to meet other uncut 8" thick cocks for safe sex. Send info or pictures to PO Box 767, Stafford, TX 77477-0767

WM, 31, 5'10"

140 lbs., seeks slave for long-term. B/D, leather, Levi. No fats, fems. Only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Foto required for immediate reply (21-35 yrs. only). PO Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234

VIRGINIA

SERVICE-WORSHIP

First ad anywhere. Well-built, goodlooking, 6', 170 lbs., br/gr, hairy chest, big cock. Looking for one man in good physical condition who seriously loves to have his big cock and balls worshipped then serviced by an eager deep throat. Not relationship oriented but would like to meet one man, black or white, to service on a regular basis. Into long sessions of worship and deep throating. Like smoke, amyl and making you feel good. In northern Virginia but willing to travel. Box 4792

#### WASHINGTON

NEED MASTER/DADDY

33-year-old GWM, young, goodlooking, 145 lbs., 5'10" seeks mature, secure Master/Daddy to train beginner/novice for possible permanent relationship. Am tired of fantasy and bars. Need Master/Daddy to respect, obey and worship who is patient and considerate of slaves' limitations, but knowledgeable enough to expand them and ultimately control both my mind and body. Slave into toilet training, WS, bondage, verbal abuse and humiliation; seeks introduction to piercing. Master is honest, intelligent, healthy and financially secure. Slave will need to continue working while being trained. Thank you, Sir. Box 4529LF

#### DEAR SIR-WHERE TOPS AND **BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!**

58, 5'5", BRN, BRN

130 lbs. Top wanted by masochistic bottom. Into SM, WS, TT, & CBT. Greek passive, French active & passive. Tie me up in bath tub & piss on me. Stripe my ass with my cat of 12 tails. (12, count 'em). Dino, PO Box 25776, Seattle, WA 98125. (206) 367-4980

WISCONSIN

TOP/MASTER

wanted by bottom/slave, 29, 6'4", 250, hairy. Into B&D, boots, TT, cigars. I'm ready, sir! Box 4667

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

YOUNG MASTER WANTED

Novice slave, 30, 5'7", 140 lbs., seeks young slim master, 18-28, into humiliation, forced stripping, hazings and initiations. Respond with photo and phone no. if possible to Box 4794

#### INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per %-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

#### AUSTRALIA

SHIT MASTER

Shit master (40) wants to vary his pig slave's (35) meals. Leathermen/masters interested send airmail letter with asswipe sample. Later your dirty underwear can be sent for photos of slave worshipping and mouth cleaning it. Master will swap samples with masters with slaves to feed. Slaves can also beg sample from master. All, but those with photo/sample answered first. Box 4726LF

#### DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

#### CANADA

READY TO COMMIT

Being top or bottom to momentarily satisfy one's own needs is unrewarding. This 5'9", 160 lbs. 38-year-old bottom is ready to commit himself (mind, heart, body) to the training of a heavy built, serious, demanding but loving and protective Master. Do you exist? PO Box 872, Station H, Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8.

#### ENGLAND

DAMAGE PIG

30, 6', 175 lbs., 'tashed, foul-mouthed pig into body damage; burns, cuts. fists, boots, W/S, seeks buddy to explore limits. I need it bad, man! Box

# THE BACKES STUDSTORE

HARD DISH DRIVE THE NEWEST RELEASE FROM

Approx. running time: 90 min.

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**PUBLICATIONS GALORE! EXCITING ADULT NOVELTIES!** - PLUS, MUCH, MUCH, MORE!

#### NETHERLAND ANTILLES

ASIAN MALE

Inexperienced Asian male, 26, 5'6", 135 lbs. seeks GWM up to 35 for penpal friends, lover. Blond, twins are turnons. Write with photo. Vacationers welcome-discretion. No fats, fems, blacks, drugs, SM. Haresh Moorjani, C/O P.O. Box 105, St. Maarten, Netherland Antilles.

#### WEST GERMANY

AMERICAN IN GERMANY

Ex-patriot living in Frankfurt area. 35, blond, 6', 155, moustache—seeks leather/levi contacts for friendship and sex. Enjoy poppers, cockrings, chaps, toys, TT, CBT, WS. Moustache and hairy chest preferred. Am willing to provide short-term accomodations to American men visiting Deutschland in return for same when I visit USA. Discretion assured to European contacts No hard drugs or chain smokers. Have video and playroom for mutual pleasure. Box 4456LF

BERLIN, 40, 6'1"/170

BI, bearded uncut, into L/L, FR a/p, GR/p, tits, coming to US, wants to meet leathermen. Send Ph/Itr to Hans G. Blass, 74 Stresemannstr #1120, 1000 Berlin 61, West Germany.

GERMAN LEATHERMAN

In SM, BD, TT, shaving, kink (NO scat), games and gamerooms, wants to meet interested and interesting men into same. Age, race not import. Send photo, description of your scene to: Postfach 420 515, 1000 Berlin 42, West Germany.

BERLIN, GERMAN

6'3/185, dk bld, moust, into L/L and related activities, not just limited to BD, SM, CBT, shaving, experiments, wants to meet men into some, all or more of the above. Traveling quite often. Send letter of your scene and photo to Box

#### FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES

wanted by experienced man 45, 5'11", 160 looking for top or mutual pigs. Piss, snot, shit, puke, enemas, mud, grease, oil, rubber and leather gear, catheters, piercing, hot wax, S/M. TT, cock and ball torture, shaving. Interested in world-wide contact. Box 4682LF

#### MODELS NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO'S FINEST Male models & companions, Handsome, Masculine Men! Clean-Cut, Well-Groomed!, Versatile, Well-Endowed!, Warm-Friendly Models! Fresh As The Morning Dew! All Types For All Types Bikers, Leathermen, Lumberjacks, Outdoorsmen, Swimmers, Jocks, Guy Next Door, College Students, Bodybuilders, Businessmen, Wrestlers, VIP Models. Turn your fantasy into reality. Discreet & confidential arrangements by the hour, day or week. Around town or around the bay. RICHARD OF S.F. (415)821-3457. Male Models & Companions for a night on the town or an evening at home. 21 to 35 Years of Age. Dinner, Dancing, Theatre, Sightseeing, Tour Guides, Birthday Presents, Nude Photography, Fashion Photography, Male Strippers For Business Or Private Parties. See before you hire. For photos and descriptions, send \$5.00 to: Richard of San Francisco Box 111, 1800 Market Street San Francisco, CA 94102

MODEL MASSEUR-NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

Oakland-SF masseur/escort. \$60 in Photos, phone sex, Fr-a/p, Gr-a, J/O. phallic love. Marc (415) 444-3204

MASTER'S MASTER

Leather Master, very muscular, XXX hndsm. Tom of Finland looks, intelligent, tall, 36. S&M, Discipline, Punishment, Lt to Hvy C/B & nipple work, VA, Humil., Submission, Spanking, Riding Crops, Pain/Pleasure, Daddy & more. Safesex. International model. \$125 min. Out only. MC/Visa. FRANK (415) 861-5549. Photos/Travel info: \$10 to Frank Holt, Ste. 486, PO Box 15068, SF, CA 94115 (584 Castro).

BONDAGE/WHIP MASTER

S/M bear seeks experienced and/or respectful trainees for extended training sessions in restraint and sensory isolation or erotic flogging. Special interest in tit torture and C/B work. AIDS aware. Safe play only. South of Market playroom, unusual gear, fantasy contracting. Arrangements can be made for long-term restraint. \$125 minimum. Detailed letter/foto to: Mark, PO Box 42501, SF, CA 94101. (415) 621-6294 noon to 10 P.M. SF time ONLY. For outof-towners, S/M training by mail

#### MODELS NEW YORK

1 718-672-1010 QUICKIES!!!

Nam Vet, 39/6/160, located in Jackson Heights, Queens, specializing in quickie scenes at a reasonable price. Will also consider any other requests. In or out, but in is cheaper. Clifford: 1 718-672-1010.

#### MODELS MASSACHUSETTS

ITAL. TOP 27 U/C (617) 236-4305

#### MODELS PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA MASSEUR

Sensuous workout with strong, sensitive, athletic masseur. Drew (215)477-2509.

#### MODELS CANADA

TORONTO

Handsome masseur/escort 5'11", 160 lbs., into anything safe including fantasies, VA, BD, light SM. \$60. Roger, (416) 921-2614 (phone j/o, too! Ask for details).

#### MAIL ORDER

The California law now reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal, in all advertising, the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers, this address must be included in all ad copy. To readers, the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

FLIGHT FANTASY ART

Drawn to your specifications. Inexpensive, hi-quality. For information and rates, send SASE to: PO Box 2374, Albany, NY 12220.

**TOUGH PUNKS & HUSTLERS** 

in video, audio tapes, photos and slides. Lots of J/O, posing, wrestling, talking. Write for our free brochures. Old Reliable, 1626 N. Wilcox #107—A, Hollywood, CA 90028

PADDLES, WHIPS, COCKRINGS, LEATHER

Pricelist \$1.50 plus SASE. O'Leather, Suite 121, 484 Lake Park Avenue, Oakland, CA 94610. (415) 444-3204

ENEMA EQUIPMENT

Fun, Funky Enema Equipment for practical cleanliness, pleasure or discipline. Other Ass-oriented toys also. Catalog \$2. Art Hamilton, 315 West 4th Street, New York, NY 10014.

THE HUN

For information on Hun Art, send a stamped self-addressed envelope and a statement that you are over 21 years of age to: The Hun, PO Box 11308, Portland, OR 97211.

RUBBER BONDAGE

Inflatable helmets, gags, suits. Grease, enema, dildoe pants. Catalogue 172 mind blowing items, \$3 air. Remawear, Sherwood House, Burnley Road, Todmorden, Lancanshire OL14 7ET, England.

> HAVE LEATHER WILL TRAVEL

LARSEN LEATHERS-buy/sell new/used gear (from hats to boots). \$1 catalog. Box 33, Riner, VA 24149. (Rt. 1, Box 425, Christiansburg, VA 24073)

**HOT 5x7 PHOTOS** 

4/\$11, 6/\$16. Stationary-\$4. Videos. magazines, phone sex. List-\$2, leather list-\$1.50 plus SASE. Marc Sanders, Box 121, 484 Lake Park Ave., Oakland, CA 94610 (415)444-3204

NATIONWIDE

MAIL-TO-MALE Gay-Bi Nationwide Penpal Meeting Club New Lists Monthly Special Membership Offer 3 Months-\$5 Write:

Nationwide MAIL-to-MALE Box 399-D, 2554 Lincoln Blvd. Marina Del Rey, CA 90291

UNCUT?

2" button says it all. "The Beef is Under the Cheese." \$1.50 per button to: Gledhill, 2112 Lyrie Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027

HEAD SHAVING!

This video's the real thing! See a hot stud divested of ALL his prized manfur! Thrill to the sight of a straight razor attacking every last bit of stubble! Experience a total head/body shave as performed by an internationally renowned Master Barbert Free info: T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757

HUNG MODEL

Hung model. Have photo collection. Photos of hard-on, butt shots, masturbating in the shower, jockstrap, and "cum" shots. Send \$10 for set of your choice and letter. Dick, 54 W. Randolph St., Suite 606-F7, Offer "D", Chicago, IL 60601

#### **ORGANIZATIONS**

ATTENTION ... ATTENTION NO BULLSHIT and NO GAMES If you are serious about being a SLAVE and want to be trained by a real \*\*\*\*Master, enroll now for your training. We travel anywhere in the world-

Where ever we are needed. HEAD MASTER: MR. KEN BERGOUIST Slave Master from the videos SLAVES FOR SALE

and CHAIN REACTIONS For your details and information flyer, send SASE and \$2 to:

YESIR TRAINING SCHOOL 8440 N.E. 1st Pl. Miami, FL 33138

A FEW GOOD MEN

The Training Center has moved into its new facility. Men with serious interest can experience physical training, cell confinement (padded available), and immobilization in a realistic military or correctional atmosphere for weekend or week-long sessions. Safe, sane, discreet and monitored situations are controlled by professionally-trained personnel. Boot camp, stockade, POW, assylum, sensory deprivation, controlled breathing available. No FF, drugs, SM, pain. References provided after commitment. Fee required. Applicant inquiries should include detailed physical and session description. Reply to: TRAINING CENTER, BOX 672, BRIDGETON, MO 63044.

#### FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

INTERCHAIN

A L/L fraternity for the serious minded. Want to meet other L/L brothers and get involved in our AIDS fundraising benefits. Write now for membership info: Founders of the Leather Daddy's and Daddy's Boy contests in S.F. & the Mr. Leather N.Y. contest. Box 410, 132 West 24th St., NYC 10011

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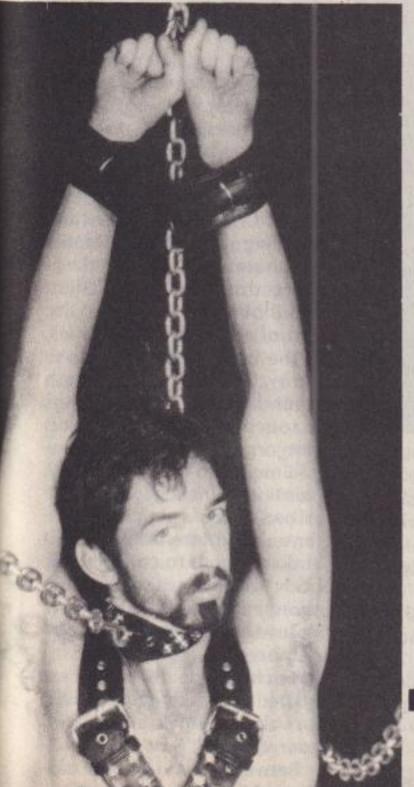


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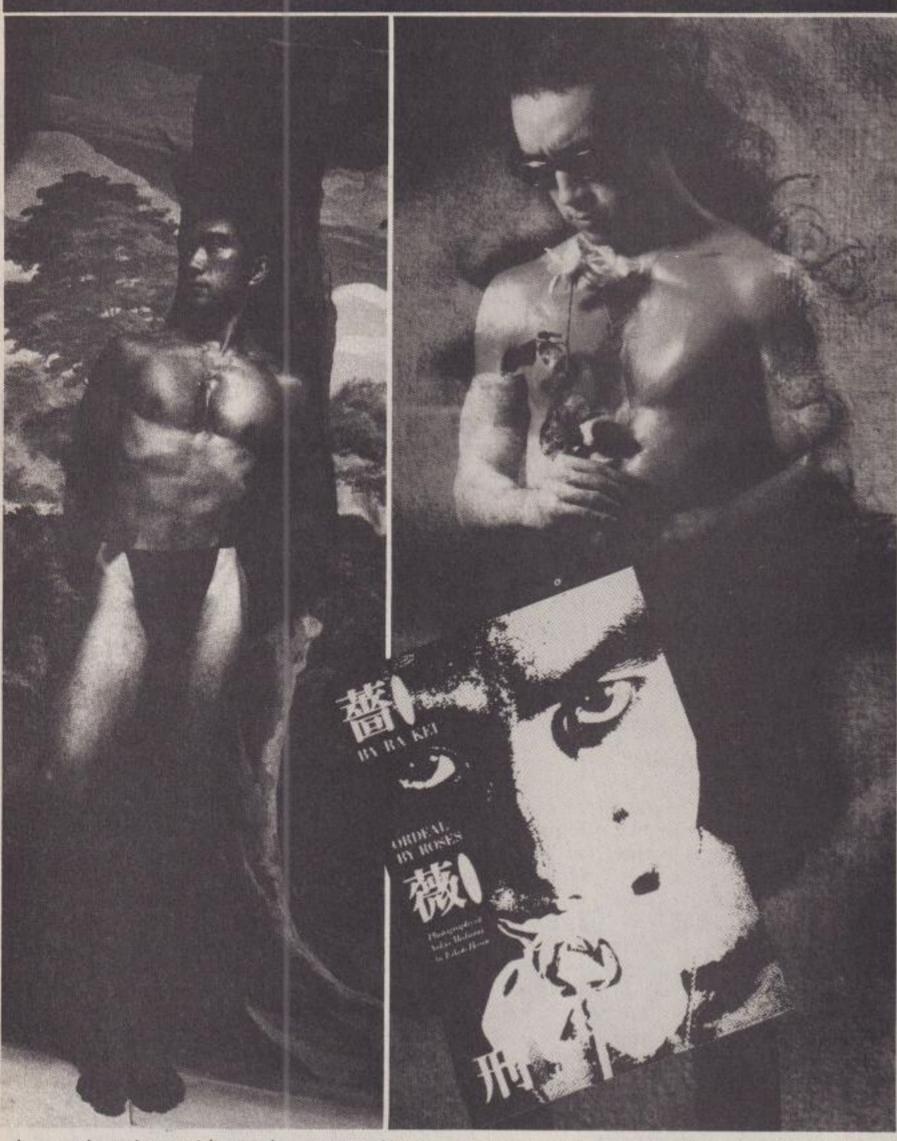
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## DRUMADA

THE LEATHER UPDATE ON FILMS/BOOKS/VIDEO/AUDIO



In conjunction with Paul Schrader's new movie Mishima, Aperture has published a new edition of a collection of photographs of Yukio Mishima, by Japanese photographer Eikoh Hosoe, called Ba-Ra-Kei, Ordeal by Roses. This eclectic set of portraits, taken during 1961 and 1962, were first published in book form in Japan in 1963. At \$35, this sumptuous oversized book reproduces a historically

compelling project, as Mishima and Hosoe are two of the most widely known Japanese artists throughout the world, in writing and photography respectively.

But don't look for insights into Mishima's true nature in this group of pointillistic, moody portraits with shadowy, bizarre and surreal imagery. Hosoe sees these photographs as "the destruction of a myth" and so he

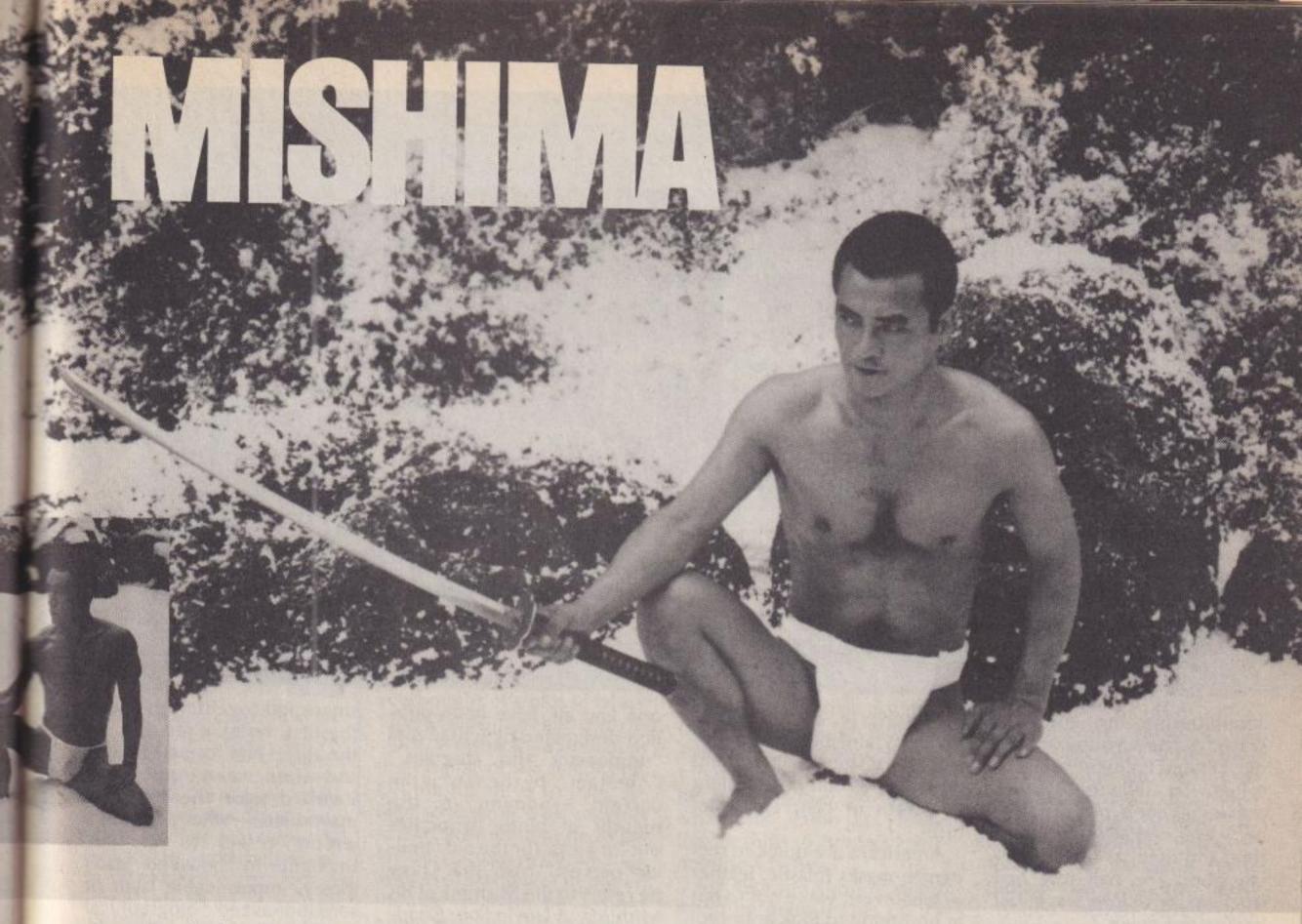
manipulates tonalities, visual clarity and perspective and creates a dream-like chaos. But the new image he creates totally ignores Mishima's homoeroticism. Only an image of Mishima, in sunglasses and Levis, layered over a reproduction of Saint Sebastian (Mishima's earliest masturbation fantasy) comes close to suggesting Mishima as he truly was in his heart.



"Sooner or later I felt I would have to analyze comprehensively the root source of this desperate, nihilistic estheticism of mine."

Thus wrote Yukio Mishima for his autobiographical novel, Confessions of a Mask, detailing his peculiar family circumstances and a fantasycharged childhood of "Night and Blood and Death," of the lure of ancient warrior codes, of the bonds securing men to purity, honor, beauty, strength ...and to other men. He was to touch all of them, from his first orgasm at 12 in accompaniment to Guido Reni's painting, Saint Sebastian ("The arrows have eaten into the tense, fragrant youthful flesh and are about to consume his body with flames of supreme agony and ecstasy"), to his voluntary self-publicized demise at 45 ("So long as you have chosen death, it does not matter whether you have died 'in vain'-death cannot be to your discredit").

Between the first ejaculation and the last flowed an



enormous body of work-33 novels, numerous essays, classic and modern Noh dramas, poems and screenplaysbringing one of the 20th century's greatest writers to the attention of the Nobel Committee three times. (They waited too long, the Prizegivers of Stockholm, unaware of Mishima's timetable.) He wrote every day of his adult life-or rather every night, from midnight on-and underneath the flood of ink ran a single-minded strain of gay sensibility, from the pubescent Confessions (published in 1949 at age 24interestingly, the same year as Gore Vidal produced The City and the Pillar at the same age), through Forbidden Colors' "damp familiarity" and "sticky meeting of glances," recalling the guilt-edged underworld (1951-53) of a Stonewall day and the new taboos borrowed from another country; through a full integration into his works of a sexuality that transcended gender and a sensuality that merged with

everyday behavior. Though he understood that it was pain he truly required, this conceptual pain, the minute he brought it to mind, seemed to merge with pleasure.

Mishima came into his prime, physically and mentally, in a shell-shocked Japan in a frenzy of economic, political and social reconstruction that would stun the world and, in a subjective sense, drive one of its finest artists quite mad in his passion for what he saw as lost tradition, desecration of icons, values and estheticism. He looked to Europe and America, and performed for them, an international media darling. He let his vanity hang out; it was as often abused as caressed, a demanding masochism not as easily satisfied as that of his characters. The actor, Osamu, in Kyoko's House: "Here was his youthful flesh, concern for him so ardent it would not be satisified short of wounding that flesh, the flow of blood unmistakably his own-here the drama of existence mate-

rialized for the first time, blood and pain utterly guaranteed his existence." The boxer in the same novel (a character of reactionary politics that would be mistranslated, like others, into a "facism" attributed to its author) describes the sensation of death as "the way your body trembles when you've finished a piss you've been holding in." In The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With The Sea, with its climax as horrific as anything Tennessee Williams ever dreamed up, "the kiss was death, the death in love he had always dreamed of...roused inside him, stirred." However often he spoke of death, and acted it out on screen, it was rarely, and then only in conceptual terms, in a traditionalist context, not his own. He didn't hunt white whales, nor tease bulls with red capes. He did not kill.

Mishima was a lateblooming bodybuilder (at 30, after a lifetime of invalidism), a serious dilettante in swordsmanship, kendo, militarism

and the performing arts, a husband and father, and a spectacular suicide. The shockwave response to some of his more outrageous escapades was often no more than a reflection of the international press; to his ritual samurai seppuku, a little more. Suicide in Japan is neither a sin nor a crime, but it is not to be committed in the offices of the Self-Defense Forces. The act itself had been prefigured to the last cry in a dozen writings (notably the story, Patriotism) and acted out on screen lovingly and at excruciating length in the 28-minute Rite of Love and Death, shown in France and Japan to sometimes fainting audiences. Only at writing was he a true genius and a true professional, though it may have been a case of over-rehearsal-the November, 1970 disembowelment was sloppy, and the handsome young Morita, his Shield Society (what was left of a private army numbering 500 at one point) second-incommand, had difficulty

DRUMMER 77



administering the coup de grace. A third young soldier decapitated them both. Heads rolled. So did the world's presses. Japan's powers-thatbe were embarrassed for a time and then, as the old saying goes, the nail that had stuck up for so long was at last hammered down.

Put another way, like Popeye and Jehovah, the Japanese have never gone in for formal self-definition; Freud is not their national sport. Without making a careful study of the complex psychology, including a tangle of social obligation and a vortex of constantly altering positions and responsibilities (all of which Mishima fulfilled!), we can go by a simple graphic formula laid down by Edwin Reishauer, first post-War U.S. Ambassador who visualized a society (and its individuals) in terms of a triple-tiered pole of plastic, steel and bamboo. Briefly, the plastic outer covering is colorful and glossy (noticeable), indifferent to nature, fun and frequently foreign-both a mask and a one-way mirror to the outside world, reflecting its silly image at frivolous angles. Meanwhile, the steel holds its own, representing industry and discipline, power, force and commitment. At the bamboo core, there exists a flexible connection with the physical and spiritual universe, an attuning to harmony and balance, a lifeforce that must outlast and outvalue all other transient conscious or concrete structures.

Americans are quick to recognize masks (plastic, leather or whatever); we're not so hot at bothering to look at or recognizing what's beneath them. And the Japanese are past masters at using masks, not to hide, but to reveal-to reveal only and precisely what they want seen.

One way to look at Mishima's life and works is through an American glass, backwards, and see superficial, twisted and ugly visions of homosexuality and death. For that cockeyed bird's-eye view, try Paul Schrader's movie, Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters.

Schrader didn't bother wondering; he just stuck new masks on top of old. Plastic on plastic.

Paul Schrader has already given us (and he can have them back, any time) such shallow and salacious morality plays of reasonless, passionless violence for the prurient puritan voyeur as: Rolling Thunder, Hardcore, An American Gigolo and Cat People remake; scripted Taxi Driver and Raging Bull (an exception to the nasty norm due to director Scorcese's superior artistry). Central characters,

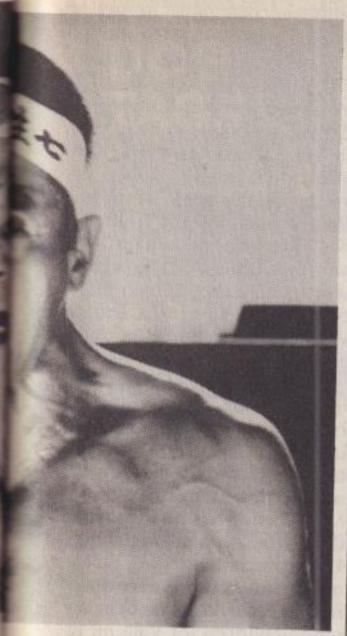
one and all, have been publicly designated by Schrader as "unpleasant and aberrant." "Aberrant," by the way, is the current synonym, in the mouths of pious hypocrites out for kicks, for the old familiar "pervert." Now, that's how he refers to the Mishima of his Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters. The film itself he describes as "a little, experimental, foreign language movie." There is something unpleasant and aberrant here-and it ain't the man born Kimitake Hiraoka, a.k.a. Yukio Mishima.

The secondary title, A Life in Four Chapters, was acquired somewhere between Mishima's not very auspicious Cannes premiere in May and its late-September release via Warner Bros. in the U.S. It is moot whether this choice of title took into account that "4" (shi) and "death" are verbally synonymous in Japanese. If so, the look-at-clever-me nuance is lost beneath the English subtitling (co-scripted by brother Leonard, who does better alone, i.e., Kiss of the Spider Woman), and a heavy-handed narration by heavy-voiced Roy Scheider. There are actually only three distinct sections-Beauty, Art, Actionset up like a club sandwich codly reminiscent of the wax models in Tokyo snack shop windows, with The Harmony of Pen and Sword (a

smooshed-together reprise of the first three) at the end. Of the three film formats (blackand-white, video transfer and standard color) the last is the mayonnaise—what Mishima's widow refers to as The Incident-in between each glossy, impermeable layer of sensationalized biographical incident and Vincent Minellistyle stylized drama: a glimpse, chronologically, of the Last Day wherein four fictional and one "real" suicide come to unimpressive climax.

Lovely to look at in design and proportion are Eiko Ishioka's sets for the dramatization of three Mishima novels (The Temple of the Golden Pavilion, Kyoko's House and Runaway Horses). Unfortunately, they are not particularly evocative of the writing, possibly because the novels do not themselves evoke sense of place, but of intellect, internal vision and that invisible "bamboo" soul. The plots are baldly telescoped, classic-comix versions of rich mood and labyrinthine purpose. John Bailey's slick cinematography further attenuates any emotion.

Pleasantly disturbing to the ear is the music of Philip Glass, especially if you've never heard his score for Koyaanisgatsi, Einstein on the Beach or the Winkler & Sanborn video, Act III, all of which are recog-



(left) The young cadets in Mishima's novel RUNAWAY HORSES take a blood oath to rid Japan of outside influence and return to the ways of the beauty of the sword. (above) Ken Ogata as the mature Mishima has committed hara-kari and awaits beheading.

nizably mimicked (if he weren't Philip Glass, he could sue himself for plagiarism) with the exception of brief durations of the thrilling reverberations of Taiko-type drums.

Last, and worst, in this subtly vicious incursion into matters over which Schrader's ignorance of his subject is outweighed only by his Paul-prying intolerance, the casting of accomplished actor Ken Ogata as the fourth (main adult) "Mishima" is an appalling physical misrepresentation. In toto, any resemblance to any person, living or dead...etc.

From Mishima's Voice of the Hero Spirits: "Strength is decried... Virulent and manly spirits have fled the earth." In this hemisphere, at any rate. Mishima is not one of the worst movies ever made, but it is easily one of the meanest. Don't bother looking for it. But if you can find John Nathan's biography (not Henry Scott-Stokes'), you'll have a ripping good time to fill in the gaps between novels.

-Penni Kimmel

#### T. R. WITOMSKI

#### LITERARY COMMENTARY ON VICIOUS GOSSIP

Mr. T(heophilus) R(oderick) Woisme is, of course, the famous gay writer. Of his works, Cute Shoes, Slow Nights at the Baths and Other Tragedies of Modern Life, Transsexual Enema Nurse, and the Scatfreak tetralogy are, very likely, the most respected.

Every year on August 8th, Mr. Woisme begins writing his "serious book—the big one, the one they've all been waiting for." Months ago he chose the title from a long list of them he keeps as a bookmark between pages 16 and 17 of the sixth Grove Press paperback printing of Story of O. On the afternoon of the 7th he is alarmed because he has not yet thought of a plot to which Vicious Gossip might apply.

Mr. Woisme is awakened by the ringing of the telephone. On the phone is an irate lesbian screaming. This suggests to Mr. Woisme that he begin Vicious Gossip with an irate lesbian screaming. On paper, though-praised be Jesusnot in actuality, she screams all afternoon, over and over again, in all possible ways, and only now, at dusk, is she screaming satisfactorily. Mr. Woisme can only write barefoot and facing west with a window on his left side. He does not know why.

Several weeks later, Mr. Woisme thinks deeply about a bit that ought to go into Chapter 3. But where? How can he inject a totally meaningless anecdote about Octavian swimming the Channel while the other characters are desperately worrying about whether Hildegard murdered the dwarf gynecologist?

Mr. Woisme is easily distracted. When not actually writing down a sentence, he is found wandering around his hovel, picking up and putting down small tricks. He frequently hums, more in sorrow than in anger, Patricio's theme from Hubert's Johan Embron.

It is one of Mr. Woisme's better days. He writes so much that when he stops he is quite ill. After restoring himself with sauerkraut, he rereads Vicious

Gossip as far as he has gotten with it. He smiles to himself, believing that Harold's reconciliation with Rebecca and subsequent death from AIDS is one of his better ideas.

Mr. Woisme finishes Chapter 9, and he now must decide where the plot is going and what will happen to it when it gets there. He wishes that he had not killed off the dwarf gynecologist, who would have been most useful in revealing the truth about Gregory at the end of Chapter 18. At the moment, no one else in the novel knows the truth about Gregory.

Out for a walk, Mr. Woisme stops near the toxic waste dump. A peculiar smell—a combination of orchids and artichokes—reaches his nostrils. He jots down a few notes he suspects may be needed when the action of Vicious Gossip shifts to Anton's apartment in Chelsea.

Mr. Woisme is almost asleep when he mind flashes on the perfect epigraph for Vicious Gossip: "She can't (something-or-other) so she talks." His mind's eye sees those words near the bottom of the right-side page of an old magazine. If he finds the magazine, he will be most vexed if he discovers that he himself is the author of the quote.

After journeying to Montoloking Heights in search of a tape of Dirty Adult Babies, a video he has been talked into reviewing by the friend of the ex-lover of the editor of an obscure newsletter, Mr. Woisme's attention is captured by a bin of second-hand porno novels. He comes across a copy of Frat House Orgy, his thirty-third novel, and finds he had autographed it: "For Xavier—may Bangkok be forever!" Bangkok? Xavier?

The first draft of Vicious Gossip is more than half finished. But, problematically, for the last several days, its characters have been becoming a tad too real. Last night a minor character named Micah showed up at dinner. Mr. Woisme had been aware of

Micah's passion for leather, but had not known that he used mustard on his french fries.

Mr. Woisme is skimming through the early chapters of Vicious Gossip, which he has not looked at in a very long time, and now he sees Vicious Gossip for what it is: dreck. He thinks himself mad for continuing to work on such grotesque drivel. Why didn't he become a spy? He will burn the ms. Why is there no fireplace? What is he doing in the gazebo with the ducks?

Even more frightening than writing the first chapters are writing the last. The characters are boring Mr. Woisme to tears. The plot has grown into a huge monster with dangling tentacles. He has lost the ability to summon up verbs and has just constructed a sentence consisting solely of seventeen adjectives. Furthermore, he has insomnia. Even reading Black Joystick (his fifty-first novel) does not induce sleep. In the light of dawn, he realizes his carpet is out to get him.

Though Vicious Gossip is almost finished, Mr. Woisme feels it is his community duty to attend a performance of Mascarellioni's Chechia Ortlebia, which is being done, for the first time since 1763 by the Stonewall Friends of Neglected Operas. Unfortunately, Mr. Woisme cannot even figure out one of the opera's twelve plots since his mind is on Vicious Gossip.

Mr. Woisme writes the last sentence of Vicious Gossip. His calmness and the tidiness of the room are deceptive. The ms. is stuffed into the file cabinet—between "Mineshaft" and "Muziak, Fred" (editor of the North Dakota Gay and Lesbian Blade) and Mr. Woisme is distraught. He has no feeling in his legs, tiny explosions are erupting in the back of his head, and his beard is falling off.

The next day, Mr. Woisme is barely conscious. He aimlessly lollygags around the hovel, leaving half-filled coffee cups and half-eaten bananas everywhere. From time to time he thinks about getting dressed. He dismisses the notion as being unduly vigorous. Nineteen days pass.

Sometime later, with a case of cheap vodka nearby, Mr. Woisme begins to revise Vicious Gossip. Rewriting is even worse than writing. Not only does he have to think of new things, but he is forced to remember the old things. Before Mr. Woisme is finished, two-thirds of the ms. will have no resemblance to the original version. Among many other changes, the dwarf gynecologist has found the hidden room in Quentin's castle.

Holding Vicious Gossip not very neatly done up in aluminum foil, Mr. Woisme arrives at the offices of his publishers, Sakkcloth and Ashes. He is, naturally, deathly afraid of elevators, but today the stairs look menacing too. The entire enterprise suddenly strikes him as being very stupid and he thinks he will simply drop the ms. into the river and save a lot of people a lot of problems.

Mr. Woisme escapes from Messrs. Sakkcloth and Ashes, who were most anxious to go into all the intracacies of a scheme to heterosexualize all of Mr. Woisme's work, and goes to call on a dear, dear friend, who is too busy to see him.

Before returning home, Mr. Woisme allows himself to be taken to a literary party held in the private room of La Escribitore Idiotica. Among his fellow authors, few of whom he recognizes and none of whom he knows or wishes to know are Edblack, Morddred, Halderberstadant, Cottilian, Dwinkin, and Averett. The conversation deals exclusively with disappointing sales, inadequate publicity, worse than inadequate payments, libelous reviews, others' declining abilities, and the unspeakable torment of writing, of which everyone speaks much of.

Vicious Gossip is over, but not finished. The galleys arrive and Mr. Woisme cannot contain his disgust. At first he believes that Sakkcloth and Ashes have sent him someone else's novel. Later he faces the ugly reality and has to weigh whether it is more important not to come off sounding like a nerd or to keep strictly

within the number of permitted AAs.

Mr. Woisme receives the sketch for the cover of Vicious Gossip. He can't believe it. Just exactly what drugs are Sakk-cloth and Ashes on? Mr. Woisme wonders. The cover is totally valueless and tasteless, too. Also, his name is barely visible. Mr. Woisme looks forward to an exhilarating few hours explaining these sentiments to Sakkcloth and Ashes.

The ten free copies of Vicious Gossip arrive. There are forty people who expect to receive one of them. Mr. Woisme cannot afford to buy the thirty additional copies, which is good in a way because if he gave everyone who wanted one a free copy, no one would feel special and he'd get a lot of little notes of thanks ending with the remark that Vicious Gossip seems a tad down from your usual level but you probably needed the money real fast.

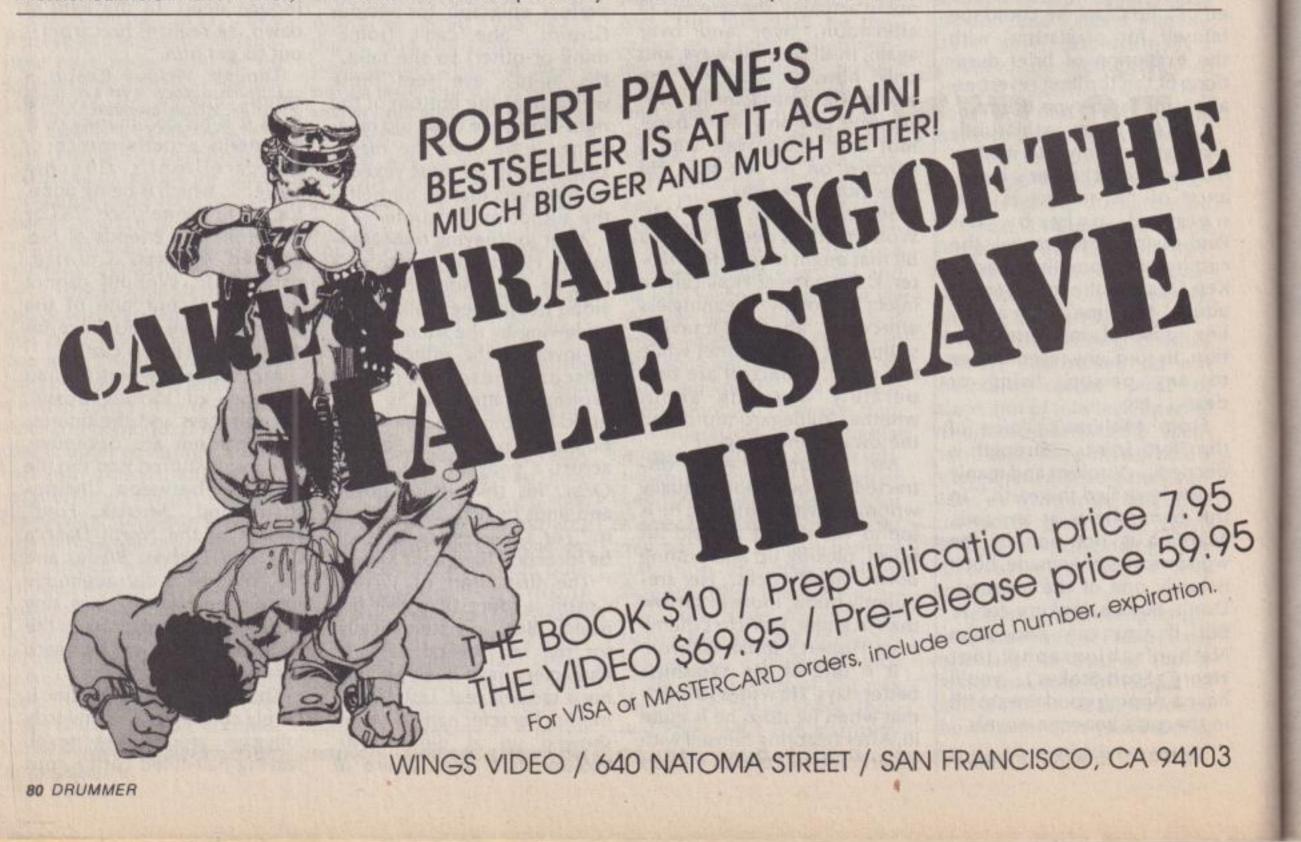
Mr. Woisme goes to the West Village to do some errands. He has been uncharacteristically thorough, and so it is late afternoon before he stops into a bookstore. Having made certain that Vicious Gossip is there, he

spends a pointless half-hour studying the titles of other books.

Sakkcloth and Ashes thoughtfully send Mr. Woisme the reviews of Vicious Gossip, a very large heap due in no small part to Mr. Woisme's nasty habit of reviewing the books of others. Before reading the notices, Mr. Woisme prioritizes: he will first finish reading Noteworthy Gay and Lesbian Martyrs of the Eleventh Century which he began in 1947 only to bog down on page 42.

At a gathering held vaguely in his honor, Mr. Woisme is having a pleasant enough time until Dr. Garibaldo demands to know just what Mr. Woisme was getting at in Chapter 14. Mr. Woisme has no idea what Dr. Garibaldo is talking about. The confrontation goes on for many hours and eventually results in Mr. Woisme begging schoolchildren for Valium.

Standing in an unsavory bar, Mr. Woisme finds words going through his mind: whetstone, foreshadow, gutta-percha, opaque, subcortical, towhead, purblind, elegit, curdle, whereabouts, polycystic, cyclopropane, bysinosis, betimes, maltreat....—T. R. Witomski



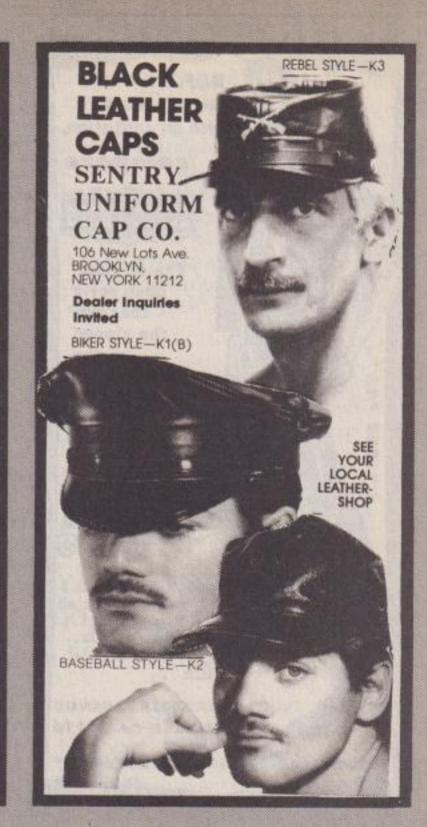


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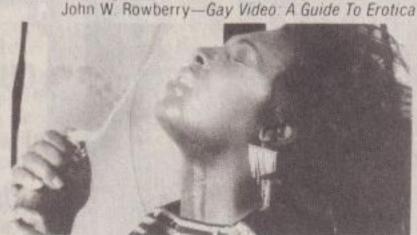
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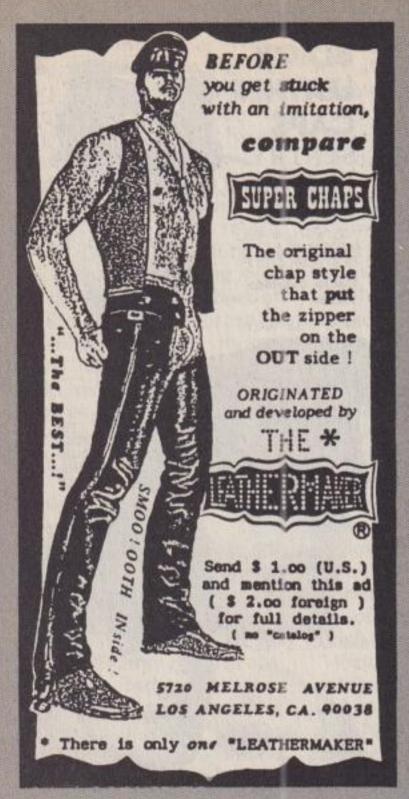
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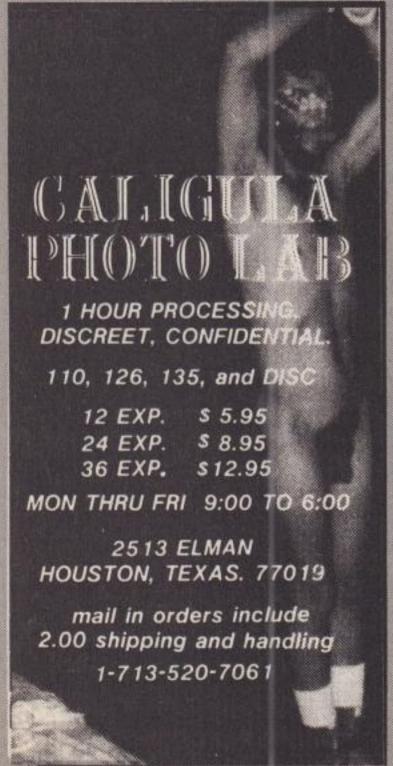
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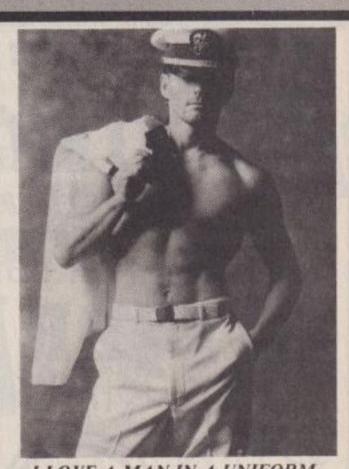
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continued from page 44 rous aphrodesia.

Virgil's blazing ginger/honey torch grated the delicate lining of Fly's bowel like sandpaper, and seared his profoundly pouting touch-hole, singeing the swollen membranes, awakening the primitive sensations that primordial life must have felt finding itself stranded on dry land-somehow surviving, evolving, adapting fitfully to the solid, savage tool of its pathetic existence.

At long last, Fly's entire body grew numb. He wasn't able to move any of the muscles in his face. His mouth hinged open, emitting hollow hoots and gruesome groans. The bicep of his bound right arm cramped painfully. He let the arm droop. He flexed his thick, bullish neck. The tight thong bit into his skin and dented his windpipe. He felt like a zombie about to rise from the good earth, propelled into life by the great raping rooter that was massaging his heart the hard way.

Every side-splitting upthrust from Virgil brought a few more cells of his being back to life. Virgil was resurrecting him from the inside out. These new living cells shrilled with a stimulus of vague uneasyness. Fly suspected the spreading waves of pulsing, electric pleasure would threaten his very sanity if he couldn't muster control of them now before all hell broke loose. He did the only thing he could think of. He reared up off the floor and cocked his body in a stiff, severe arch, head thrown back, his good arm thrust back, fist balled-a spiraling rope of spunk splurted from the end of his boner; a shimmering geyser of seed erupting from his soul. He closed his eyes and envisioned himself bursting from his grave...reborn. His body convulsed in a paroxysm of jibbering quakes. His bruised knees pranced on the mat. He started to jog, jamming his insatiable, devouring bunghole up and down on the massive stump of Virgil's heavy ramrod, fucking himself like a raving lunatic, humping the hairy gristle several times before his balls shot

from his quivering cannon. MAN, OH MAN! It was impossible, but yes, no, OH DEAR GOD YES! It kept getting better! "Virgil!! Ooooooh, Virgil! VIR ... GILL!"

another steaming salvo across the room. The harder he bucked,

the more rounds he got off. He couldn't stop cumming. Just

when he thought it would end, another lump would spew forth

Virgil knocked him down and punished his pucker some more. Forcing the issue. Cutting his climax short. But not the fabulous feelings. The seeping schlong kept on pounding vigorous vitality into him. It spread into his chest and chewed his nipples. He figured he might be able to survive another few minutes of this delightful, blistering brutality before he had to rise up off the floor again, before he completely lost his marbles. Soon, he knew, he would have an orgasm and the well would be dry; drained. He wondered then if Virgil would seriously consider returning him to his grave, this time for good.

For Virgil, the spectacle of Fly's Bunyonesque body pitching and stammering, teetering, blundering and blathering about the mat, handicapped by his bound arm tethered to his neck, was almost beyond endurance. His dick gushed a runny, sticky prelude to a major, imminent orgasm.

Virgil played with the big, hairy buns as he rode into the valley between them. He mussed the hair with his fingers. It felt so silky. His hands glided over the firm, dimpled gluteous muscles, stroking and kneading the bucking beauties, distorting the elastic, bearded mouth into which he distended, making it chew its meat thoroughly. He couldn't remember ever having seen a bigger, more perfect, fuckable ass. And there certainly were few men better equipped to ream it right-to knock the bottom out of it for good, to seek out and destroy the last pocket of resistence.

"Son of a bitch!" Fly heaved, squirmed and panted, his pelvis somehow prying apart enough to allow another bone-jarring, muzzle-loading plowstroke full-length up his innards. His rigid intestine felt like the barrel of a howitzer being stuffed with shells as fast as he could fire them. "Are we at war, saluting the president, or what?" he gasped. "Fill 'er up!"

Fly slipped into a pseudo-psychedelic coma, skimming the scum off the surface of his passion...afraid of flying...afraid to submerse himself, to even wallow in the shallows....He dreamed instead:

Point the barrel of your asshole straight up...like you want to blow a hole in the ceiling...that predator prong will dive down into it like a rigger driving a well-shaft beneath the crust of the earth...there's oil down below, boy! Open your mouth in case he comes out in China...feel all the hair around the opening giving up the ghost, staving in around that probing prod, following it down into the deep darkness until the widening sinkhole claims even the base of your ball sac...OUCH!...

he great, stout, helmethead, with its broad, blunt tip was difficult to squeeze past a tenacious anal opening. But once it was in only a fool would try to force it out. It would tear you apart. It was Virgil's security device.

God-damn...you just know the bastard is laughing at you, getting off on what that plunging pipe does to you...hurts you a little . . . makes you feel so good you want to scream and cream your fuckin' head off...and when he pulls it out...you gurgle like some great vacuum is sucking your guts out your asshole...and he does it soooo slow...you feel every twisting tug...evacuation...yeah, good way of putting it...your whole reason for living is quitting the field...the big, bloated head stabs your external sphincter, pouting the red ripe ring obscenely, the thick ridge, purple and swollen peeks through-...you hold your ass real still...he pops it all the way out, leaving your ass slurping and sore, the anus a mass of tender, twitching bunched nerves, gaping and gulping ravenously to the hammering of your heart . . . you spread your legs still more, and ...

The great, stout helmet-head, with its broad, blunt tip was difficult to squeeze past a tenacious anal opening. But once it was in-only a fool would try to force it out too fast. It would tear you apart. It was Virgil's security device. Once you were on it, you never crawled much more than a foot away from Virgil.

Fly huddled in a low crouch, bowing his back, jacking his tush up and sprawling his legs. He felt like he was all ass in this position. Apparently Virgil did too. He rose up onto his toes, his huge hands depressing the small of Fly's back into an even deeper crook, the full weight of his body making Fly's big butt thrust at him lewdly. He threw some kidney punches into Fly via the shit-chute. Fly stretched his good arm to the side and mashed his nubs against the mat. Every sound, solid, socking shove from Virgil made them drag forward, scouring them, nearly ripping them. Virgil's column of course cock felt like it was strip-mining the lining off his rectum, and he wondered if he would ever walk again. Or want to. Right now he wanted to scream:

"ARRGHHH!! VIRGIL!! AAAAAAHH!!"

"You're learning," Virgil proudly praised his pupil. "Scream and you won't need to cum."

Fly's screeches became brazonly higher pitched as they continued screwing. And more drawn out. A reveler's rebel yell of. unbridled passion. It felt almost as good as having his ashes hauled. God, the things a man's love muscle could make you do! "Je . . . SUS!" he shrieked, the sound reverberating off the

Fly happened to look down just then. Lying before him on the mat was a fat, double-headed dildo. Now, how did...? This was no toy. It was big. Fly wondered if it was a reproduction of

Virgil's own eighth wonder of the world.

Virgil pulled all the way out of the slackening hole. He noticed the throbbing, distended lips still had a slight pucker. He would have to ream those little wrinkles until the hole had a nice smooth bore. Until he could slip a couple of fingers into it and feel nary a nibble. The thought of this handsome he-man being unable to control his wind in public places—possibly even shitting his pants—drove Virgil forward again. He sank

le was getting too much of a good thing. It was becoming unbearable. Resting on his right shoulder, he fumbled with the dildo. It felt slimy. He parted his lips, waited for Virgil to fill him to the brim again, then slipped one end into his throat and gobbled it down

seven stud inches slowly into the clutches of this asshole, still game for action, then slam-dunked seven more big ones belly

deep.

Fly groaned weakly. He was getting too much of a good thing. It was becoming unbearable. Resting on his right shoulder, he fumbled with the dildo. It felt slimy. He parted his lips, waited for Virgil to fill him to the brim again, then slipped one end into his throat and gobbled it down almost to the halfway point.

"Come on, baby," Virgil encouraged. "Stop teasing that mutha! You got a lot of room down there. Swallow it. Take a deep, deep breath and slide 'er in there. All the way. Come on, baby. Eat it. Show me what you're good for. You're a big boy

now."

Fly mumbled mindlessly. He was definitely losing it. Too much...He tried to work his throat muscles as though gulping. The lengthy, vibrating dong crept down his throat one gagging burp after another. It was too deep now to pull out fast, so he held his breath and kept feeding it in. His neck bulged, every muscle deftly defined like an anatomy diagram—the ridged tracheo bloating like the great fibrous cylinder on the underside of a monstrous hard-on. The priapus felt as good slithering down his neck as the humongous pecker felt coasting up his canal. Too much...Virgil? Are you there? Do you care?

Fly held the long tube he had ingested almost to his belly tightly between his lips. He had crammed it all the way down to the second head. He could feel the deep cervic of the corona snuggling his yawning pout. His moustache was packed up his nose. Every time Virgil bounded back into the breach, he imagined the meat had finally found his mouth and was fucking

him inside out.

"Hold your breath, baby. Hold it. Keep that sucker in there. Concentrate on the head of my dick."

Too much...

Each solid, convincing thumper from Virgil began to force the devoured dildo out of Fly's elastic oral grip an inch at a time.

"Hold in there! I'll get it out for you."

Fly's lips were stretched beyond splitting and turning blue. But the long, rubber plunger slid steadily out of his convulsing gullet. Virgil rode it out, all the way out, one slow, agonizing upthrust at a time.

"Aw, shit!" Fly grimaced. His anus caught on the head of Virgil's dick and his whole crotch pulled away from his body like

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it was giving birth to a greasy, brush-covered volcano. Virgil tugged playfully at the tensely contracted sphincters, watching the canyon ass-crack begin to level out as more flesh joined the growing mountain of pursed suction, the mouth of which looked like it had a huge boulder lodged at the opening, preventing it from erupting, causing it to balloon dangerously.

"It's gonna blow! It's gonna blow!" Virgil hooted, his face contorted with glee. He let go of Fly's flanks for a moment and shook his fists in the air, hollering raucously. Then he reached between Fly's legs and cracked his nuts together. Hard.

The giant meatus exploded free, spewing a frothy spume of lava-like mucous and pre-cum all over Fly's wildly thrashing

egs.

"Get up!" Virgil lifted a dazed, drunken Fly to his feet by the balls. Switching hands, he reached around Fly's hip and got a strangle-hold at the base of the sagging sac. He stood in front of the tottering, trembling, swaying, sweating man who held his legs spread wide, the muscles in his battered buns jumping and spasming with after-shock. He unwound the thong from Fly's neck, removed the noose from his wrist, and slipped it over his balls. He bound the nuts tightly, stretching them several inches away from Fly's crotch.

Fly's asshole gaped. The ass lips reposed in a slack, pulsing gawp, not quite at bore point. Virgil drew Fly close and hilted two fingers easily. The twitching muscles inside nibbled at the digits casually, almost lazily. Virgil plucked them out and Fly felt

a gust of cool air shoot deep into his bowel.

Fly tugged on the thong and was grateful when Virgil held it taut for him, allowing him to haul the bag far away from his body, drawing it into a thin, nearly transparent cocoon over his painfully constricted testes. It felt...God, how they ached, and...sharp needles stung his crotch, but...ohhhhh, it was good! So fuckin' good! He pulled them tighter and tighter. His knees buckled. He let up a bit.

Virgil backed away from him, keeping a slight tension on the thong, enough to hold Fly's balls fully extended. When he was several feet away from Fly he took what remained of the thong and tied it to his own titanic testicles, amused by Fly's look of admiration as the huge, oval nuts were forced to the bottom of the low-hanging scrotum and were molded separately by

velvet, furry flesh.

Fly felt a sudden violent yank between his legs. It jostled his jewels and drove him up onto his toes. As an expert horseman, his first instinct was to raise his arms, bend his knees, and pull back on non-existent reins to bring an unruly mare back in line. At the same time, he did something else, totally unexpected. He swooped his arms all the way up over his head. He stepped way forward at a forty-five degree angle to his body with his right foot, bending the knee and supporting his full weight on his toes. His left leg straightened; the foot resting on its side. He arched his body, balled his fists, and lowered his right arm into a tight bicep pose. Then, sucking in his wind, he flexed every muscle in his mighty body, matching the tension of his extended, conspicuous, big shiny gonads.

Virgil was stunned stupid by this awesome display of pumped-up power. Fly's mouth was open, and spit dripped from the tip of his lolling, panting tongue. He looked imploringly at Virgil like a puppy trying to please his master. It was certainly an impressive position. No doubt about that. But Virgil didn't dare relinquish the firm control he had over this man by

admitting it.

"Very nice," he snarled, noncommittal. "But don't loiter too long, asshole. Men have been gelded for less. Better move on,

baby, or I'm gonna bust your balls!"

Using every ounce of his energy, Fly pushed himself upright. Virgil gave him some slack. He set his right foot behind the left, bent at the knee, and pivoted on the balls of his feet a half-turn to the left. He lowered both arms into a curled bicep pose. Virgil could see Fly's twisted, tugging balls peeking over the rim of his solid right sartorius like lidded frog's eyes. He jerked on them rudely, roughly. Fly clearly loved it.

Fly spun around, and without changing the position of his left

arm, swept his right arm upward, assuming an archer's pose with the hand of his extended arm pointing directly at Virgil. Virgil grabbed the thong and snapped it up and down, giving Fly's nuts the nod. Fly crooned, his hips tick-tocking; fucking air. Virgil realized then it was the pressure on his fat eggs that was driving Fly off the deep end.

Fly swung to the left again, and swept his right arm down, flexing it fully; dropping to his right knee as he did so. Virgil relished the three-quarter view of Fly's massively bunched,

glistening, bare back.

Fly straightened his right leg and turned to face Virgil. Bearing his weight on his bent left leg, he raised both arms, extending the palms of his hands outward. His hips continued to seesaw.

Rebending his right leg, resting the lower half on the mat, Fly pivoted a quarter-turn to his left, swept his arms down, and assumed a stylized version of Rodin's "The Thinker." He held this classy erotic pose while Virgil wrenched his nuts, rolling them around his thigh. He tensed his muscles every time Virgil applied some added stress between his legs.

"Look at me!" Virgil barked. "Pucker your lips! They feel just like an asshole don't they? Like a well-fucked asshole. Look like one too. Get up now! Damn show-off! Give you some slack and you take a snooze! Well, not on my time, fucker! A-TEN-

SHUN!"

Fly's arms and legs unfolded slowly and he rose like a puppet, one jerked string at a time, until he was erect. He held himself rigidly. His knees swayed in sync with Virgil's. They tossed their rocks back and forth gently, keeping a stiff pressure between them. Their swollen cocks bobbed and boogalooed before them, occassionally drawing down to a modest twitching, caused by the compression on their cajones.

"Pinch those big titties! Hard! With your fingernails, asshole!

Right on the very tips!"

Fly's hips danced. His balls tugged the reins. Virgil laughed. He was having the time of his life. The Old Man could keep his cockwalking...

"Hey, blueballs!" he chided. "Make an anus for me." Fly pursed his moist, ruby red lips lewdly at Virgil.

"Kiss me, buttfuck!"

Fly puckered his mouth and smacked his lips wetly.

"You call that a kiss! Thrust those shoulders forward. Reach for me with that mouth. Make some noise. Come on! Kiss me, fucker!"

Fly closed his eyes and applied total concentration to the effort. He imagined he could feel Virgil's hot, muscular mouth

on his. He kissed the air like a swooning Romeo.

Virgil took a step backwards, stretching Fly's sac another inch. Fly stood his ground and kept right on smooching with ungodly, raunch expertise. Virgil was astonished. Fly's testicles were as tough as the rest of him. He wondered idly if he still had the six-inch ball stretcher in the cabinet. This guy was going to need something down there. And it made such a nice fuck-handle.

"Make an ass of yourself, boy!"

Fly screwed his mouth into a tight pucker and held it.

"Torture those tits! Work on them! Big handmade tits for me

to play with. Ummmm!"

Fly still had his eyes closed and Virgil knew he was daydreaming about how his sculptured gullet stuffer had parted those full, greedy lips, stretching them taut as the shapely, fat, flared knob reamed through them, smoothing the pucker into a gaping pecker pout. The one seemingly endless entry a man never forgot. Make a guy eat it first and the rest was child's play.

"Turn around. Now!"

Fly stepped gingerly over the thong that bound them. He felt his nuts pulling back towards Virgil. He immediately spread his legs wider and stooped down, squatting deeply. He felt his big, glossy alabaster eggs crawling up the wide crack of his ass, the hair scrubbing the throbbing nuggets. Wow! He wished he was in Virgil's position. He felt sexy. And obscene. And, God-it felt wonderful! He reached back and stroked the plump, hairy cheeks of his ass, pulling them further apart to make room for his aching nuts to snuggle in there. His hips bounced lustfully,

shifting and sliding his balls all along the gooey crevice of his fresh-fucked butt.

Virgil watched Fly silently. Watched this humpy hunk of a man putting out for him so lasciviously. And for a few moments he let his own mind wander. To a live show he had once seen that consisted solely of a beautiful naked boy playing with himself on a big mattress, all the while begging to suck cock and get fucked-for thirty solid minutes, an endless diatribe of hardcore pleading...they just let him go until he worked himself into a frenzy of real need and desire, stuffing fingers up his ass and humping his body right up off the mattress, flipping and

ook at me!" Virgil barked. "Pucker your lips! They feel just like an asshole, don't they? Like a well-fucked asshole. Look like one too. Get up now! Damn show-off! Give you some slack and you take a snooze! Well, not on my time, fucker! A-TEN-SHUN!"

flopping on an imaginary dick. At the end, the highest bidder got to put him out of his misery.

Like now. Fly was playing with his tits, grunting loudly and soulfully, displaying an ingenious variety of primitive communication. His balls glided up and down his ass crack like they were leading a sing-along.

Fly let the tension on his nuts replace the tension Virgil had placed on his asshole. And would again. Shortly. Virgil could see the whole peeking through the honey-matted hair. It wasn't winking at him anymore. The ass lips were pursed and swollen, and there was a small, dark bore hole dead center that stayed open, craving more cock, begging to be busted...completely fucked-out.

"Hey, boy! You think you got balls? Better show me!"

Fly raised his arms over his head and leaned forward, like he was about to dive into a pool. His balls supported the entire weight of his heavy torso. They stretched back at Virgil, protruding way out from between his legs, towing his enormous hardon down so that it pointed at the floor. Virgil lept forward. Fly started to fall. His balls stopped him. He was leaning so far forward his feet started sliding out from under him. Virgil jerked him back up. By the balls.

"You can turn back around now. Want some meat, cocksucker? Want an all-day sucker, leech-lips? Hmmmm? Hungry, baby? Well? Come an' get it. If you think you're man enough," Virgil coaxed, stroking himself with long, broad sweeps of his arm. "Come on over here and climb right up on it. Just like a monkey climbing a tree for a big, ripe banana."

Fly bent his knees, keeping the tension between his legs. He cocked his body stiffly, and took a clumsy step forward. Virgil stepped back at exactly the same time. Their testes twanged and remained taut.

"Come on. Come an' get me," Virgil egged him on.

Fly hobbled another step. Virgil retreated. Fly stalked Virgil awkwardly, looking every bit like the menacing hairy hulk he was, thinking: "If he trips, I'll mount him before he can bat an. eyelash-squatter's rights. I'll set an all-time precedent for telephone pole sitting—the hard way." He looked down at his balls. They stretched the length of his hard-on. Every dramatic, stealthy stride he took made the head slap his nuts; first one, then the other. Bolts of liquid fire flooded his abdomen, making him sweat profusely and falter. Virgil didn't give an inch.

Instead, he took several; putting them back on Fly's lengthening pouch. Virgil sneered maliciously...

"Look behind you," he chortled.

Fly glanced over his shoulder quickly. He stopped suddenly and looked again—directly behind him, so close it was almost touching the calf of his right leg, was the low table he had spotted earlier against the far wall. Now it was out on the mat. But, how...?

"You did alright," Virgil commended Fly, padding towards him slowly, unwinding the thong from his own balls as he approached. "And I'm going to reward you." He pulled Fly's bag gently away from his body, and wrapped it tightly, from the

with slow, sure, steady, strokes. Each one made his head reel and sent agonizing ripples of sensile delight coursing up and down his body, making him quiver and vibrate. Making his eyes blur, his legs flail. Making him simper, gasp and choke.

crotch down, then around each ball separately. They were stretched almost halfway to his knees, the two big, fuzzy, oval eggs bulged glassily, delicately veined. Virgil lifted them and stroked the fragile looking jewels. "Worth a king's ransom, eh?" he soothed hypnotically, looking up at Fly, whose eyes were bugged out of his handsome head. He smiled. "You are so beautiful. Lie down now."

There was a blanket folded on top of the table. Funny, it hadn't been there before...He laid on his back. His ass hung over the edge. Virgil produced two more thongs from somewhere and tied his arms to the legs near his shoulders.

The table was an interesting piece of...furniture? It was about three feet high, and two by three feet long. It was constructed of a very dark, sturdy wood. The legs were carved into a shaggy animal's legs, the bases hooved. The apron of the table's top was also carved, with strange, intricate, cabalistic designs.

Virgil lifted Fly's right leg up over his shoulder. He reached down and guided his dripping demon back into the waiting

mineshaft.

It was different this time. Virgil sailed up his channel with only the slightest resistance. The flesh around the entrance felt puffy and mushy, and prickled with super sensation. He barely felt the head glide through, although the heel of the foot that was draped over Virgil's shoulder jerked and slammed Virgil's back repeatedly like a heavy trip-hammer. He strained at his bonds. His chest heaved, torsioning his tits taut. He sighed with rapturous, ecstatic delirium.

His eyes were glued shut. He noticed a flickering redness against the lids. He opened his eyes and blinked. The room was dark, and—Virgil held a small burning candle in one hand...

"Hold very still."

The candle, which was about two inches long, had a hole

gouged into its base.

"Don't move a muscle." Virgil's voice sounded hollow and disturbing. He tilted the candle over Fly's right nipple, which rested squarely on the gently curving plane of his hairy pec.

Fly flinched and whimpered as the searing, hot drops of wax bombarded his sensitive, sore tit. The heavy muscle supporting it rolled and shifted beneath the tortured flesh. His jolted ass muscles chomped and masticated the entrenched prong of pork. The long, extended nipple, which already looked like a 86 DRUMMER

mighty peak sprouting from a dense jungle, erupted—gushing molten lava down its steep slopes, the cone glowing and growing larger. Virgil set the candle onto the pulsing, encrusted bud and held it there until the wax dried enough to hold the base securely.

"One word of warning," Virgil purred. "If you even think about blowing it out... I'll know. Do you want me to remove

what I've put inside you? Well? Do you?"

Fly shook his head, his low, wavering moans rising in pitch,

becoming even more breathless.

Virgil withdrew to the head. Fly relaxed finally and rode onto the rod. Virgil shagged into him with slow, sure, steady strokes. Each one made his head reel and sent agonizing ripples of sensile delight coursing up and down his body, making him quiver and vibrate. Making his eyes blur, his legs flail. Making him simper and gasp and choke. His head bounced on the table, ricocheting with loud, rhythmic thumps, which seemed to feel good...as did the spreading puddle of hot wax around his nipple.

The dim light of the candle cast grotesque shadows over Virgil's looming face, transforming it into a ghoulish gargoyle:

"How pleased," the demon face grinned, "Mencheno, the Prince, will be to receive you, my friend! One like you! How Ciclap will gloat! How Gabellin will rejoice!" The deep voice boomed and rumbled.

For the first time Fly felt genuine panic...

Virgil stroked the length of Fly's lifted leg, ruffling the soft, thick hair, squeezing the dense, hard-rubber muscles, pumping the squelching asshole steadily.

The candle burned down...

Fly's split nuts rode the edge of Virgil's lunging meat, ramming Virgil's pubis, then sliding up the side of his hard, hairy belly, right on track.

Fly hummed and thrummed with ravished ecstasy, every nerve ending in his twisting, gyrating body sparking and firing. It was hard to concentrate on anything. The candle had nearly burned down to his nipple...then he knew...burn!...the flame—

"Stop!" his mind shrilled. "St...STOP!" Was this a nightmare, paradise lost—or what?

Virgil kept up a ceaseless, facile thrusting that was absolutely

remorseless. It was unbearable.

The cum roiled up out of Fly unexpectedly. First in weeping dribbles, then in jetting, spuming spurts. He grimaced horribly in a teeth-gnashing frenzy, frantic, struggling feebly to keep his wits. His hips lurched abruptly sideways...his waving cock shot a wad directly at the candle. It landed short of its target (Virgil hadn't said anything about drowning the flame). His ass jumped and jerked, but the power of his orgasm had subsided and only a few stray drops sprayed his chest. He started to hyperventilate.

Virgil chuckled and kept right on fucking, sliding his ramcharging horsecock into uncharted territory, ironing out the last wrinkles, straightening a lot of pipe, grinding a deep, smooth bore, reaming a wide, elastic pussy, educating this ass

and graduating it with honors.

flame on his shrinking boob. His skin crawled with goose-bumps. His muscles writhed. He lost his breath, his throat too tight to scream. His head flew up; his jaw jammed into his chest, his mouth gaping and drooling. His eyes rolled back. His body heaved up off the table and held. He came again...

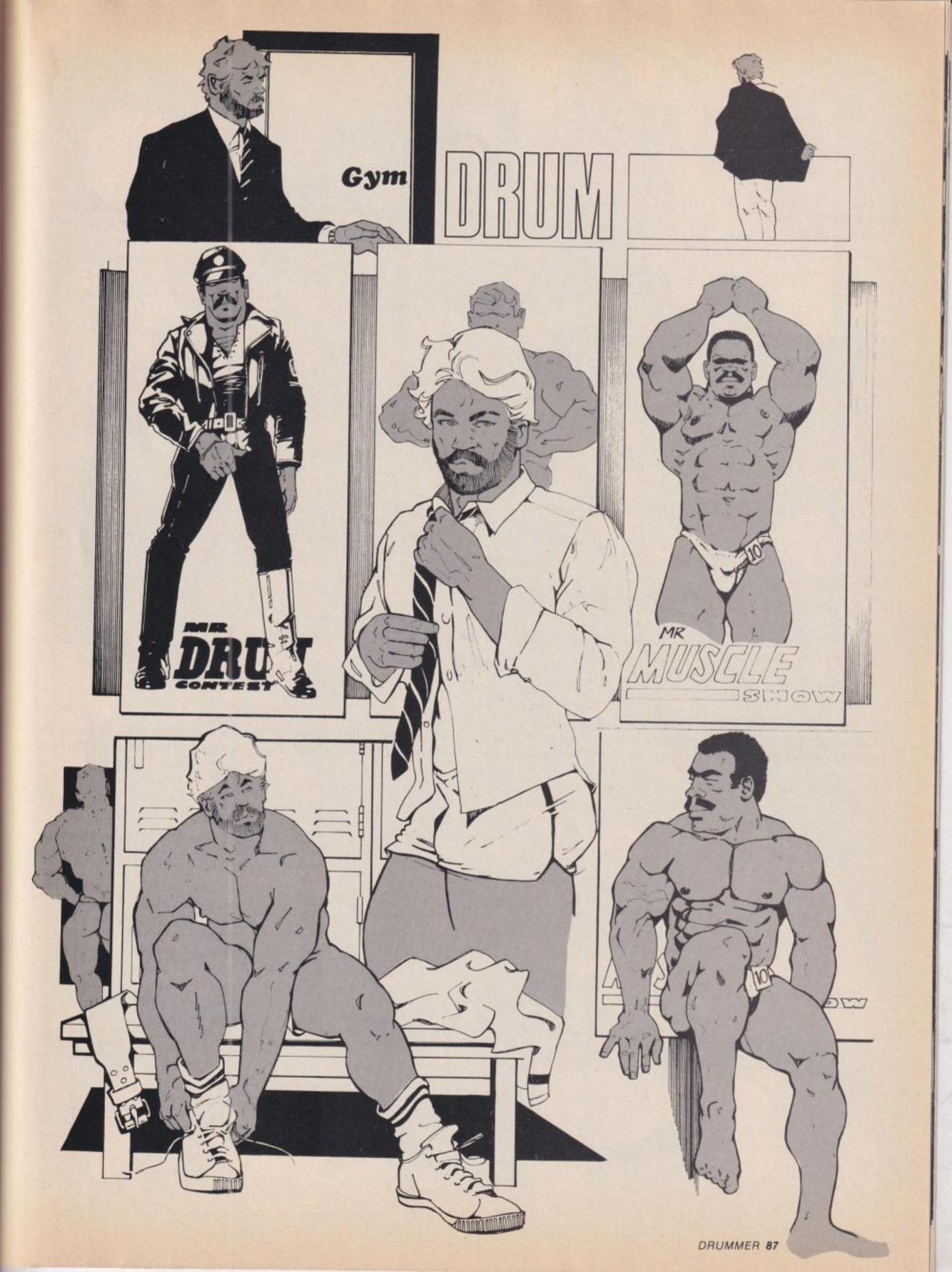
The last thing Fly felt was a piercing jolt of pain stabbing deep into his chest, mingling with the jarring blasts in his bowel that

bloated his belly.

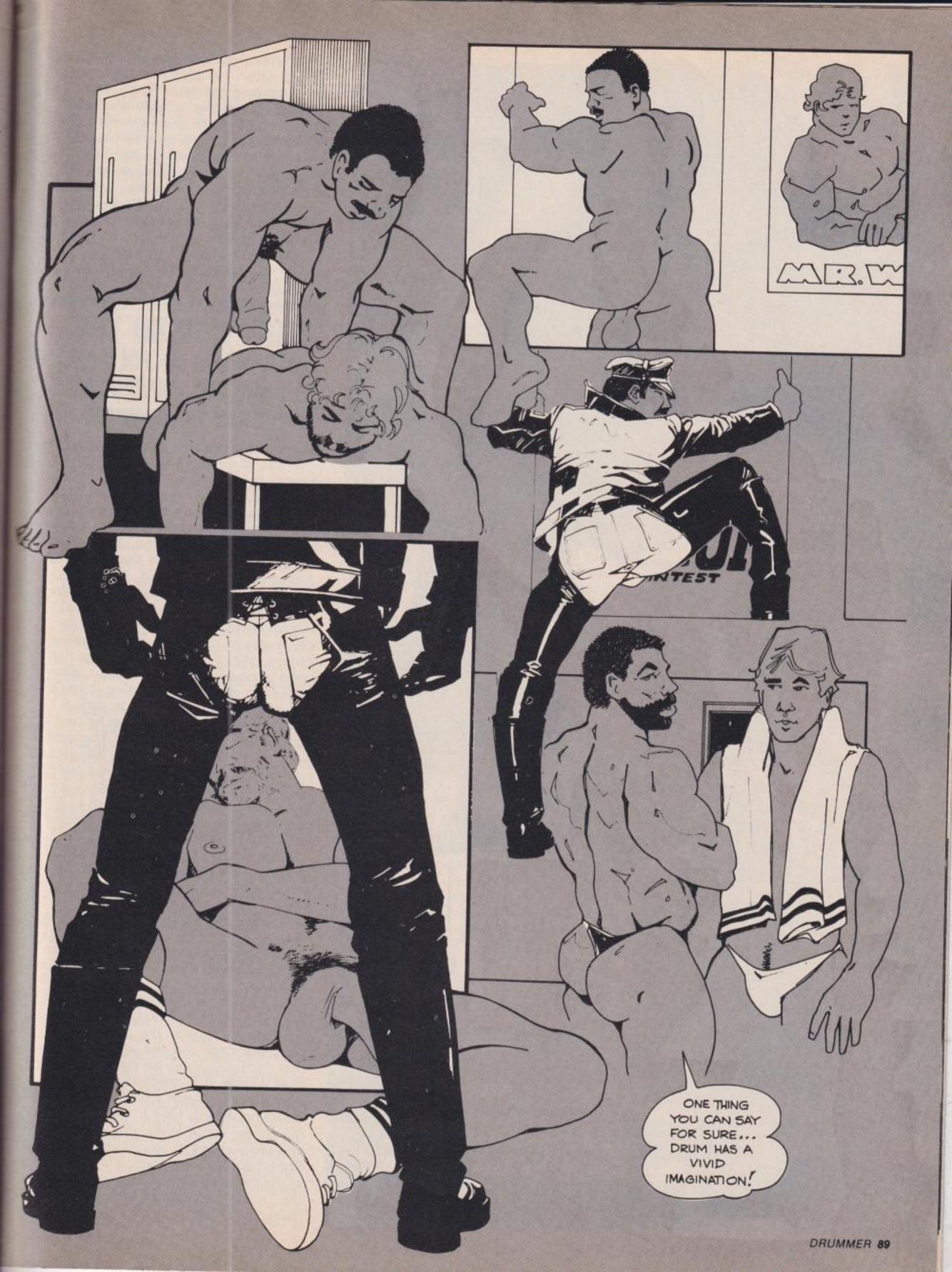
The last thing Fly smelled was the acrid stench of his own

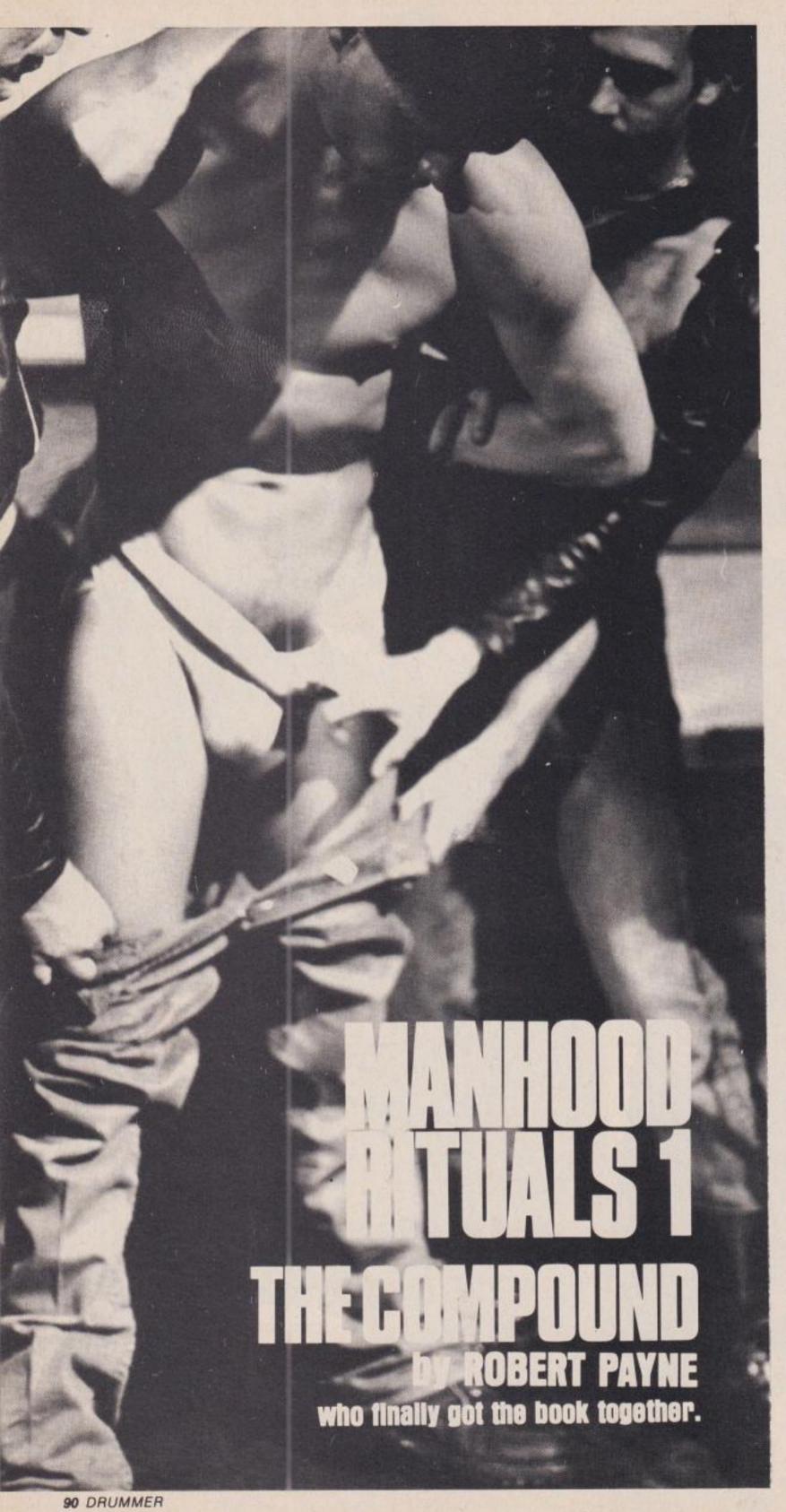
sperm sizzling...and then he was gone-wasted...

"Good shot, boy!" Virgil cheered. Then he turned and flashed a half-cracked smile at the Old Man, who had let himself in with his key and was watching from the shadows of the stairwell.









Since the articles that Drummer ran on The Quarters produced so much mail (and income) and made The Quarters' founder famous, or at least borderline notorious, we were among those privileged to visit it from time to time and experience first-hand some of the goings-on. These are among my favorite memories, which I often dran upon to complete my fantasies. I think of the line from the musical, "Don't let it be forgot that once there was a spot"...that was known as The Quarters, later The Compound, and forget the happily everaftering.

# BACK DURING THE GOLDEN AGE OF FOLSOM, BEFORE THE COMPOUND. THERE WAS THE QUARTERS...

It was like the ultimate boy's clubhouse, in appearance and in boyish enthusiasm. Eventually the place covered quite a bit of square footage, namely the basements of two oldish buildings South of Market just off of Folsom, very near where the Drummer offices were at the time. Robert, the entrepreneur, made daily forays to the Goodwill and the Salvation Army, the surplus stores, the leather shops and anywhere else he could beg, borrow or steal lockers, army cots, weights, flags, old military equipment, whips and chains, stenciling apparatus, candles, lumber and much that had no real definition. It was amazing and exciting what he could make from almost nothing. The cells went up on one side of the complex, complete with cots and/or bunks, toilet bowls which weren't connected to anything and plenty of military signs to tell you what you needed to know, whether you wanted to know it or not.

Leftover slaves from the Slave Auctions at the late Arena bar would end up spending the night at The Quarters. They hadn't really even volunteered to be slaves for auctioning, merely being pushed up on the stage by Robert's henchmen for presentation to the overpacked house (thanks again to the Drummer articles). Off came most of their clothing as they got caught up in the thing. Robert always had plenty of assistants to hustle the "volunteers," carry the cage and the accoutrements that such an enterprise required. Even after a slave was "sold" to someone in the audience, it was understood that it didn't necessarily have to go home with the buyer. More likely, if it was hunky and semi-willing, it would end up with Robert and his entourage in the bowels of the big old building, learning some of the more real aspects of slavery and Robert's version of military discipline.

Robert was big into military. He had an enormous wardrobe of uniforms, all pressed, all ready to go at a moment's notice. He loved to swagger into the Brig, the Arena, or later the Eagle in varying military officer splendor, followed by one or two subdued young fellows in t-shirts marked "In Training" or "The Quarters" with leather collars and army boots. These stood nearby, eyes cast to the floor, arms behind their backs while Robert got it on. I had very little, if any, luck taking over any of this surplus manpower. They were rigidly loyal, or at least had had the fear-of-whatever put into them enough that they seldom strayed.

Once back at The Quarters, however, it was a different story. The resident slaves would strip upon entering, be shackled so they could work, but were only able to move about in a limited manner. The new talent coming in from the bars were ordered to take off their shirts, chained to a post or between two of them, then the resident slaves would strip them to their buff.

It was a heady scene. The lighting was mostly from candles whose scent, mixed with the grass, the Crisco, poppers, sweat and the locked-up-attic odor of the old building, could easily conjure up scenes in one's mind even if nothing else took place. But plenty else did happen. Robert was a master at direction, sort of a Cecil DeMille of the dungeon set. The locked-up or chained-up recruits awaiting their turn at the whipping post or the rack or the pillory, would be saucer-eyed by the time it was their turn to finally be the center of attraction.

Robert told me once that locking up a new recruit in a cell next to one of his permanent slaves could do more for that fellow's state of mind in a couple of hours than the same time spent being worked over. While the slaves were not supposed to converse, naturally they did the minute their superiors were out of the room and the older-hand would have the new man ready for anything by the time something actually happened.

One night it was decided that the prize "volunteer" from the auction needed shaving, even if the fellow didn't know he needed it. So he was strapped down to the table, gagged, and two slaves began working on his lower belly, his balls and, by raising his legs up to his strapped-down wrists, his ass. The gag was taken off and the fellow was mad as hell. "How can I shower at the gym now?" he demanded. Robert didn't like his attitude so he announced that the slaves were to shave the fellow's rather considerable chest and that if another word was said about it, they would do his head as well. They did a good job and the newly-smooth hunk was led to his cell by a chain attached to the tit-clamps attached to his denuded nipples. Robert made him thank the two slaves for his shaving and kiss each of their (smoothly

shaved) asses.

We sat in the "Officer's Quarters" in the second building, pouring down a bottle of beer apiece while the new recruit squatted on the floor in front of Robert's crotch, his cock in the fellow's mouth. He had earned the privilege after licking Robert's boots, including the soles. I was invited to use the recruit's broad back and narrow rump to place my own boots, which he later licked clean for me.

Back in those pre-AIDS days, such a fellow made a fine latrine since The Quarters then had none. The toilet bowls all had to be emptied by hand (slave power) and cleaned each morning by whichever had survived the night, I guess.

Cleanliness and order were important to the scheme of things and even in the middle of the organized disorder there was a place for everything and everyone. Robert kept a couple of the permanent boys in his apartment to keep it in shape and function as houseboys. Whenever I would drop in on business or for whatever upstairs, there would usually be either Number Four or Number Two quietly doing their chores, naked as jaybirds, wearing only collars. One such time, Robert entered from the bedroom followed by Number Two, a short, wellbuilt boy with curly hair who was sporting a very rigid hard-on. Obviously he had been doing something for Robert which certainly turned at least him on and was not of course allowed to either touch it or hide it. He kept his eyes on it or his bare feet or the floor as he walked into the kitchen to get back to work. There were red marks across his smooth little ass but I couldn't tell whether they were recent or just left over from a prior occasion.

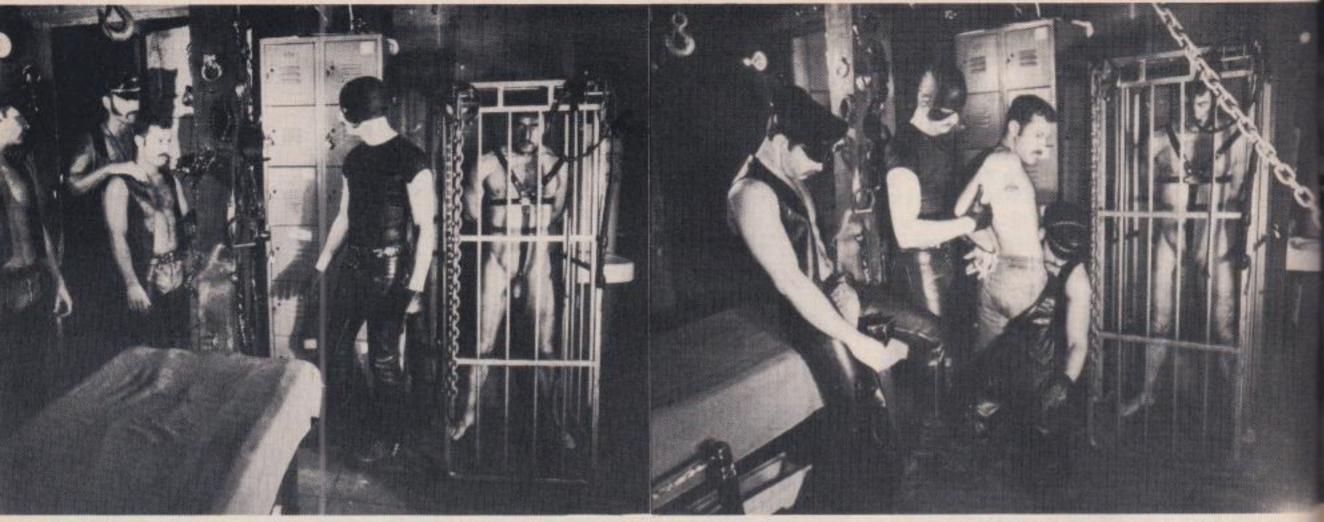
One night we all were having dinner at some unlikely restaurant on Polk street, Robert, Number Two and I. Robert, dripping in black leather and chrome, insisted on joining the heterogeneous group at the piano bar. A rather husky hustler was sitting there in an Angora sweater, who accepted Robert's invitation to join us as everybody was singing the sort of songs people sing around piano bars. He even accepted an invitation to go home with us for a nightcap. The poor fellow didn't know what he was getting into, obviously, but into it he got and, as we sat on the couch with our drinks, Robert demanded he take off his sweater. He did, showing a good set of shoulders, large nipples and a fair supply of chest hair which tapered down to his navel.

Robert's next directives took us all into the "Interrogation Room" and the boy began getting impressed—maybe alarmed is a better word. He was ordered to "lay down" on the rack and while he protested and started asking a lot of "Why" and "What is all this," I noticed





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he did as he was told. He found himself with his wrists fastened to the corners of the slab as Number Two began removing the newcomer's slacks and loafers. Naturally he had shorts on. As Robert yanked them off the fellow began getting adamant. He mentioned notifying the police, and threatened yelling at the top of his lungs. He demanded to be released, that he wanted out of there. Robert calmly and wordlessly continued on with the prep work, motioning for me to attach the guy's ankles to the other end of the wooden slab. I have never seen such a passive, if noisy, protest. Everything our subject was told to do, he did, all the while protesting, telling us he wasn't into any of this and we would all be in trouble if he wasn't released immediately.

I suggested to Robert that he do just that: turn the guy loose and let's forget him. Who needs that action? Robert nonchalantly went on, reading his subject far better than I.

As Number Two sucked that big commercial cock and Robert decorated those erect tits with some festive hot wax, I ran my hand over the well-packed body, which seemed to calm its owner. He wasn't really my type, but the smell of The Quarters along with the candlewax and poppers was drowning out the odor of his cologne. His feet were large and well-shaped, like his cock, and Robert handed me the fat paraffin candle to warm up the soles while he sat on the fellow's newly-waxed chest and shoved his cock down his throat. By this time the complaints had stopped and Robert was getting a thoroughly professional blowjob. I had to settle for a wax job on his ass while Robert, still sitting on the chest with his cock down the man's throat, held the legs up so I would have easier access in sealing up his asshole.

I finally wearied of all the merriment and went into the other room to crash on one of the couches. After all, it was getting very late and this was Robert's conquest. I awoke the next morning to see the new slave in wrist and arm shackles, a dog collar around his neck, at the foot of the other couch, sleeping with his arms around Robert's legs and feet. A complete accomplishment. I later learned that he called in to work sick and stayed on the premises for two more days. Robert tired of him and sent him on his way. The conquest was obviously the important thing in this case.

Letters pleading for training began to arrive, calls came in from all over from men eager to fly to San Francisco for a week or a weekend to throw themselves on the mercy of The Quarters. And many did. One skating star from Canada was brought over to my office for introductions. Robert made him strip down so I could admire his magnificent legs and athlete's body. I dared Robert to march him back down the street to The Quarters in just that condition, but his sense of





decorum prevailed and he made the temporary recruit at least put trousers back on. The *Drummer* office personnel were used to such goings-on since we often did photo sessions on the premises, but even Robert occasionally worried about our mutual neighbors.

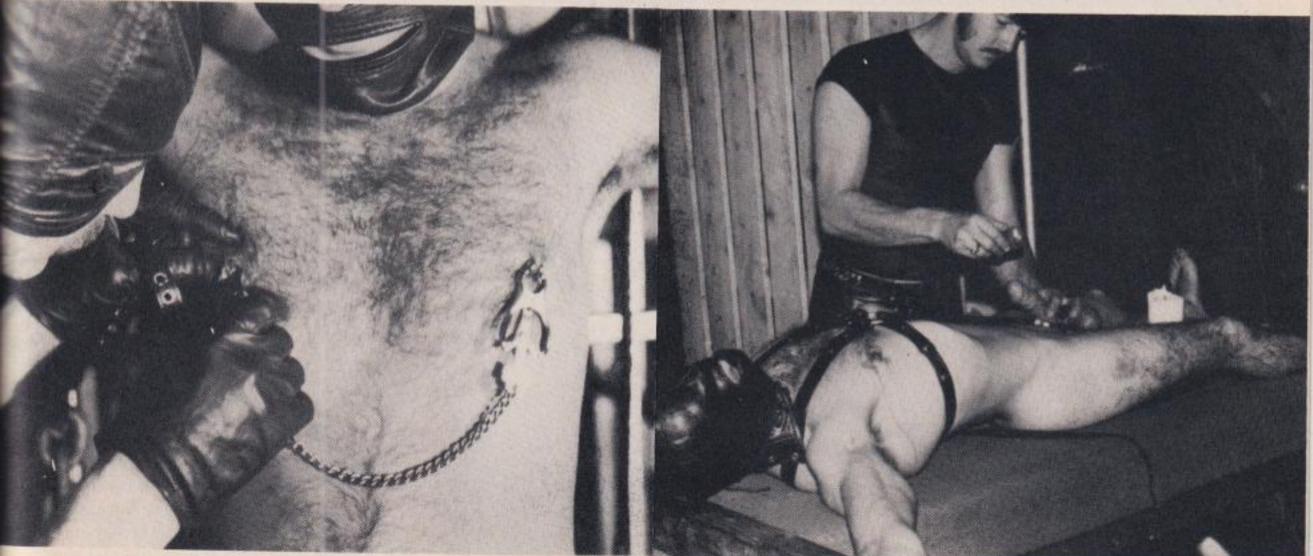
Although we would often see Numbers Two through Sixteen parading up the street to the corner market during the day wearing only their collars and either cutoffs or jeans, they learned fast to watch for the broken glass with their bare feet in an area just a block or two away from skid row. They always seemed to be in a hurry, never stopping by or even pausing to say anything. Obviously when their DI wanted something, he wanted it now and theirs was not to reason why.

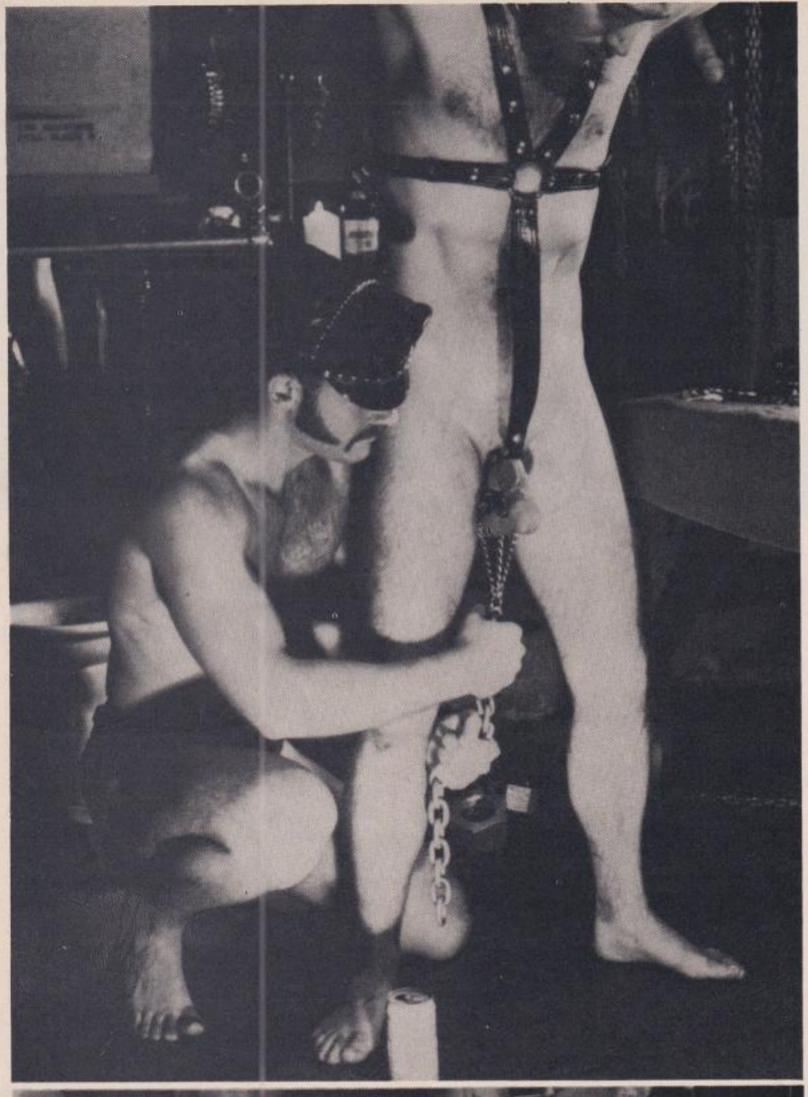
Robert expanded his role of entrepreneur to a point that The Quarters threw a big blowout at a rented disco. Part of the decor, in addition to the passion pits in

the dark corners of the second floor, was a half dozen of his slaves chained to the wall, two at a time, as decorations on the stairways. Clad only in harnesses and codpieces, the were spread-eagled on ledges and were made to serve as such for an hour at a time. But rather than their being defenseless and vulnerable, another slave was stationed next to them to supervise any rough handling that might occur. Since I knew all the bottoms and they knew me, I had a wonderful time fingering the "decorations," giving them an occasional cigarette or drink and loads of attention. But every time I would close in on one, Robert, as busy as he was, would appear magically and hover like a mother hen. After the slaves were released from their duties as wall decorations there was the clean-up of the place and hauling all the props and equipment back to whence it came. Then, presumably, a hard night in The Quarters. Life was not easy for Numbers

Two through Sixteen, let me tell you.

Back when the International Mr. Leather contest was considered the leather experience, we all elected to go to Chicago and join Robert and a myriad of others from San Francisco on the midnight flight. At the airport Robert was surrounded with his entourage, which included Number Four carrying a khaki steamer trunk with "Quarters" stenciled on it and "Property of The Quarters" stenciled on Four's t-shirt. The group was as full of good spirits as partying from three in the afternoon could make them, except for Number Four, who wasn't allowed to drink. After divesting themselves of keys and enough metal to sink the Hindenburg, the group more or less cleared airport security with the exception of Four. Under his jeans and shirt and boots was sufficient metal to keep him from even swimming to Chicago, lord knows. The guard wouldn't let him past, so Robert finally commanded Four







his shirt off, exposing connecting tit rings, collar and padlock, and was beginning to unbutton his jeans when the guard panicked and told them to get the hell out and on the plane. Other than when the co-captain came back and told Robert to have Numbers Four and Seven put their shirts on—after Robert somehow obtained a couple of bottles of champagne from the crew and sent Four and Seven up the aisles to serve (and embarrass) those of us who sat as far as possible from the group—it was a quiet flight, if a little more red-eye than usual.

Both we and Robert were happy to do photo sessions at The Quarters. No only could it be one hell of an afternoon and evening, but *Drummer* readers loved every page of the results and mail for The Quarters would quadruple upon such a happening. Robert would have his "staff" there—where did he find all those hunks who were so willing to work under his direction?—and while many of the slaves were our models, many were actually part of The Quarters' alumni.

Our cameras would wander among men who seemed to be in poses reminiscent of a prison camp or medieval dungeon, or at best, a marine brig. One nude recruit with the torso of a bodybuilder would be chained to one of the big timber posts, chains hanging from the rings in his nipples and his testicles and shackles around his ankles, forcing him to stand on the toes of his bare feet. Sweat poured down his chest as he awaited Robert's ministrations. Obviously this was not just for the camera. Robert never went about anything half-way. I recognized Number Four locked up in a cage in one corner, looking right at home. Was this where Robert kept him? Four stood at parade rest in his cage, without expression, simply awaiting his Master's pleasure.

The new recruit had just been led in and was being stripped at Robert's direction. One DI pulled his vest from his arms, another pulled down his chaps and jeans. He was bent over the wooden slab in the center of the room, hands held behind his back, his buttocks pulled apart for examination then his legs spread to allow easier access to his low-hanging balls and cock. He was fastened to a yoke hanging from the middle of the room and given a good paddling across his rump. Other than a "Thank you, Sir" after each stroke, he had nothing to say.

Robert purposely walked on the man's bare feet as he passed by, spit-shined boots making an imprint on the skin. He stood, otherwise ignored, arms apart and legs apart, while the other recruits got their superior's attention. Finally he was released and led back to the table. He crawled up on it as ordered, extending his arms and legs for the DIs to fasten him down. Clamps were attached to his nipples which, in their own smaller way,

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stood out as rigidly as his harnessed cock and balls. He had become The Quarters' property and he was enjoying every minute of it.

Another fellow was bent over a sawhorse type of apparatus, standing on tiptoes to accommodate the entry into his firm young ass by one of Those In Charge. The DI was tall, so the recruit really had to raise his butt.

The ass of one of our models accommodated a fat candle. He had been cautioned to hold it in very steadily and he was doing his best. The fellow lying on his back next to him was holding a similar candle in his mouth with the same degree of care. A festering coffee pot filled with Quaker State motor oil was bubbling on the heater. Before it came to a boil, someone took it off and let it cool for a while.

Naturally there was much silent speculation as to what was to be done with it. Would the recruits have to drink it? Unlikely, but you never knew. Or get a hot oil enema? It turned out that it was poured first on the newest recruit's rigid cock as he hung from the raised yoke. Then he got lots more all over him as did one of the other recruits. They were then ordered to wrestle on the dirty concrete floor for the amusement of the DIs who sat around drinking a cold beer. It was a slippery affair and when the second recruit finally pinned the new one's shoulders down, for his reward he was told to turn the loser over on his belly and fuck him. And at that point he certainly didn't need a lubricant. It would have made the Quaker State people very proud.

One of Robert's regulars was locked in the stocks, which required him to kneel and brought his head exactly to crotch

height. He was kept there for the afternoon, servicing anyone who wished it. He was bare chested with only leather chaps on, his bare ass hanging out. His boots had been taken away from him so he was barefoot as well. Robert would test out a paddle or belt or whip on him before he would use it on the new recruits. The slave's bare feet, which had been covered with grime from the floor, were whipped clean after a while. I suspected that he was being used more for a latrine than a blow artist, but I was too polite to mention it. And so was he. I discovered that it is hard to concentrate as one makes notes while one's cock is being expertly sucked, in case you didn't know it. So finally I had the naked young fellow kneeling in front of me remove my boot and sock and lick my foot. That is very relaxing and not nearly so distracting. He did it so well that I let him take off my other boot and I ran around later barefoot. But I had found a better way to get the soles of my feet cleaned than with Robert's belt.

The new recruit got his crotch and ass shaved by Number Four, whose privates were already shaved. And his nipples grew so tender as the day wore on that even blowing on them made him wince. But he had learned not to react too defensively because a DI was standing by with even more wicked looking clamps and no amount of pleading or crying or begging would make them be taken off before their time.

I suppose the expression "blue balls" might hold true as well, since all the recruits and slaves had the look of guys who desperately could use an ejaculation. While their bound balls were more purple than blue and their cocks were decidedly red, they were hard (!?) to

ignore as they stood out without relief no matter what position their owner's body was in.

It was a lovely party with all that candle wax and oil all over those handsome bodies, chains rattling, moans and cries of "Thank you, Sirs" and "Please, Sirs" filling the air along with some of the most disgusting and stimulating barracks language it has been my privilege to absorb.

The Quarters was a wonderful place at the beginning, full of energy and purpose, camaraderie and the joy of discovery. There were less publicized events that entailed more permanent marks, I am told—branding, a bit of tattooing. But for the most part, the hair would grow back, the clothing would be put back on to cover the marks and the bareness. Time could make one forget the attitudes newly discovered in oneself, perhaps. And the new owners of the building would eventually convert those rooms into something more prosaic.

But this all happened during the golden age of Folsom and boys who became men under The Quarters' tute-lage still find their eyes lighting up and their crotches becoming considerably tighter whenever the name is brought up.

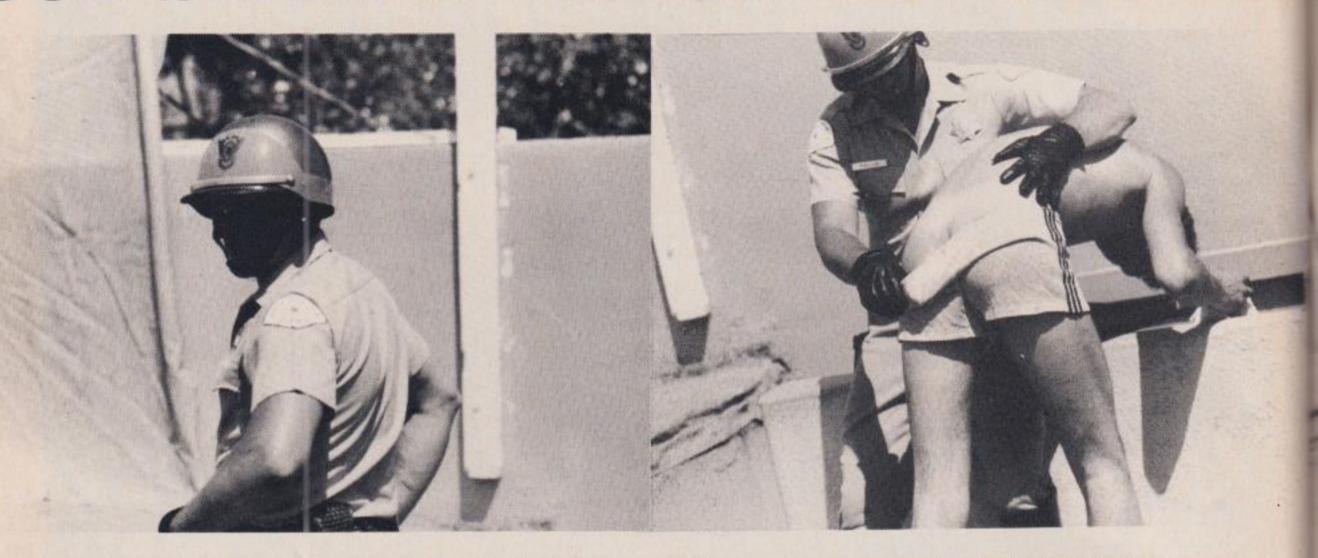
The Compound was another trip, similar but different. More structured, more solid, more organized and more grandiose. But The Quarters started it all and its graduates will never forget the hours spent in those dark, dingy rooms and corridors.

In fact, did I ever tell you about the time that ...

MANHOOD RITUALS 1/THE COMPOUND, Alternate Publishing, 640 Natoma, San Francisco, CA 94103. 68 pages, \$10. Compiled and edited by Robert Payne.

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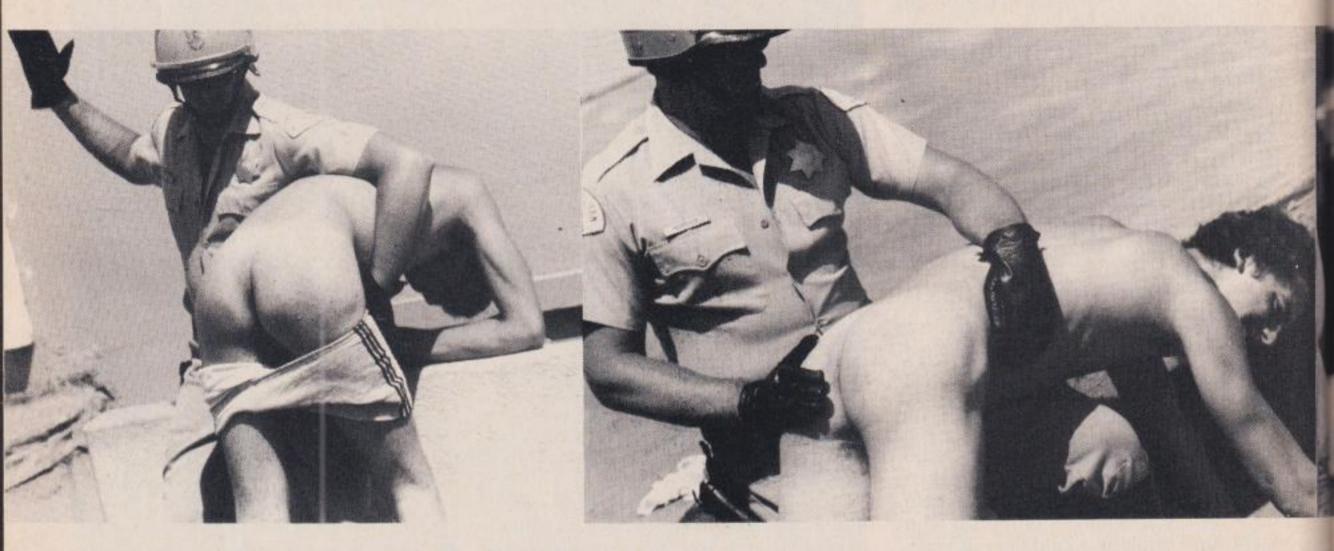
## COP SPANK COP SPANK COP SPA



Okay buddy, pull over and park your butt right here. Yeah, you! See anybody else sneaking around back here in the alley? What do you think you're doing back here anyway? I'm talking to you, punk! And I expect some answers if you don't want me to run your tail down to the station.

What you so nervous about, kid? With all the vandalism in this area lately, even in broad daylight, really burns me. Punks like you pulling that kind of shit on **my** beat. Caught one of 'em just a couple of days ago.

Mmmmmm—yeah, there's something in those shorts. Some sorta concealed weapon. Feels like a lead pipe. I better run you in.

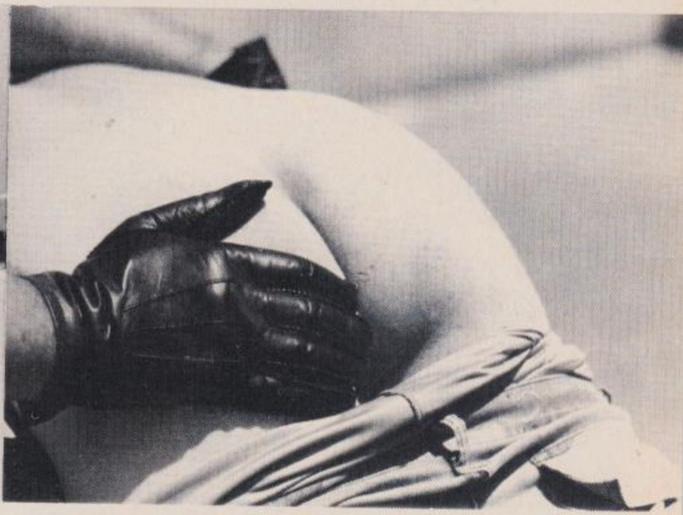


If I found any paint or markers on you, I'd decorate this little butt of yours along with your whole carcass. "Cops Suck"—ha! If you ask me, punks suck. At least that one sure did before I was through with him.

Don't pull that shit on me—whining and begging.
Tell you what—maybe we can settle this thing
right here and now. Way I figure it, you just need a
little lesson in discipline. There don't seem to be
any Magic Markers or spray paint on you.

## NK COP SPANK COP SPANK COI





He was about your size. I caught him red handed with a batch of Magic Markers. Know what he was writin' on the side of the building? "Cops Suck." Little shit. Told him he was gonna clean it off with his tongue before I ran him down to the station—then the stupid punk tried to get away from me. Resisting arrest! I made sure he was damn sorry for that.

You're shaking like a leaf, kid. What's that? Just out for a run, huh? Then you got nothin' to worry about—as long as you're telling me the truth. And as long as you keep calling me "Sir." Yeah, I like that, a nice polite little punk. But let's frisk you anyway, boy.





Keep bendin' over, boy. You heard me! Yeah, that's it. Mmmmm. When was the last time you got your butt spanked, punk? Speak up. Been way to long, huh?

I thought you would have a lot better attitude with a little discipline in the right places. Your ass is as red as if I had painted it. Now, show me just how good a punk you can be. No, don't thank me. I had something else in mind. We'll see who sucks and who doesn't....

# 

An offer to "give head" could mean just about anything in the South of Market scene these days. The snake looks curious, but a trifle wary: "Are you sure this is Sssssafe Sssssex?" Captured at the Folsom Street Fair by photographer Robert Pruzan.

## NEW PACKAGE

A NEW LOOK FOR AN OLD FRIEND! VITA-MEN now comes in a new white bottle with a smart new label. Gone is the plain brown bottle and the black and red label. But more important than the new package is what is in it. We challenge anybody to give you a better or more advanced formula of vitamins, minerals and herbs designed for men. Get it and take it. It's important!





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VITAMINS	POTENCY	%RDA
Vitamin A (Beta Carotene)	10.000IU	200%
vitamin A (paimitate)	5.000011	100%
B1 (thiamine)	100 ma	6667%
B2 (riboflavin)	100 mg	5882%
Niacin B3 (niacinamide)	50 mg	250%
B5 (pantothenic acid)	100 mg	500%
86 (pyridoxine)	100 mg	1500%
D10 (D3D3)	100 ma	2000
DIZ (CODAIAMIN CONCENTRATE)	200 mea	3333%
Vitamin C (Sago Palm)	1000 ma	1667%
Augumi r 10-gibug (ocobbeto)	400111	1333%
Vitamin D3	100IU	25%
Folic Acid	- 400 mcg	100%
Choline (bitartrate)	200 mg	333%
DIOSHUL	125 ma	***
BioFlavonoids	200 mg	***
mesperidin	20 mm	***
Hutin	75 mg	***
Uctacosanol	250 mcg	***
MINERALS		
Calcium (Amino acid chelate)	500 mg	50%
magnesium (Amino acid chelate)	350 mm	87"
Suica	500 mco	
Vanadrum	75 mcg	***
Indine Iron (Amno Acid Chelate)	. 225 mcg	150%
Potassium aspartate	20 mg	111"
Potassium aspartate Selenium (Amino Acid Chelate)	150 mg	
Molybedum (Amino Acid Chelate)	50 mcg	***
The second secon	- Julieu	

	POTENCY	%RDA
GTF Chromium	200 mca	***
ZIDC (AMIRO acid chelate)	100	667%
Copper (Amino acid chelate)	. 2 mg	100%
Copper (Amino acid chelate)	. 20 mg	***
HERBALS		566
Gota Kola	. 25 mg	***
oinseng	. 25 mg	***
Saw palmetto	150 mg	***
Sarsaparilla	. 50 mg	***
tchinacea	300 ma	***
Lemon Balm	125 mg	***
raraxacum	. 20 mg	***
Licorice	. 25 mg	***
Spirulina	. 25 mg	***
Bee Pollen	100 mg	***
AMINO ACIDS	20.00	-
L-Lysine	750 mg	***
L-Phenylalanine	25 ma	***
L-oilitamine	25 mg	***
-Ornithine	. 25 mg	***
-Tyrosine	. 25 mg	***
D-L Methionine	100 mg	***
-Cysteine	. 30 mg	***
ACTIVATED GLANDULARS		
Prostate tissue	50 mg	***
nymus	10 mg	***
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"No U.S. RDA established for these in		

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## Awesone.

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Vitamin A (Beta Carotene) Vitamin A (palmitate) B1 (thiamine) B2 (riboflavin)	5,000IU	200% 100% 6667% 5882%	GTF Chromium 200 mcg Zinc (Amino acid chelate) 100 mg Copper (Amino acid chelate) 2 mg Manganese (Amino Acid Chelate) 20 mg	667*,
Niacin	50 mg	250%	HERBALS	
B3 (niacinamide)	100 mg	500%	Gota Kola	***
B5 (pantothenic acid)	150 mg	1500% 5000%	Ginseng	***
B6 (pyridoxine)	100 mg	300070	Saw nalmetto	
810 (paba)	200 mcg	3333%	Sarsaparilla	
Vitamin C (Sago Palm)	1000 mg	1667%	Echinacea	
Vitamin E (d-alpha tocopherol)	40010	1333%	Lemon Balm 125 mg	***
Vitamin D3	100IU	25%	Taraxacum 20 mg	***
Folic Acid	400 mcg	100%	Licorice	***
Biotin	100 mcg	333%	Spirulina	***
Choline (bitartrate)	200 mg	***	CARROLL CONTROL CONTRO	
Inositol	125 mg		AMINO ACIDS	***
BioFlavonoids	200 mg	***	L-Lysine 750 mg	***
Hesperidin	75 mg	***	L-Phenylalanine	***
Octacosanol	250 mcg	***	L-Glutamine	***
	LL COU THEY		L-Ornithine	***
MINERALS	-	500	L-Tyrosine 25 mg D-L Methionine 100 mg	***
Calcium (Amino acid chelate)	500 mg	50%	L-Cysteine	***
Magnesium (Amino acid chelate)	350 mg	87%	ACTIVATED GLANDULARS	
Silica				***
Vanadiumlodine	225 mcg	150%	Prostate tissue	***
Iron (Amno Acid Chelate)	20 mg	111%	Thymus	***
Potassium aspartate	55 mg	***	Autendi On the Miller of 200 mg	***
Selenium (Amino Acid Chelate)	150 mcg	12 250 10	DHEA Complex (Dioscorea Villosa) 200 mg	
Molybedum (Amino Acid Chelate)	50 mcg	***	***No U.S. RDA established for these ingredien	ls.

DIRECTIONS: For adult males as a dietary supplement, take two tablets three times a day, preferably with meals. If more convenient take six tablets once a day.

PHYSICIAN FORMULATED & PRODUCED UNDER THE HIGHEST ETHICAL STANDARDS & QUALITY CONTROL

